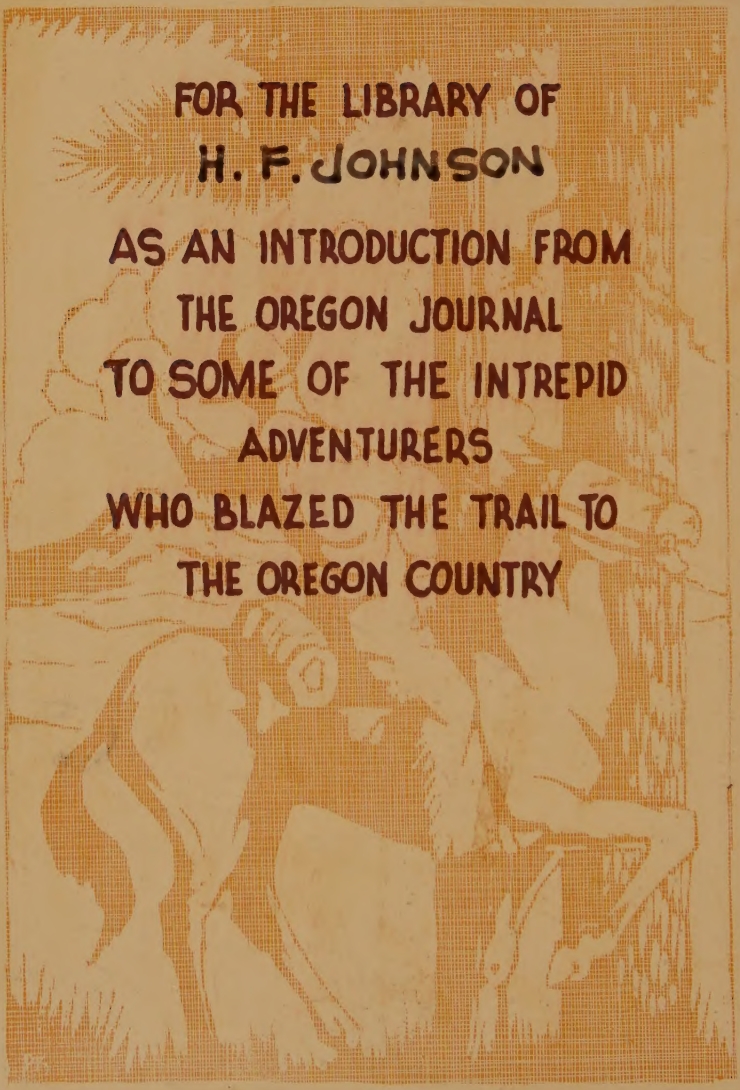
OREGON TRAIL BLAZERS

Fred Lockley

Oregon Journal Edition



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AS AN INTRODUCTION FROM
THE OREGON JOURNAL
TO SOME OF THE INTREPID
ADVENTURERS
WHO BLAZED THE TRAIL TO
THE OREGON COUNTRY

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OREGON'S YESTERDAYS
OREGON TRAIL BLAZERS

OREGON TRAIL BLAZERS

BY

FRED LOCKLEY

The Knickerbocker Press
NEW YORK
1929

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OREGON TRAIL BLAZERS

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FOREWORD

THIS third volume of Oregon sketches, consisting of topical anecdotes, written by Fred Lockley, the "Journal Man," tells of the blazing of the trails to Oregon by trader, missionary and settler.

These trails have developed into the broad highways of an empire—the one part of our United States that was acquired by peaceful possession and not by purchase or conquest—that is as rich in material wealth as it is in history and reminiscence.

We, of the new Oregon, are glad that a man possessing the qualifications of Mr. Lockley has brought to us, in all freshness and humanness, our glorious past as the measure for our great present and our ever growing future. He shows to all, the sources of the abiding strength and indomitable will-to-go-forward that animates the people of the Oregon Country.

P. L. JACKSON, Publisher
Portland, October 1, 1929 "The Oregon Journal."

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OREGON TRAIL BLAZERS

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I

GHOST CITIES OF THE WEST

THE road to Oregon's yesteryears lies not along the main traveled highways—to go back to the era of the pack train and stage coach, you must follow the dirt roads to the back of the beyond country. At the far end of some deeply-rutted, water-washed, overgrown roadway, you will occasionally happen on what once was—a ghost city of the west. Many of these ghost cities today are but memories, while in others a few grey-bearded pioneers still linger to dream of the glory that once was theirs. For more than 40 years I have rambled over the west on horseback or afoot, by stage and river steamer, by train and by auto, visiting the sites of the cities that once were and interviewing the men and women who helped make history in the long-gone days. Where today is Mountsylvania, which of old time was a few miles to the westward of Milwaukie? It waxed and waned and passed away. Eldorado and

Malheur City, once thriving mining camps, today are pasture land. Sailors' Diggings has lapsed back to nature. Pacific City, located near the mouth of the Columbia, once aspired to be the metropolis of the Oregon country. It is no more. Monticello, on the Cowlitz, is but a memory. Santiam City on the Santiam River, a few miles above its mouth, has passed from the memory of man. What of Cincinnati, which once aspired to be the state capital? It too has passed. Zena and Bloomington, Jennyopolis and Marysville, Starr's Point and Calapooya, Umpqua City and the Dardanelles live only in the memory of the pioneers.

Old time mining camps where once the busy, bearded, red-shirted miners shoveled pay dirt into their rockers, long toms or sluice boxes, are now but winrows of water-washed stones along the creek bed, where cabins once stood. Kerbyville, now shortened to Kerby, no longer echoes to the midnight revelry of prospectors and miners. Like scores of other camps that in the lusty heydey of their youth grew like a green bay tree, Kerbyville saw its transient population drift to other camps.

Jacksonville, at one time the commercial metropolis of southwestern Oregon, is today like some old pioneer who sits serene and untroubled by the door of his cabin watching the day's afterglow fade to twilight while he harks back in memory to the old days—days of stress and turmoil, when the hot, virile blood of youth ran through his veins—days that have gone to return no more ex-

cept as mellow memories in the tranquil Indian summer of his life.

There is something elusive about Jacksonville—a subtle suggestion of familiarity which evades you. The quiet and empty business streets drowsing in the midday heat, the weatherworn brick houses, almost hidden from sight by huge masses of Mission roses, and the unrestrained luxuriance of the surrounding shade trees seem dimly familiar—vaguely reminiscent. You are haunted by the feeling that just around the corner is the solution to the mystery. But the turned corner reveals nothing. The feeling persists. Wraithlike and dim, the memories of other days—days long gone, throng the streets—days when Jacksonville was the largest city between San Francisco and Portland. But the streets of Jacksonville no longer echo to the booted heel of the bearded miner. No longer are its streets thronged with pack trains and freight outfits. The flagstones are framed in living green. No longer do the streams flow from the encircling foothills, chocolate brown from the earth thrown into long tom and rocker. Today these sea-seeking streams flow crystal-clear from the springs that give them birth. The old trails that wind, with many a sinuous curve, through hills covered with oak and laurel, manzanita and evergreen, are grass grown and rarely traveled.

Sitting on a bench in the shadow, you may learn from the ancient grey beards, picturesque details of rich strikes,

of killings and lynchings in the days when Jacksonville was one of the livest mining camps in the west—when the now staid and somnolent moss-grown old brick buildings echoed to song and revelry, to loud-voiced oaths and hasty pistol shots.

So young is the west, so short is its history that you need go back but a brief seventy and seven years to the time when there was no Jacksonville. From the spring of 1849 to the winter of 1851, what is now Jacksonville was the favorite camping place for the eager throng of argonauts hurrying southward from the Willamette Valley to the gold diggings in California.

Late in December 1851, two young men camped on Ashland Creek. They were packing flour and other goods to the gold mines of northern California. After dinner, while washing their tinware in the stream, one of them saw a small nugget. Looking more carefully, he found other small nuggets, in the stream bed. So little importance did these passing packers attach to their find, that they did not even stake out a claim. Meeting J. R. Poole and Jim Cluggage, they told them of having found gold on Ashland Creek.

A few weeks later, or to be exact, early in January 1852, Cluggage and Poole camped there and near a spring, in a ravine close to Ashland creek, found coarse gold in large quantities. They staked claims and passed the word on to two friends, Wilson and Skinner. They named their strike Rich Gulch. Soon the rumor

ran up and down the trail that new diggings had been struck, and that paydirt was so rich, a man could pan out a tin cupful a day. Farmers in the Willamette Valley heard the rumor and by daybreak next morning, were headed south. Miners from creek and gulch and bar of California joined the stampede. By February Rich Gulch was staked.

Appler and Kenney at Yreka, loaded a pack train with whiskey, tobacco, boots, rough clothing, beans, flour and bacon and headed north for Rich Gulch. They arrived in February and started a store in a tent. A few weeks later W. W. Fowler put up a log cabin, the first house to go up in the new camp. Western lumberjacks and old-time loggers from Maine felled the nearby trees, whip-sawed them into lumber and sold the rough lumber at $250 a thousand.

The winter of '52 was a hard winter. Provisions ran short. Tobacco sold at $16 a pound. Salt was worth its weight in gold dust. Men went out over the trails on snowshoes or skis, bringing in provisions and realizing high prices for them.

The year 1852 saw the first occasion for primitive justice. Brown, a gambler from California, without provocation, shot a man named Cox. A miners' meeting was called. W. W. Fowler was elected judge. Twelve men were selected as jurymen, and after hearing the testimony of the witnesses, the jury brought in a verdict that Brown should be taken to a nearby oak and hanged.

The sentence was immediately carried into execution and he was buried under the tree upon which he had been hanged.

Some years ago I interviewed C. C. Beekman and Peter Britt, survivors of Jacksonville's old régime. A man's hand is not more intimately related to his arm, nor his arm to his body, than is Beekman's Bank related to the history of Jacksonville, and its owner to the traditions and history of southern Oregon. Entering Beekman's bank, one is carried back from the era of automobiles and airplanes, to the days of the stage coach and the pack train. On the worn wooden counter is a huge pair of gold scales, on the wall is an advertisement announcing the arrival and departure of the stage for California, while hanging where they have hung for more than three score years are notices which are in perfect harmony with their surroundings, but seem oddly out of place in this day and age. With frame discolored and covered with dust, its glass fly-specked and dim, is the announcement "Notice, we will not carry double letters on single envelope stamps." Other signs of equal age, look down at the customer of today, clad in blue serge, pongee shirt and panama, as they looked down six and sixty years ago, at the customer clad in red flannel shirt buckskin trousers and cowhide boots. "Gold dust shipped to the Atlantic States," "Sterling Bills on the Union Bank of London and Royal Bank of Ireland at Dublin, drawn by Wells Fargo & Co., San Francisco," "Sight

Drafts payable in Brantford, Chatham, Hamilton, St. Catherines, Toronto and Canada West," "Heavy letters not fully covered by stamps, will not go forward."

As my eye flitted from sign to sign, I saw someone step from behind the massive glass case, containing the gold scales. It was as though a picture entitled "A Gentleman of the Old School," painted by some old master, had stepped down from out its frame. Soberly clad in black, with immaculate linen, figure erect, hair and beard silver grey, with eye clear and kindly, he said, "Did you wish to see me?"

I nodded assent and said, pointing to one of the signs, "I thought I would drop in and see when the stage for California is due to leave."

He took off his tortoise rimmed glasses, looked at me searchingly and said, "If you want to step back through the portal of the years, you have come to the right place. This is the booking office for such a trip. Time has gone on. We have let it go. We have not tried to keep step with it here in Jacksonville."

Pointing to the gold scales and to the tallow candle in its metal candle-stick, I said, "Your bank and your bank furniture, Mr. Beekman, are certainly a passport to the past."

He nodded and said, "You're right—one could hardly call this bank or its furniture modern. That bench beside which you are standing, was made in 1852. It is hacked and whittled and worn but its scars are honorable

scars. Thousands of passengers have sat on that bench while waiting for the stage to leave. If that old bench could but tell all it had heard and witnessed, it could tell some interesting tales. Frequently strangers bustle in here, glance at the old registers of passengers or the old Wells Fargo records, see the old signs and the worn furniture, and think they have gotten in the wrong place, but they are newcomers—strangers—what they think doesn't matter. I do not desire nor solicit their custom—most of my customers have been on my books for 50 years or more, and yet if they were asked to they could not fill out a check. They come in and hand me their money to keep. When they need money, they drop in and say, 'I guess I can use $50. Set it down against my account.'

"In 1873 and again in 1893 and still later, in 1907, the bankers throughout the country felt pretty uneasy. They didn't have the money in their vaults to pay their obligations. Here in Oregon, if Governor Chamberlain hadn't established bank holidays, a lot of the Oregon banks would have gone out of business. Even at that, they had to issue certificates of deposit and the bankers as well as their depositors lost a lot of sleep. I didn't, —neither did any of my depositors. Anybody who had any money here, could come at any time and I would pay him in full in $20 goldpieces. A few of my old time customers dropped in, asked me if I was all right and if I needed any money. They had known me fifty years

and were willing to dig down in their jeans to help me out. I thanked them, took them into the vault, showed them the money I had on hand and told them that I could pay everybody and still have more money left than I knew what to do with. The only way we folks down here knew there was a bank panic was by reading about it in the papers.

"Yes, I am getting along in years. I passed my 80th milestone four years ago. I was appointed Wells Fargo agent in 1863 and served continuously for 43 years.

"In 1850 I was making $18 a day at carpenter work in San Francisco. I came to Jacksonville in 1852 and have lived here ever since. Millions of dollars in gold dust were shipped out of Jacksonville between 1852 and the breaking out of the Civil War. A good deal of it was weighed on those gold scales. This largest scale weight will weigh 200 ounces, yet the scales are so delicate that, as you see, my breath will depress the scale pan. No, I don't have much use for the gold scales now. Here and there in the hills you may still run across a few old time prospectors wandering about with their pick and shovel and gold pan, looking for pockets.

"In the early fifties, I have seen more than a thousand prospectors on the streets of Jacksonville. But the old days are gone and the old-timers with them. Most of them have taken the one-way trail. Here are a few ounces of gold dust I bought last week."

Going to the safe, Mr. Beekman brought back a gold

scoop in which were several handfuls of dull yellow metal. As I picked up the nuggets, one after another, Mr. Beekman told me their approximate value. "That little one you just picked up weighs four ounces. The one you have in your hand now, weighs a trifle more than $250. No, that heavy red ore you are looking at is not gold ore —it's cinnabar ore. It runs about 70% quicksilver. The Indians located a cinnabar vein not far from here. They crushed the ore, mixed it with grease and used it for paint. A party of braves went there in the early fifties to get some paint. They camped near the deposit and built a fire on the ledge. As you know the Indians build a small fire and hover over it to keep warm. The fumes of the quicksilver salivated several of them. After that they would never go back to this cinnabar desposit—they said the Great Spirit was angry at their disturbing the earth and had made their teeth loose as a sign of his displeasure. In the old days here, I used to get lots of the eight-sided $50 gold slugs. I used to also handle a good many beaver coins. As you know, they were made at Oregon City. They had too much gold in them. The $10 goldpiece was worth $11 as gold bullion and the $5 piece was worth $5.50 so naturally, people melted them up and sold them for gold. There was only about $55,000 worth of gold dust coined at the mint at Oregon City and the coins all soon disappeared. They are so scarce that collectors are glad to pay $1,000 or more apiece for them.

"When I was first appointed Wells Fargo agent in 1863, the Wells Fargo Company used to carry lots of letters. Uncle Sam didn't want any competition in the postal business, so congress passed a law that United State postage stamps must be attached to all Wells Fargo letters, in addition to our charge of 50 cents for carrying the letter. As Uncle Sam didn't do any of the work, it didn't seem fair that he should make an extra charge, so we attached the United States stamps, but didn't cancel them. When the letter arrived at its destination, we removed the United States stamps and used them again. Uncle Sam got wise to this and congress passed a law that Wells Fargo couldn't transport any letters unless they were sent in stamped envelopes. Finally congress passed a law forbidding the transportation of any letters whatever, by the express company.

"If you want to learn more about Jacksonville's old days, go over to Helm's saloon. Tip your chair back against the wall and listen to some of the old-timers talking of the early days here."

A few minutes later I dropped into Helm's saloon to look over Mr. Helm's collection of Indian curios, Lincoln souvenirs, old-time guns and other flotsam and jetsam of the early days.

"Do you remember the Dago that used to be so tight?" said one old grey beard to another member of the ancient fraternity. "I don't seem to remember him," responded the other. "Oh yes, you do—you were here the night

that we rode him so hard because he wouldn't set up the drinks. Don't you remember how mad he got? He said, 'What the hell—I showa you I'm not stingy.' He took his poke of gold dust that had over $700 in it and scattered it in the dusty road, like a farmer broadcasting wheat. You must remember that, for you were one of the men next day, who shoveled up the dust out of the road and panned out the gold."

One after the other, the names of old-timers are brought up, as the talk rambles on,—men whose names have grown dim on gravestones two score years ago.

"It seems too bad," I said, "that Mr. Beekman is going to close his bank. Has he laid by enough to take care of himself in comfort?" A gale of laughter swept the room, "Has he laid by enough to take care of himself?" repeated one of the grey beards. Again there was a chorus of laughter. "He's got so much money, he don't know what to do with it. He could give away a million dollars and have enough left to live comfortably for 84 years more. Once in a while some old-timer drops back here and goes to see Mr. Beekman to see if he had any money in the bank when he went to Alaska a score or more of years ago, and Mr. Beekman hands out the indentical dab of money he left with him, tied in the same strip of calico."

"If you want to meet a man who knows all about Jacksonville's early history," said one of the ancient cronies, "go and see Peter Britt. He is not only one of

the first settlers of Jacksonville, but he is one of the first photographers to come to Oregon."

With his old-world industry and his love of beauty, Mr. Britt had beautified his home place planting bay trees and bamboo, almonds and walnuts, grapes and persimmons, fig trees and lindens and scores of other varieties of trees. I paused under a celestial fig tree to eat several handfuls of the sweet, ripe fruit. The wide-spreading English walnut in the front yard had scattered the lawn with its nuts. I stopped to admire a sequoia that Mr. Britt had planted 50 years before.

When I first visited Peter Britt, he showed me through his gallery. Mr. Britt was born in Switzerland and when a young man was a portrait painter. This was in the late thirties and early forties. On the walls of his reception room and studio were numerous portraits in oil. He showed me what was probably the first camera brought to Oregon. It was an old-fashioned camera of the daguerreotype style. Mr. Britt brought this old camera with several hundred pounds of equipment across the plains in a two-wheeled cart.

In 1854 people came from all over the Oregon country to have their pictures taken at Peter Britt's daguerreotype gallery. Scores and hundreds of daguerreotypes in their old-fashioned plush and ornamental brass frames, were to be seen in cabinets in his studio.

It was hard to realize as I looked at the fresh and smiling faces portrayed in these old daguerreotypes that

the originals of these pictures are grey-haired grandfathers and grandmothers today. Here, standing primly by a carved chair is a little girl with tightly curled ringlets hanging down her shoulders, her stiffly starched pantalets showing below her plaid skirt. More than 50 years have passed since she posed for this picture, yet changeless and unchanging, this demure little maid looks down from her frame, upon the visitor of today.

Later I talked to Peter Britt's son Emil and he said, "Father came to Jacksonville on November 8, 1852. He camped with his cart on the site of our present home. The hills and gulches for miles around were staked and the miners were making big wages with rocker and long tom. Father and several other men, equally inexperienced in mining, took a claim here on Ashland Creek. They built sluice boxes and for two weeks put in long hours shoveling dirt into the sluice boxes. They sat around the fire of an evening, discussing what they would do with their money when they made their clean-up. After several weeks, they cleaned up their sluice boxes and their clean-up netted them seventy-five cents each, so they decided not to go to South America. I imagine they didn't have the riffles put in their sluice boxes right, in any event, though the gold may have been there, they didn't get it. My father was cured of his mining fever for all time. Thereafter he was content to make a slower but more certain living taking daguerreotypes."

Later in the afternoon I went down to the old livery stable and sitting on an apple box in front of the stable, I talked with a group of old pioneers. "I went to California in 1849," said Oliver Harbaugh. "I came up to Jacksonville along about 1852. I am 97 years old and right here and now I want to invite you to my 100th birthday. I am figuring on having quite a celebration."

Todd Cameron said, "I also came to Jacksonville in 1852. I built the first cabin at Eagle Point. I sold the Sterling Mine to D. P. Thompson and A. P. Ankeny for $25,000. They took out $100,000 that same season. I was glad to see them do well—nothing like having a satisfied customer."

"When I came here in 1852," said another old-timer, "there were more miners than claims, so naturally there were a good many disputes about jumped claims and the ownership of water. This was before the regular law came to Jacksonville, so the miners gathered together and elected a man named Rogers as alcalde. We agreed that his decisions were to be final in all disputes. It turned out later that Rogers was a mighty poor umpire. A man named Sims took in a man named Springer as his partner on a claim. Sims decided to winter in the Willamette Valley. During the absence of his partner, Springer held down their claim. During the winter Springer broke his leg. When Sims returned from the Willamette Valley, he told his partner that being as his leg was broken and he couldn't do his share of work, he

had better hunt up a claim for himself. Springer appealed to Alcalde Rogers. Rogers upheld Sims. Since there was no way of going back of his decision, we had no recourse. Springer refused to submit to so unjust a decision. He visited the miners throughout this entire district, explained the matter to them and demanded a trial and an impartial decision. Finally, upwards of a thousand miners gathered at a miners' meeting. The matter was discussed and Rogers was shown the injustice of his decision. Rogers stood pat. He said when he made a decision, whether it was right or wrong, it would have to stick. He also said there was no way to recall a judicial decision, and that even if a judge proved corrupt or incapable, his decisions could not be overruled.

"This was too much for one of the miners in the crowd so he secured the attention of the chairman and said, 'Since there is no way in which we can remove the alcalde we have elected, I move we elect another official to be termed superior judge, who shall have supreme jurisdiction and authority over any or all officers previously appointed.' The chairman decided that the same body which had had authority to appoint Rogers, had authority to appoint someone over him, so U. S. Hayden from New England was elected supreme judge. A jury was immediately selected, P. P. Prim and Dan Kenny were chosen to represent Springer. Orange Jacobs, a newcomer from Michigan was chosen to represent Sims. The jury decided that inasmuch as Springer and Sims

were equal partners, the mining claim should be divided equally between them. A year later Prim was admitted to the bar and later became chief justice of Oregon, while Orange Jacobs became chief justice of Washington Territory."

"Cluggage took up the original mining claim here," said another old-timer. "He didn't know whether his mining title would hold the land or not, so he took up the land on which Jacksonville is located, as a donation land claim. Hundreds of mining claims were located on his donation land claim, so nobody knew where they were at. In September 1853 Mathew P. Deady, United States district judge, was sent to Jacksonville and held the first regular court.

"In the spring of '53 the Adams Express Company opened a branch at Jacksonville. They hired C. C. Beekman as their messenger. He traveled between Jacksonville and Crescent City with letters and gold dust. Later he became agent for Wells Fargo & Company and about that time he started Beekman's bank.

"One of the well known packers of early days was Veight Schultz. He brought in a load of supplies for Abe Fisher. Fisher stood him off for the freight as well as for the goods. On his next trip he brought some additional supplies and once more Fisher stood him off. Fisher got to drinking and confided to a friend of his who was also a friend of Schultz, that the Indians were so bad, he was standing Schultz off with the hope and expectation

that the Indians might get him, and since Schultz had no heirs, if the Indians killed him, he wouldn't have to pay Schultz or anybody else for his supplies or freight. Schultz heard this and what he did to Abe Fisher was plenty. He got his money in full and took the interest out of Abe's hide."

"Do you remember the name of the clerk who was working for Dave Birdseye, the one that got so homesick?" asked one of the old-timers. "I remember him all right," said one of the group, "but his name has slipped out of my mind." "He was about the most homesick chap I ever saw," said the first speaker. "He tried to borrow money from Dave but Dave wouldn't loan it to him. If ever there was a tenderfoot, that clerk was it. He threw up his job, bought a rocker and decided to try his hand at mining. He picked out the most unlikely place in the whole camp. We all thought the joke was on him, but as a matter of fact, the joke was on us, for by an odd quirk of blind luck, he struck a rich pocket, washed out over $5,000 in coarse gold and nuggets within a week, and then abandoned his rocker and tools and bought a ticket on the stage for San Francisco where he could catch a ship for his girl back east.

"I saw a funny thing in front of this old livery stable. A stranger was riding along on horseback. A man ran out from the livery stable, jumped up on the horse back of him, pulled out a knife and stabbed the owner of the horse through the heart, threw him out of the saddle and

galloped away. It was all done so quick I hardly knew what was happening. I ran out to the man lying on the ground and in a minute there was a crowd around him. The knife had severed an artery near his heart—he was dead. They caught the murderer later, tried him and freed him on a plea of self-defense, but as a matter of fact, the man who was murdered never knew who killed him."

"Talking about dying with your boots on," said one of the old-timers, "reminds me of the Mexican that killed Alex Williamson. He was driving a pack train for Alex. The Mexican watched his chance on the trail, rode up beside Alex and stabbed him in the back, to get the gold dust Alex had. By the merest chance, another pack outfit swung around a bend in the trail just as the Mexican killed Alex. The men in the other pack train caught the Mexican red-handed, so they decided to hang him then and there. They put a rope around his neck, threw the other end of the rope over a tree and pulled the Mexican off of the ground. His hands were not tied so he grabbed the rope above his head and began climbing up the rope. While the foreman of the pack train and one of the other packers hung onto the rope, the other packer grabbed the Mexican by the legs, brought him down with a jerk and hung onto him until he was strangled to death. The trail was rocky and as there was no handy place to bury him, they threw him over the edge of the bluff for the buzzards.

"A good many settlers were wiped out by the Rogue River Indians during the Rogue River Indian War of 1855–56. On the 7th of October, 1855, a man named James A. Lupton and a man named Hays got to talking about the Indians and decided to organize a party and go out and kill a few of them. There was so much feeling against the Indians that Lupton figured it would be a pretty popular thing to go out and get a few scalps, so he picked up some men around the saloons and a few transients and went out to Butte Creek to where there was a small band of Indians camped on the north side of the Rogue River, a few miles above Table Rock. This particular band of Indians were peaceable and naturally weren't expecting to be attacked. Lupton and his party hid out in the brush near the Indian camp till daylight. Just about sunrise they fired a volley into the Indians' camp, killing a good many of them. They then charged the camp and killed a good many more with revolvers and knives. Instead of gaining any popularity from the attack, Lupton got in pretty bad, for most of the Indians in the camp were old men, women and children. They claimed they only killed 30 of them but the Indians said they killed twice that number. The folks around Jacksonville called it a needless butchery and a massacre, and were afraid it would stir the Indians up to take revenge.

"Two days later the relatives of the Indians that had been killed near Table Rock, particularly Limpy, the

chief of the band of Indians on the Illinois River and Indian George, chief of the Lower Rogue River Indians, started out to revenge the massacre of their kinfolks. About 35 or 40 Indians started out to kill as many whites as there had been Indians killed. The first man they killed was William Going, a freighter. At Jewett's ferry the Indians found a pack train loaded with mill irons, in charge of a man named Hamilton. They killed Hamilton and went on to Evan's Ferry, where they shot Isaac Shelton, who was on his way from the Willamette Valley to Yreka. Passing Jones' ranch, they killed Mr. Jones and wounded his wife. A few miles from Evans' Ferry the Indians met and killed two freighters. At the J. B. Wagner ranch they shot and killed Mrs. Wagner and burned the house. They stopped at the Haines' ranch—killed Mr. Haines and two of his children and took his wife prisoner. What became of her is a mystery to this day. At about nine o'clock in the morning they came to the ranch of George W. Harris. His wife's name was Mary A. Harris and Mary, their little girl was 12 and their boy David was 10 years old. T. A. Reed, an unmarried man, worked for them. The Indians killed Reed who was working not far from the house. They captured David. Mr. Harris saw the Indians and started to run toward the house. He was shot just as he reached the door. Mrs. Harris dragged him inside their cabin and shut and barred the door. Mary had been shot through the arm. She went up

into the attic and lay on the bed. Her mother didn't even know she was wounded till she saw the blood dripping through the ceiling and falling on the floor. Mr. Harris lived for nearly an hour. Meanwhile the Indians were attacking the house, but Mrs. Harris stood them off. She had a rifle, a double-barreled shotgun, a single-barreled pistol and a revolver. Mrs. Harris, being a western woman, was a good shot. Every time the Indians charged the house to set it on fire, she made it so hot for them that they retreated.

"That night she and her daughter Mary crept out of the house and hid in a thicket of willows. Some volunteer soldiers ran across them next day. If Lupton and his party had not gone out and killed the defenseless old men, squaws and children camped near Table Rock, George and Limpy and Sam's bands of Indians, would never have risen against the whites."

"There were plenty of outrages on both sides," said one of the group. "I served in the Indian War of 1855, so I know what I am talking about. I guess neither side is guiltless. It wasn't the soldiers, nor the volunteers that committed the outrages—it was usually worthless, no-account, cowardly white men that attacked defenceless Indians and then we had the fighting to do when the Indians rose. There was a small band of peaceful Indians here in southern Oregon. One of the settlers who didn't have any stomach for fighting, passed the word around to some of his cronies and they invited this

band of Indians to come to a large new barn they had just built to have a pow-wow and sign a peace treaty. They put up some tables in the barn and served the Indians deer meat and bread and coffee. They had the Indians leave their bows and arrows and guns just outside the doorway. When the Indians had started to eat, they slammed the door shut, barred it and the white men fired at the Indians as one of them afterwards told me, as long as any of them wiggled. They killed the women and children as well as the men and threw them in a nearby creek. I guess the more you investigate our Indian wars, the less proud you will be of some of the things we did."

Later in the day I spent an hour or so visiting some of the older establishments. On one old brick building I saw a sign, "J. A. Brunner & Brother," with the date "1855," a date that carries us back to a time when Portland had very few brick buildings. A white-haired old pioneer joined me and said, "If you like, I'll show you over the town and point out some of the old places to you."

"I suppose there must be five or six hundred people in Jacksonville," I said.

He shook his head and said, "No, there are over 2,000 but more than 1,500 of them are in the graveyard on the hillside. My wife, my children and my father are all buried there. It won't be long now till I go out to join them. What do you say we walk up the hill

and I'll show you some of the well-known old-timers who are there?"

As we entered the graveyard I noticed a stone on which was an inscription reading, "Gabriel Plymale, died Nov. 14, 1852, age 48 years." Beside it was the grave of Anderville Plymale who also died in 1852. Here too was the grave of the son of Colonel W. G. T'Vault with the date "1857" on the moss-covered stone. We stopped to look at the grave of Judge P. P. Prim.

After we had inspected the graves of men who in their time helped make history in southern Oregon, we went to the corner of the cemetery where the manzanita, brush and weeds grew thickly. Pointing to a sunken grave whose wooden headboard had fallen into the depression, my guide said, "That's O'Neil's grave. I saw him hung here in Jacksonville. He killed McDaniels. Yes, it was the old, old trouble—two men and one woman.

"Those sunken graves were at one time the graves of Chinese miners. We used to have hundreds of Chinamen in our Chinatown. The bones of the Chinamen buried here were later taken up and shipped to China." Pointing to a low stone over a grass-covered grave, my guide said, "That's the grave of Alex Williamson. He was 28 years old when he was killed. A Mexican killed him and within ten minutes the Mexican was hanging from a limb of a tree at the end of a rope." Stooping over the stone, I made out the inscription: "Alex Williamson, died December 24, 1855."

As we walked down the hill my companion pointed to the water-worn gravel lining Ashland creek and said, "I have seen that gravel worked two or three times and every time it has yielded good money. The last ones who worked it were the Chinamen. Jacksonville is one city that is on a gold basis. Some time ago an old miner was employed to dig a well here. He struck bedrock on the old creek bottom and washed out over $300 in gold from the dirt which came out of the well."

The turmoil and the stress—the confusion and bustling activity of the old days are gone. The tranquil days of Jacksonville's Indian summer linger as though loth to depart. Where the yellow metal once gleamed dully in the sluice box, now glows the Flame Tokay. Where the long tom gleaned the yellow gold from the auriferous gravel, you may now see, the yellowing D'Anjous and the ripening Bartletts. The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49 have passed to return no more.

II

JOHN LEDYARD, DREAMER AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

JUST as, while traveling some old-time mountain road, you may happen on one of the ghost cities of the west—some old-time mining camp, long deserted and almost forgotten, so, while reading some old-time document, you often run across some almost forgotten character stalking like a dim wraith through the pages of history.

In 1843 William Overton came from Memphis, Tennessee, and took up a claim on the west bank of the Willamette River, about midway between Vancouver and Oregon City on which claim Portland was later built. Meeting Amos L. Lovejoy, of Oregon City, at Vancouver, Overton told him of the claim he had taken up and offered him half of it, if he would put up the money to file on the claim. They started by canoe for Oregon City, stopping at Overton's claim, which Lovejoy examined. He accepted Overton's offer and suggested to Overton that he build a cabin on the claim. Shortly thereafter Overton met Francis W. Pettygrove and sold him the other 320 acres of his claim for $50. Then and there Overton disappears from Oregon's his-

tory, his only monument being that Overton street in the city of Portland, perpetuates his name. Joseph Gaston, in his history of Portland, barely mentions him by saying, "Overton was a mere bird of passage. No one ever knew where he came from or where he went." Colonel J. W. Nesmith dismisses him in three lines by saying, "Overton was a desperate, rollicking fellow and sought his fortunes in the wilds of Texas, where, as I have heard, his career was brought to a sudden termination by a halter." While in Honolulu last winter, I found that instead of going to Texas to be hanged, William Overton had gone to the Sandwich Islands in 1846. Whether he died there or went elsewhere, I was unable to discover.

John Ledyard is another historic character of Oregon, though his name is rarely associated with Oregon's history. Probably one of the first white men to see the Oregon coast was Ferelo, Cabrillo's pilot, who, in 1543 sailed up the coast as far as the southern border of the Oregon country. In the summer of 1774 Juan Perez sailed along the Oregon coast, going as far north as Russian America, and putting in at and naming Lorenzo Harbor, later renamed Nootka Sound. Heceta Head on the Oregon coast, was named for Captain Bruno Heceta who, in 1775, while sailing along the Oregon coast, reported seeing an inlet which Captain Robert Gray later discovered to be the Columbia river.

In 1778 Captain James Cook saw and named Cape

Foulweather and Cape Perpetua, on the Oregon coast. Two men, members of his crew, Midshipman George Vancouver, and John Ledyard, a corporal of marines, were destined to have much to do with the exploration and discovery of the Oregon country.

Because of John Ledyard's interest in and subsequent efforts toward the development of the Oregon country, I am going to trace in some detail, his early life. He was born in Groton, Connecticut, near old Fort Griswold, in 1751, and by the way, his brother, Colonel William Ledyard, was in command of Fort Griswold, and was killed in service, while still a young man. John Ledyard's grandfather, whose name was also John Ledyard, hailed from Bristol, England, settled at first on Long Island and later moved to Groton. John Ledyard's father was also named John. Probably John Ledyard, who was a born adventurer, inherited his love of the sea and his love of travel from his father, who was a sea captain. His father was engaged in trade with the West Indies, and died at the age of 35, leaving a widow and four children,—three sons and one daughter. Young John Ledyard, when his mother married again, was adopted by his grandfather for whom he had been named. When young Ledyard's grandfather, John Ledyard died at Hartford, Thomas Seymour, an attorney, became his guardian.

When John Ledyard was 19 years old, Reverend Eleazar Wheelock, whose great-grandfather, Reverend

Ralph Wheelock, had come to New England in 1637, invited young Ledyard to come to Hanover, New Hampshire, to study philosophy and literature in the school he had just founded. Dr. Wheelock and John Ledyard's father had been warm friends.

Dr. Wheelock was a graduate of Yale, having taken his degree in 1733. Two years later he was ordained pastor of the church at Lebanon, Connecticut. Because his salary was small, Dr. Wheelock started a school boarding the students at his house. He conducted this school from 1743 till 1762, when he started an Indian missionary school. In 1766 he secured an endowment of £10,000 in England, for the purpose of founding an Indian school. The Earl of Dartmouth was president of the board of trustees. Reverend Wheelock being offered a considerable body of land by Governor John Wentworth if he would locate his school at what was then Dresden, now known as Hanover, moved his school to that place and received a charter from King George III.

The school was named Dartmouth after Lord Dartmouth, the president of the board of trustees. The school was moved to Hanover in 1770. At that time there was no settlement there so Dartmouth College was conducted in some hastily erected log cabins.

John Ledyard went there in 1772 to attend the seminary conducted in connection with the Indian school. Discovering that John Ledyard was quick to learn, was

a good mixer and was of an adventurous disposition, Dr. Wheelock urged him to become a missionary to the Indians. In the early spring of 1772 John Ledyard dropped from sight and returned to college that fall saying he had put in the summer wandering from one tribe of Indians to the other, from the Six Nations up to the Canadian border, to learn their language and to become familiar with their beliefs and customs.

Discipline at Dartmouth College in those days, was rather severe and John Ledyard chafed under what he regarded as needless restrictions of his liberty. He employed his leisure time in cutting down a large tree on the banks of the Connecticut river and with the help of some of his fellow students, he hollowed out this tree and made a canoe 50 feet long and 3 feet wide. With a Greek testament and a copy of Ovid and very little else, Ledyard launched his dugout into the Connecticut river and paddled down the river to Hartford, Connecticut, a distance of 140 miles.

Having put in a year at Dartmouth College, Ledyard decided he could make better progress studying divinity by becoming an assistant to a clergyman. Finding that a ripened scholarship was necessary to qualify as a candidate for the ministry, he decided to see more of the world before settling down, so he went to New London and shipped on board a vessel bound to Gibraltar. Captain Deshon, in command of the vessel, had known Ledyard's father, who was also a sea captain. At Gibraltar

Ledyard enlisted in the British army but later Captain Deshon secured his release and Ledyard returned to his ship, which went on to the Barbary Coast and from there to the West Indies. Ledyard spent a year as a sailor, before returning to New London.

Within a few weeks he secured a berth as a sailor on a vessel bound for Plymouth, England. From Plymouth he went on foot to London to look up some wealthy relatives of his father. When he went to the home of these relatives, he was not received with open arms, for he was dressed in sailors' garb and bore plentiful evidence of his tramp from Plymouth to London.

Ledyard enlisted with the British marines, sought and gained an introduction to Captain James Cook, who was just about to sail on his third voyage around the world, and persuaded Captain Cook to allow him to be a member of the expedition. The *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, the former commanded by Captain Cook and the latter by Captain Clerk, left on July 12, 1776 for the Cape of Good Hope, where they were to take on board horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs, rabbits, ducks, geese, turkeys, peacocks and other livestock, to be used in trading with the natives of other lands. They spent a month in New Zealand and then sailed for Otaheite as Tahiti was then called. From Tahiti they went to Tonga Taboo where they arrived early in June and spent a month.

Wherever they went, they found the natives friendly

and hospitable. Some of the natives picked up small articles and as theft in those days was punishable in England by death, Captain Cook resorted to severe measures to teach the natives morality, according to the English standards.

In discussing the harsh measures used to punish the natives, John Ledyard, in his journal, says, "It must be remembered that the ability to perform the important errand before us, depends very much, if not entirely, upon the supplies we procure from these and other such islands, and Captain Cook should of consequence, be very anxious and solicitous in this concern. But perhaps no consideration will excuse the severity which he sometimes used toward the natives. He would probably have done better to consider that the full exertion of extreme power is an argument of extreme weakness. Nature seemed to inform the insulted natives of the truth of this maxim for before we quitted Tonga Taboo we could not go anywhere into the country upon business or pleasure, without danger."

Ledyard gives various instances of the troubles between the sailors and the natives. When the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* anchored at Tonga Taboo, one of the head chiefs named Feenou, a man tremendously popular with the natives, welcomed Captain Cook and his party, giving them freely whatever they wanted. He put himself at the disposal of Captain Cook during the entire time of their stay, serving as guide, securing food

and forage for their animals, and doing everything in his power to make the strangers welcome. These attentions were taken pretty much as a matter of course.

When the ships were about to leave, this chief could not resist taking two of the peacocks. Captain Cook took Poulaho, the King of the Island, a prisoner. His warriors quickly gathered to avenge the insult to the King's dignity. Chief Feenou promised that the peacocks would be returned and begged that the King be allowed his liberty. Captain Cook placed a guard of marines with fixed bayonets around the King and held him prisoner till the peacocks were returned.

On August 14 the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* cast anchor at Otaheite in the Society Islands. In Ledyard's journal, he describes very minutely, the islanders themselves, their customs, habits and religion. Six weeks after sailing from the Society Islands for the coast of America, they saw in the distance, a mountainous island, rising from the sea. This land was not marked on any chart then in existence. Captain Cook discovered it was one of a number of islands, which group he named the Sandwich Islands. The natives brought presents of sweet potatoes, yams, pigs, bananas and other products of the island.

After ten days the ships departed for the American coast. A few weeks later they anchored in Nootka Sound. The sailors aboard the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, traded nails, spikes, buttons, files, and other

such articles for sea otter skins. These otter skins, which the sailors purchased from the Indians at a cost of from sixpence to a shilling each, they later sold in Canton, at an average price of $100. Ledyard discovered that some of the Indians had copper bracelets and knives, and they also had wampam of the same kind he had found among the natives in the Six Nations, on the Atlantic seaboard.

Ledyard was an indefatigable writer and in writing of Nootka Sound and the Oregon coast, he said: "The light in which this country will appear most to advantage, is in the variety of its animals and the richness of their furs. They have here foxes, sables, hares, marmosets, ermines, weasels, bears, wolves, deer, moose, otters, beavers and gluttons. The skin of this latter animal was sold at Kamtschatka, a Russian factory, for 60 rubles, which is near 12 guineas. Had it been sold in China, it would have been worth 30 guineas. We purchased while here, 1,500 beaver, beside other skins, but took none but the best, having no thought at that time of using them to any other advantage than converting them to the purposes of clothing. It afterwards happened that skins which did not cost the purchaser sixpence sterling sold in China for upwards of $100. Neither did we purchase a quarter part of the beaver and other fur skins we might have done and most certainly should have done had we known of meeting the opportunity of disposing of them to such an astonishing profit."

From Nootka Sound Captain Cook sailed northward to Bering Strait, in search of a northwest passage. On his way south from the Polar seas, he stopped at the island of Onalaska. To Captain Cook's great astonishment, the natives presented him with a cake of freshly made rye meal. They also had tobacco and some of them were wearing blue linen shirts. Captain Cook was anxious to explore the island but he feared that if he sent out an armed party they would be cut off by the Indians and he could ill afford the loss of his men. Lieutenant John Gore, first lieutenant of marines on board the *Resolution*, and John Ledyard were the only native born Americans on board either the *Resolution* or the *Discovery*.

Lieutenant Gore was born in Virginia in 1730 and had accompanied Captain Cook on his first voyage around the world. When Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, sent a ship to Iceland and the Hebrides, Lieutenant Gore was in command. Lieutenant Gore who, by the way became captain of the *Discovery*, upon the death of Captain Clerk and succeeded to the command of the expedition when Captain Cook was killed in the Sandwich Islands, greatly admired John Ledyard. He suggested to Captain Cook that if he would call for volunteers, John Ledyard would be glad to undertake the work of exploring Onalaska Island.

In speaking of this trip of discovery, John Ledyard, in his journal says: "Captain Cook assured me he was

happy I had undertaken the venture, as he was convinced I would persevere. After giving me some instructions how to proceed, he wished me well and desired I would not be longer absent than a week. If I did not return by that time, he would wait another week for me, but no longer. A young Indian chief and his two attendants served as my guides. I took with me some presents, brandy in bottles and bread, but no other provisions, and by the advice of Captain Cook, went entirely unarmed."

The Indians took him afoot and in their native skin canoes, to where there was a settlement of Russians. He had gone rather expecting that he might be killed, but in place of this, he found the Indians very devout. He says: "The Indians said prayers after the manner of the Greek Church. I could not but observe with what particular satisfaction the Indians performed their devoirs to God, through the medium of their crucifixes and with what pleasure they went through the ceremonies attendant on their worship."

At the Russian village he found a number of fur hunters. He also found a sloop lying in a cove behind the village, equipped with an old iron three-pounder. He says, "I was no sooner informed that this sloop was the same in which Bering had performed his discoveries which did him so much honor, and his country such great service, than I determined to go on board of it. This vessel was from Kamtschatka and came from thence

with the Asiatics in order to establish a pelt and fur factory. They have been here five years and they go over in this sloop once a year, deliver their furs and get supplies from their factory there. The native who accompanied me went back to the village and brought a canoe, in which we went on board Bering's sloop, where I remained above an hour."

John Ledyard persuaded three of the principal Russians to accompany him for a visit on board the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. From Onalaska, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* shaped their courses for the two months' trip to Hawyhee as Hawaii was then spelled. When they arrived at Hawaii, they entered a bay on the south side of the islands, anchoring near the town of Kearakekua.

Ledyard, in his journal, remarks that in this town and in the nearby town of Kiverua, there were above 1,400 grass houses and that a prodigious number of outrigger canoes came out to greet the visitors. He says that they counted over 3,000 canoes, surrounding their ships, in which canoes were over 15,000 natives, to say nothing of the large number of natives who swam out and floated about the vessels. That the natives welcomed them whole-heartedly, is proven by Ledyard's statement that in addition to those in canoes and in the water: "the beach, the rocks, the tops of houses, the trees, and the adjacent hills were covered with natives. The shouts of joy and admiration proceeding from the sonorous

voices of the men, with the exclamations of the women, dancing and clapping their hands, the overturning of their canoes with their goods afloat and the squealing of the hogs brought out to us, formed one of the most curious prospects that can be imagined. Amidst this vast concourse all was peace, harmony, hilarity and good nature."

The chief showed Cook where to put up his tents on shore and to erect his astronomical instruments. The chiefs put their official rods around the camp, which placed the camp under the restriction of "taboo" so that no native would dare to enter the camp. Captain Cook on his part, agreed that his sailors should not leave camp after sunset.

While the sailors were securing supplies, filling their casks with fresh water and exploring the island, John Ledyard secured permission of Captain Cook to climb "Mauna Roa," whose elevation Captain Cook estimated to be about 18,000 feet. One of the gunners of the *Resolution* and the botanist accompanied Ledyard but they were unable to gain the summit of the snow-covered mountain.

Captain Cook punished severely any fancied transgressions of the natives, which caused their friendship for the white visitors to cool. Ledyard says that one untoward event after another, caused the natives to show symptoms of uneasiness at the presence of the white visitors. The master's mate, on board the *Reso-*

lution asked the natives to assist his sailors and when they did not move promptly, he struck them. A chief interposed. The mate of the *Resolution* ordered the chief to have his people assist him, which the chief refused to do. This angered the mate, who had his crew fall upon the natives and beat them up with trunnels. The natives gathered in a threatening manner and Corporal Ledyard's guard of marines was ordered out "to make a show of resentment."

The one thing that probably caused more resentment than anything else done by the white men was the action of Captain Cook in offering Priest Kikinny two iron hatchets in exchange for the hardwood fence which surrounded the graves of their ancestors and their sacred Morai.

In describing what took place, John Ledyard says, "Captain Cook was as much chagrined as the chiefs were surprised and not meeting with the easy acquiescence he expected to his requisitions, gave orders to the sailors to ascend the Morai, break down the fence and load the boats with it. He led the way himself to enforce his orders. The dismayed chiefs, dreading his displeasure, followed him upon the Morai to behold the fence that enclosed their noble ancestors and the images of their gods, torn to pieces by a handful of strangers, without the power of opposing their sacrilegious depredations. To see the depository of their dead—the place where the images of their gods were kept and their solemn

ceremonies performed desecrated by the white men, turned the attitude of the natives from friendship to hostility."

After 19 days on shore, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* left, to the manifest satisfaction of the natives. Shortly after leaving, they encountered a violent gale, which injured the *Resolution's* foremast, so Captain Cook gave orders to return to the island for repairs.

In his journal, Ledyard gives a very minute and exhaustive recital of the incidents that led up to the killing of Captain Cook. To insure good treatment by the natives, Captain Cook sent a guard to the home of Teraiobu, the principal chief and after threatening the chief, they made him accompany them to the shore, with the intention of taking him on board. The other chiefs and the natives protested, as they feared that the white men were either going to carry their principal chief away or kill him. One of the natives acting in a threatening manner, Captain Cook fired at him with a blank. Seeing that he was unhurt, the native continued to go forward in defense of his chief and to prevent him being taken on board the *Discovery*. Captain Cook this time fired at him again, the ball entering the native's groin.

In describing what then happened, John Ledyard says, "Captain Cook, perceiving the natives were determined to oppose his designs, and that he should not succeed without further bloodshed, ordered Mr. Phillips, lieutenant of marines, to get his men into the boats,

which were lying ready to receive them. This was effected by the sergeant, but as they began to retreat, Captain Cook was hit with a stone. Perceiving the man who threw it, Captain Cook shot him dead. The officer in the boats, observing the guard retreating and hearing this third discharge, ordered his men to fire. The guard on shore faced about and also fired and the attack became general. Captain Cook and Mr. Phillips, perceiving a general fire without orders, quitted Chief Teraiobu and ran to the shore to put a stop to it. They joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having reached the margin of the water, waved with his hat to cease firing and come in. While doing this, a chief stabbed him with one of our iron daggers, just under the shoulder blade, which passed quite through his body. Cook fell with his face in the water and immediately expired. Mr. Phillips, not being able to use his fusee, drew his sword and engaging the chief who had killed Cook, dispatched him. His guard were all killed but two. They plunged into the water and began swimming to the boats. Mr. Phillips stood, for some time, the butt of all their force and being as complete in the use of his sword as he was accomplished, his achievements struck the barbarians with awe. Being wounded and growing faint from loss of blood and excessive action, he plunged into the sea, sword in hand, and swam to the boats. He was scarcely taken on board before he saw one of the marines that had swum from the shore, lying flat upon the bottom.

Phillips ran aft, threw himself in after him, brought him up with him to the surface of the water and both were taken in the boats. The boats lying off without the reach of any weapons but stones, had received no damage. Being at leisure, they had kept up an unremitting fire and caused great havoc among the natives, particularly among the chiefs who stood foremost in the crowd and were most exposed. Lieutenant Gore, who commanded as first lieutenant under Cook, on the *Resolution*, perceiving that the guard on shore was cut off and that Cook had fallen, passed a spring upon one of the cables, to bring the ship's starboard guns to bear. He fired two round shots into the middle of the crowd. The effect of the shots operated so powerfully that it produced a precipitate retreat from the shore. We lost beside Captain Cook, a corporal and three marines."

From the Sandwich Islands the ships sailed northward, anchoring in the harbor of St. Peter and St. Paul. They passed through Bering Strait and upon their return, went to China and around the Cape of Good Hope, and returned to England, after an absence of four years and three months.

In December 1782 John Ledyard, while on a British man-of-war in Huntington Bay, Long Island Sound, asked and received permission to visit his people. From Long Island, Ledyard went to Southold, where he found his mother keeping a boarding house, most of her boarders being British officers. Ledyard asked if he could be

accommodated as a lodger. His mother replied that he could and showed him a room. Presently he took a seat by the fireplace, in company with several officers. His mother passed through the room several times, eyeing him closely each time. Finally she put on her spectacles and said, "I beg your pardon for my rudeness but I must have a better look at you. You resemble very much, my son, who has been absent for eight years."

He told her that he was her son and they had an affecting reunion. From Southold Ledyard went to Hartford. He spent four months in Hartford, during which time he wrote his journal of Cook's voyage.

His imagination had been fired by the fact that furs purchased at a cost of sixpence on the North Pacific coast found ready sale in China at more than $100. He went to New York and visited many wealthy merchants, trying to interest them in sending a ship to what is now the coast of Oregon and Washington, to trade for furs, but the merchants would have none of him. They tapped their heads significantly and regarded him as a fanatic and a visionary.

From New York he went to visit his cousin Dr. Isaac Ledyard in Philadelphia, to see if he could interest the merchants there in outfitting a ship to go to the North Pacific coast.

In writing of his experiences in Philadelphia, he says: "I have been so often the sport of fortune that I durst hardly credit the present dawn of bright prospects. But

it is a fact that the Honorable Robert Morris is disposed to give me a ship to go to the North Pacific Ocean. I have had two interviews with him at the finance office and tomorrow I expect a conclusive one. What a noble hold he instantly took of the enterprise. I have been two days at his request, drawing up a minute detail of the plan and an estimate of the outfits, which I shall present him tomorrow. I am to take the lead of the greatest commercial enterprise that has ever been embarked on in this country—one of the first moment, as respects the trade of America. If the affair is concluded, as I expect it will be, it is probable I shall set off for New England to procure seamen, or a ship or both, for Morris is wrapped up in the idea of Yankee sailors."

In speaking of Ledyard's enthusiasm for this venture, Jared Sparks who had access to all of his journals and correspondence, says: "At this time, no such merchantile adventure had been attempted, either in this country or in Europe, nor is it known that anything of the kind had ever been contemplated. Ledyard's knowledge of the resources of the northwest coast in furs, derived from his observations while there, together with the enormous advances which he had seen paid in Canton, on the original cost, had convinced him that great profits might be realized by a voyage fitted out expressly for this trade. The furs could be purchased extremely low and paid for at such prices as the vendor might choose to offer. It was clear in his mind that they who should

first engage in this trade, would reap immense profits and at the same time gain such knowledge and experience as would enable them to pursue it for years, with advantages superior to any. So strong had grown Ledyard's confidence in the accuracy of his opinions that he applied the whole energy of his mind and character to the task of creating interest in his project among the merchants who had the means of carrying it into effect and without whose patronage nothing could be done. No merchant was found willing to hazard his money or his reputation in an adventure so novel in its kind and so questionable in its promise—a scheme not only untried, but never before thought of."

Poor Ledyard was destined to have one disappointment after another. He went to Boston where he secured a vessel and after making it ready for the voyage, the owners decided to send it elsewhere. From Boston he went to New London, where he made arrangements to charter the continental frigate *Trumbull*. After engaging this ship for a voyage to the northwest coast, it was diverted elsewhere. He then made arrangements to charter the *Count d'Artois*, a French ship, but once more he was doomed to be disappointed. Finally he secured a ship in New York harbor, of 300 tons burden, but the men who were investing the money in the enterprise decided that it was too old for a voyage of such hazard, so it was condemned. Finally Lady Luck looked his way and Daniel Parker was sent to New York to purchase a

ship and to have it in readiness by next spring. He bought a ship and when Ledyard was ready to outfit it for its long voyage, he was told that he would have to postpone his trip to the northwest coast until the ship made one more trip to Canton.

Ledyard was able to interest Captain Deshon, the owner of a new ship, in a trading expedition to the northwest coast. Ledyard, while still a youth, had sailed with Captain Deshon's uncle. Captain Deshon said that he would be glad to join with Ledyard in any mercantile adventure which was safe, practicable and afforded a reasonable prospect of gain. Ledyard was such an enthusiast over the possibilities of establishing trade between Boston and the Pacific Northwest coast, and he drew so rosy a picture of the profits to be derived from such a voyage that Captain Deshon changed his mind and refused to go on with the venture. Captain Deshon thought that it was possible that they might realize a profit of 100% but when Ledyard told him that he could trade files, knives, mirrors and other goods costing not to exceed a shilling, for furs that would sell in China for $100, Captain Deshon concluded that Ledyard was altogether unreliable and refused to further consider the matter.

A few years later Captain Deshon said that he had kept Ledyard's prospectus and plan and it had since proved correct in its minutest details.

Ledyard interested a few acquaintances in Boston,

who promised to give the matter consideration, but they wanted to wait until some ship could go to China to confirm Ledyard's statements about the high price paid for furs there. Being unable to interest anyone in America, Ledyard decided to go to France and seek Jefferson, who was known to be a man of broad vision. Robert Morris gave Ledyard letters to various merchants and others in France. Ledyard was thought to be a dreamer by the merchants of New York and Boston, because he told them that after procuring a consignment of furs on the Northwest coast, he would send the ship to China where the supercargo could dispose of the furs at an immense profit while he himself would cross the American Continent afoot or by canoe, to the headwaters of the Mississippi and thence would make his way back to New York City by the time the ship returned from China, so that he would be there ready to make another voyage in the ship.

Landing in Spain Ledyard made his way from Cadiz, on board the French ship *Bourbon*, to Brest. His letters from Robert Morris proved an open sesame to the merchants of France. A company of merchants chartered a ship for the intended voyage and mutual engagements were drawn up and signed. The merchants, however, made it a part of the agreement that he should not set sail until the following spring as they feared the vessel would be wrecked in the stormy gales of winter. His plan was to leave France and pass around Cape

Horn into the Pacific Ocean. He passed the time from October to the following February with as much patience as he could and then began equipping the vessel for sea.

The French merchants decided to obtain from the King a commission which would clothe the vessel with public character and enable the owners to claim in the name of the King of France, all islands or unknown regions that might be discovered. A memorial was sent to the King's ministers, applying for letters of recommendation to all European public agents residing in the parts of the world at which the vessel might touch.

On February 23, 1785, Ledyard wrote, "My affairs in France are likely to prove of the greatest honor and advantage. I have a fine ship of 400 tons and in August I expect to sail on another voyage around the world, at the end of which, if heaven is propitious, I hope to see you. In the meantime, may the God of nature spread his mantle over you all. If I never see you more, it shall be well. If I do, it shall be well—so be happy and of good cheer."

Poor Ledyard—once more his hopes were dashed to the ground for the King's ministers doubted the wisdom of a French ship making a trip of this kind, so the merchants withdrew their support from the plan.

From L'Orient, Ledyard went to Paris to see Thomas Jefferson, who was minister from the United States at the court of France. Thomas Jefferson heartily approved of Ledyard's plans and moreover, thought them

practical. He told Ledyard that he was interested not only from the profits to the American merchants to be made from such a trip, but because of its bearing on the political interests of the United States. Not only had western America not been explored but formal possession had not been taken of it. Jefferson believed that there might be a possibility that though the western coast of America was separated from the United States by such an immense amount of territory, yet the time might come when the dominion of the United States would reach from sea to sea, or at least, if this did not occur, that a republic would be set up on the shores of the Pacific, colonized by Americans.

Not only was Thomas Jefferson in hearty sympathy with Ledyard's plan, but he promised to do all he could toward the consummation of Ledyard's plan. He introduced him to Paul Jones, who was in France to secure payment for the prizes he had taken during the Revolutionary war, particularly for the capture of the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, which had been sent into French ports.

John Paul Jones was carried away by Ledyard's plan. He agreed to go in with Ledyard and pledged all of the private fortune he expected to realize from the prize money due him. He promised to use his influence at the French Court, to furnish two vessels well armed. If the French king refused to furnish the vessels, John Paul Jones agreed to raise the money personally to purchase

two vessels. After much discussion John Ledyard and John Paul Jones came to the following agreement: They would outfit two vessels, cruise up and down the Pacific northwest coast, purchasing furs. Meanwhile, they would establish a trading post, build a stockade in which Ledyard, with a surgeon and 20 soldiers would remain to purchase furs from the Indians, while one of the vessels in command of John Paul Jones, would go to China with the cargo of furs. When sufficient furs had been collected to furnish another cargo, it also would go to China where Jones would trade the furs for silk and tea, go round the Cape of Good Hope to Boston and New York, where he would dispose of his cargo and secure more trade goods and supplies to return by way of Cape Horn to Nootka Sound or wherever they had established their trading post.

John Paul Jones advanced considerable money to Ledyard for the purchase of cargo, for they were both determined that nothing should prevent carrying out their plans. Meanwhile, John Paul Jones was summoned to L'Orient where he had to wait three months in negotiations to secure the prize money due him. He found that the French king and his ministers would do nothing in the matter and it was also found that even with the prize money, John Paul Jones was unable to outfit two ships and carry the project through as planned.

Disappointed in this, Ledyard decided to outfit one vessel and started to raise the money among the mer-

chants in Paris. Once more his sureness of large profits discouraged his backers. He had already told Thomas Jefferson of his desire to cross the continent overland from the shores of the Pacific to Boston. When the Paris merchants learned that he was planning to go alone, on foot, through unexplored country for near 4,000 miles from the shores of the Pacific, to the Atlantic seaboard, they shook their heads and refused to put in their money.

The Marquis de la Fayette and Thomas Jefferson did all they could to create a favorable impression for him with the authorities.

In writing of Thomas Jefferson, Ledyard says: "Mr. Jefferson is an able minister and our country may repose confidence in him, equal to their best wishes. Whether in public or private, he is in every word and action, the representative of a young, vigorous, determined state. His only competitors here, even in political fame are Vergennes and la Fayette. In other accomplishments, he stands alone. The Marquis de la Fayette is one of the growing characters in this kingdom. The Marquis is a warm friend of America. It will be difficult for any subsequent plenipotentiary to have as much personal influence in France as Dr. Franklin had. I had the pleasure of being at his house before his departure, and although bent down with age and infirmities, the excellent old man exhibited all the good cheer of health, the gay philosopher and the kindness of a friendly countryman."

After discussing the matter with Thomas Jefferson,

John Ledyard decided to investigate the fur industry in Russian America, hoping that the knowledge so gained might be helpful in persuading his fellow countrymen in Boston or New York to take up the fur trading industry. He also planned to carry out his original intention of walking from the Pacific Northwest coast across the continent to the Atlantic seaboard. Since he could get no one to put up the money for a ship, he decided to travel overland, mostly afoot, through Europe, across Asia and then cross Bering Strait, walk the length of Russian America to Nootka Sound, on down the Pacific Northwest coast and thence cross the interior of America to Boston.

Thomas Jefferson gave his hearty approval to Ledyard's plan and agreed to forward his desires in every way possible. He saw M. de Simoulin, the minister plenipotentiary from Russia at the court of France and he also interviewed Baron de Grimm, the minister from Saxe-Gotha at the French court. Grimm was the private agent of the Empress of Russia. Both of these men in behalf of Thomas Jefferson, wrote a request to the Empress asking permission for John Ledyard to travel through her dominion. While waiting for the letters to make their slow progress to St. Petersburg, John Ledyard moved into a little cottage at the edge of the royal forest and each day he ran for many miles to harden his muscles and keep him trim for his 10,000 mile walk.

For five months he waited for a letter from the Em-

press and finally becoming impatient decided to walk to St. Petersburg to present his petition to the Empress in person. During the five months he had been waiting, he had spent much time with Thomas Jefferson, talking over his plans to establish a fur factory on the Pacific Northwest coast and also his plans of exploring the country between the Pacific Ocean and the Mississippi river. He also frequently saw his friend Marquis de la Fayette.

In speaking of his relations with la Fayette at this period, he said: "I walked to Paris this morning and saw the Marquis de la Fayette. I esteem him and even love him and so we all do, except those who worship him. I make these trips to Paris often—sometimes to dine with this amiable Frenchman, and sometimes with our minister, who is like a brother to me. The Paris papers of today announce the discovery of valuable gold mines in Montgomery county, Virginia, which I rejoice to hear. I die with anxiety to be back in the American states after either having come from the Pacific to the Atlantic or penetrated to the Pacific Ocean. The American Revolution invites a thorough discovery of the continent. The honor of doing it would become a foreigner but a native only can feel the genuine pleasure of such achievement. In the name of Amor Patriæ, let a native explore its resources and its boundaries. It is my wish to be the man. What fate intends is always a secret, but fortitude is the word. Farewell for the present. I

have just received intelligence which hurries me to London."

Ledyard went at once to London, in answer to the summons of Sir James Hall, whom he had met in France. To Ledyard's unspeakable joy, he found an English ship about to sail for the Pacific Ocean. Sir James Hall interceded in his behalf, with the owners, who agreed to give him a free passage and set him ashore at Nootka Sound or at any other place on the Pacific Northwest coast that he might choose.

Before going aboard he wrote to Thomas Jefferson: "Sir James Hall has presented me with 20 guineas, pro bono publico. With this money I bought two great dogs, an Indian pipe and a hatchet. My want of time as well as of money will prevent my going otherwise than indifferently equipped for such an enterprise (to go afoot from the shores of the Pacific Ocean across the continent to Boston). You know how much I owe the amiable la Fayette. Will you do me the honor to present my most grateful thanks to him? If in my travels I find a mountain as much elevated above other mountains as he is above ordinary men, I will name it Mt. la Fayette."

Inasmuch as the greater part of the interior of America was utterly unknown, Ledyard decided to go ashore at Nootka Sound, make his way down the coast, follow some large river inland and if there were mountains in the interior of America, cross them and thus come to some

other river that led eastward toward the Mississippi river, from which point he would make his way to Virginia. If an adverse fate had not interfered, Ledyard might have been the discoveror of the Columbia river. He wrote to Jefferson that he believed he could walk across the continent in three years and he felt sure, from his knowledge of the Indians, that the peace pipe which he carried, and the fact that he was traveling alone would guarantee his safety.

Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, entered warmly into his designs, as he believed that Ledyard would be able to make, in his trip across the continent, many worth-while discoveries that would add to the geographical knowledge of the world. Colonel Smith, who had been secretary of legation to Mr. Adams, the American minister at London, also was enthusiastic as to the value of the trip. He wrote to Mr. Jay, secretary of foreign affairs in the United States, in reference to Ledyard's proposed trip: "In consequence of some allurements from English noblemen, Ledyard came here with the intention of exploring the northwest coast and the country. A vessel being on the point of sailing for that coast, after supplying himself with a few necessary articles for his voyage and march, he procured a passage on the ship with a promise from the captain to land him on the western coast, from which he would attempt to march through the Indian nations to the back parts of the Atlantic states, for the purpose of examining the

country and its inhabitants. He expects to be able to make his way through and thus become possessed of information of the country and its people, as will be of great advantage to our country. It is a daring and wild attempt. Determined to pursue this object, he embarked last week, free and independent of the world, pursuing his plan unembarrassed by contract of obligation. If he succeeds, and in the course of two or three years, should arrive at our country by this amazing circuit, he may bring some interesting information. If he fails and is never heard of more, which I think most probable, there is no harm done. He dies in an unknown country and if he composes himself in his last moments with the reflection that his progress was great and the undertaking what few men are capable of, it will soothe his mind. He is perfectly calculated for the attempt—robust and healthy and has an immense passion to make discoveries which will benefit society. It may not be improper for your excellency to be acquainted with these circumstances and you are the best judge of the propriety of extending them further."

Probably Ledyard spent the happiest hours of his life as the vessel went down the Thames and put out to sea. At last he was embarked on his great adventure—at last the obstacles were overcome. Soon a faster vessel overtook the one on which he was embarked, with orders from the government to return. The vessel put back to Deptford expecting only a temporary delay, but

the officers of the government compelled the owners to abandon the voyage.

In writing to his relative Dr. Ledyard, John Ledyard said: "This will inform you I have disembarked from the ship which was bound to the northwest coast of America, on account of her having been seized by the customs house and exchequered. My heart is too much troubled at this moment to write you more."

Ledyard wrote to his friend Thomas Jefferson: "I am going across Siberia as I before intended, on foot." Sir Joseph Banks, Sir James Hall, Colonel Smith, Dr. Hunter and other scientists headed a subscription to raise money for his trip. From London he went to Hamburg. By January 1787 he was in Copenhagen. Here he met Major Langhorn, an American officer, whose baggage had been seized because he had been unable to pay his hotel bill. Ledyard had started on his journey across Russia and Siberia and thence down the coast of Alaska to Nootka Sound, with but 10 guineas. His sympathy was so profoundly stirred to find another traveler who had been buffeted by fate, that he immediately gave him all the money he had, to relieve his distress.

From Copenhagen Ledyard made his way, toward the end of January, to Stockholm. Had it been summer, he could have readily crossed the Gulf of Bothnia to Finland or had the gulf been frozen over, as was frequently the case, he could have walked across the gulf, but the floating ice prevented the passage of a boat and the gulf

was not entirely frozen over so the only alternative was for Ledyard to walk completely around the gulf to Petersburg, a distance of 1,200 miles, through a very thinly settled district. In other words, he would have to walk 1,200 mile to make a distance of 50 miles across the gulf. Ledyard set out in the heart of winter, without money or friends, afoot and alone on what everyone considered a desperate undertaking. He traveled through storms and intense cold, averaging to make a little more than 30 miles a day, reaching St. Petersburg toward the last of March, seven weeks after leaving Stockholm.

After traveling afoot through Denmark, Sweden, Swedish Lapland, Swedish Finland and Russian Finland, he found that his clothes were worn to shreds and his shoes were almost non-existent, but he was on his way and happy that he was at last started on his great adventure.

Writing to Thomas Jefferson from Petersburg, he says: "An equipment is now on foot here to go to the sea of Kamtschatka, the first to visit the northwest coast of America. It is to consist of four ships. This and the expedition that went from here 12 months since, by land, are to coöperate in a design of some sort in the northern Pacific ocean."

If Ledyard could have gone on one of these ships, it would have saved him four or five thousand miles of travel overland, but he could not go without a royal passport.

At Petersburg Ledyard formed the acquaintance of Professor Peter Simon Pallas, a German naturalist and traveler who in 1768, at the invitation of Empress Catherine II had come to St. Petersburg to take the chair of natural history in the Imperial Academy of Science. Later he had served as naturalist on a six-year trip of exploration through Russia and Siberia. He befriended Ledyard and introduced him to an eminent physician, a member of the Royal Society of Physicians, who promised to procure for Ledyard a royal passport. Dr. Pallas took Ledyard to the French minister, who promised to dispatch the letter of application for the passport to the necessary officials. Unfortunately for Ledyard, the Empress and Prince Potemkin, with many members of the Russian court, as well as the Austrian and French ambassadors were in the Crimea. From Smolensk they had gone to Kief. The Empress apparently had no time nor inclination to give a ragged American adventurer a royal passport. Fortunately, Ledyard became acquainted with an officer, a member of the family of the Grand Duke, who promised him that he would arrange to secure him a passport. Ledyard had already waited two months for his royal passport, but his new-found friend, the Russian officer, secured it for him in two weeks.

Dr. William Brown, a Scotchman employed by the Empress as a physician, was leaving for the province of Kolyvan at about the time Ledyard secured his pass-

port. Dr. Brown invited Ledyard to accompany him, as going with him, in a government conveyance, would save more than 3,000 miles of walking for Ledyard. Ledyard had no money and eagerly accepted the invitation. They left St. Petersburg early in June, and drove to Moscow. From Moscow they drove in a kibitka drawn by three horses to Kazan, a distance of over 500 miles. After spending a week in Kazan, they crossed the Ural Mountains to Tobolsk, where they arrived on July 11. They finally arrived at Barnaoul, the capital of the province of Kolyvan, which was as far as Dr. Brown was going.

Here Ledyard met the governor of the province, dined with him twice and also met a number of former army officers, all of whom treated him with great kindness. He had already come on his journey from Petersburg to Barnaoul, 4,539 versts or to put it in miles, 3,026 miles.

Writing from Barnaoul to Thomas Jefferson on July 29, 1787, Ledyard says: "How I have come thus far and how I am to go still further, I must disclose to you on some happier occasion. I shall send this letter to Petersburg in the care of Professor Pallas, who will transmit it to you, together with one for the Marquis, in the mail of Count Segur. When I was at school at Mt. Ida, (Dartmouth College) many Indians were there, most of whom gave some promise of being civilized and some were sent forth to preach, but as far as I observed myself, and have since been informed, they all returned to the homes and customs of their fathers and followed

the inclination which nature has so deeply enstamped on their character. The Tartars here resemble our Indians of America. They are the same people—the most ancient and the most numerous of any other. Had not a small sea divided them, they would all have been still known by the same name. The cloak of civilization sets as ill upon them as upon our Indians—our American Tartars. They have been a long time Tartars and it will be a long time before they will be any other kind of people.

"Those who have heard of America, flock around to see me. Unfortunately the tattoo marks on my hands procure me and my countrymen the appellation of wild men. I am treated with the greatest hospitality here. We have two stars that shine even here and the healths of Dr. Franklin and General Washington have been drunk in compliment to me at the governor's table."

The Governor of the province assigned a corporal to go with Ledyard and arranged that he should travel at government expense with the courier who took the post. They traveled in a three-horse kibitka, reaching Tomsk, 300 miles distant in two days and three nights. Usually the peasants at whose houses the travelers stayed, served them barley soup, onions, quass, bread and milk and would accept no pay. Occasionally however, they paid one kopeck for a meal. Inasmuch as one English penny was worth ten kopecks, it can be seen that Ledyard lived very economically.

From Tomsk he went on with a corporal and the government post to Irkutsk, which was 1,155 miles from Barnaoul. In writing from Irkutsk, Ledyard says: "The rains have begun—they have set in severely. I have had a very fatiguing journey from Barnaoul. Going with the courier, driving wild Tartar horses at full speed over wild and rugged country, breaking and upsetting our kibitkas, beswarmed with mosquitoes, hard rains all the way, so that when I arrived at Irkutsk I had been for the last 48 hours, wet through and through and covered with a mass of mud."

At Irkutsk he made the acquaintance of a Brigadier General, a Colonel and a Major, also a former adjutant in the French army who had served at Quebec and was familiar with the Indians of that country.

Ledyard, in his journal, talks very entertainingly of the political exiles he met as well as the officials. Governor Jacobi, the governor of the province, granted Ledyard permission to go with the government post, and saw to it that he had good accommodations. In his journal, he records his astonishment that among the Kalmuks, the same type of moccasin is used as with the Indians in America. He also found them living in wigwams or teepees similar to the American Indians. From Irkutsk, he went by post to the Lena river, a distance of 150 miles. Here he ran across Lieutenant Laxman, an officer in the Swedish army and together they embarked in a small boat for the 1,400 mile trip to Yakutsk.

On August 30 Ledyard records in his journal. "We stopped at a village this morning to procure stores. They killed a sheep for us, gave us three quarts of milk, two loaves of bread, cakes made of carrots and radishes, one dozen fresh and two dozen salt fish, some onions and some straw and bark with which to thatch the roof of our boat, for 14 pence, or about 28 cents. The mountains are full of bear and wolves. We see plenty of wild fowl which we shoot as we please. In the river are salmon trout. The double-headed or Eskimo paddle, is used here. My soldier courier stole our brandy, got drunk, was impertinent and I was obliged to handle him roughly to restore order. I fixed a sail for our small boat."

On September 14, he writes, "Arrived at the town of Keringa at daylight. Stayed with the commandant till noon. Treated very hospitably. The merchants sent us stores. It is the custom here, upon the arrival of a foreigner, to load him down with services. The people have the earnestness of hospitality. They crowd your table with everything they have to eat and drink and not content with that, they fill your wallet."

Ledyard arrived at Yakutsk on September 18, having been 22 days coming down the Lena in a rowboat. His next traveling was done on a sledge drawn by an ox, the driver a Yakuti Indian, mounted on the back of the ox, which he guided by a cord fastened through the cartilage of its nose.

At Yakutsk Ledyard dined with the governor general and asked him to provide him transportation to Okotsk, a distance of 635 miles. The commandant however, shook his head and told him that the winter had so far advanced that he had better stay as his guest till the following spring. It was now the middle of September and the commandant told him that by the middle of the following May he could resume his journey. In spite of every argument that Ledyard could advance, the commandant assured him that the governor general had sent orders to render all possible service and kindness to the American traveler and that in his opinion, the greatest kindness he could render him was to prevent him leaving until the following spring. The governor general told Ledyard that he would be happy to have him as his guest during the winter. It is quite probable that Governor Jacobi had sent secret instructions to the commander at Yakutsk to detain Ledyard.

In November Captain Billings arrived at Yakutsk. Captain Billings and Ledyard had served together under Captain Cook for four years, Billings having been the assistant to Astronomer Bayley of the Cook expedition. Both Billings and Ledyard were surprised and delighted to meet in the heart of Siberia. Captain Billings had entered the Russian service and been placed in command of an exploring expedition. Ledyard became a guest of Captain Billings for the next five weeks at Yakutsk and

accepted his invitation to return with him to Irkutsk, a distance of more than 1,500 miles, to spend the rest of the winter. Captain Billings was going to Irkutsk to secure supplies which were to be shipped to Okotsk, at which point there were some vessels on which Billings was going to make a voyage to the American coast, as soon as spring opened up. Captain Billings invited Ledyard to be his guest until the vessel sailed, at which time he would take him as a passenger to Russian America, as Alaska was then termed.

With Captain Billings, Ledyard left Yakutsk on December 29th and traveled by dog team and sledge, up the frozen reaches of the River Lena, negotiating the 1,500 mile trip in 17 days.

Here fate dealt the crowning blow to Ledyard's hopes. On February 24 the governor general received orders from the Empress to arrest Ledyard and send him under guard to the private inquisition at Moscow. Ledyard with his two guards, went by sledge through the rigors of a Siberian winter, at full speed to Moscow.

Shortly after being arrested, Ledyard wrote in his notebook: "My hopes are once more blasted. What secret machinations have been at work? What motive? Her Royal Majesty of all the Russias has nothing but her own pleasure to consult—she has no nation's resentment to apprehend. I am the minister of no state or monarch—I travel under the common flag of humanity

which serves the world at large. If death—then my journeyings will be over sooner. Though born in the freest of civilized countries, yet in my present state of privation, I have a more exquisite sense of the immortal nature of liberty than I ever had before."

The charge against Ledyard was absurd. He was arrested as a French spy in Siberia. Writing in his journal a little later, he says: "I am in Neeshna, in a vile, dark, dirty, gloomy, damp room. The soldiers who guard me are doubly watchful over me when in a town, though at no time properly so, through their consummate indolence and ignorance. Though treated like a felon, I will not appear like one by flight. I am emaciated. It is more than 20 days since I have eaten anything that might be termed food, and during that time I have been traveling in an open kibitka. I am treated in all respects like a convict, except that I have to support myself with my own money. Were I charged with any injury done either to this or to any other country, I would be more resigned. But to be arrested in my travels at the last stage but one—to be siezed, imprisoned and transported in this dark and silent manner, without cause or accusation, without even a guess as to my destination,—treated in short, like a subject of Russia—under such circumstances, resignation would be a crime against my dear, native land."

It is supposed that the rest of Ledyard's journal was seized and destroyed. Writing later from London to a

friend, he said: "I penetrated through Europe and Asia, almost to the Pacific Ocean, but in the midst of my career was arrested, a prisoner to the Empress of Russia, by an express sent after me for that purpose. I was a prisoner under guard during the winter and spring, was banished from the Empire and taken to the frontiers of Poland, making the journey of 6,000 versts in six weeks. The cruelties and hardships I suffered, I shall leave untold."

When released at the Polish frontier, he was told that instructions had been issued if he was ever found again in Russia or Siberia, he would be hanged. He finally arrived in London ragged and emaciated. The headquarters of the Russian American Fur Company were at Irkutsk. The governor general of all the eastern parts of Siberia lived there. When the Russian fur traders at Irkutsk learned that Ledyard was going to travel down the Alaskan coast and on to Nootka Sound, they were afraid he would learn what immense profits were being made in the fur trade and also learn with what severity the Russian traders treated the Alaskan natives, whom they made virtual slaves. Undoubtedly, the governor general of Irkutsk sent a courier to the Empress, which resulted in her having Ledyard arrested and deported from the country.

Ledyard was more eager than ever to have his fellow Americans engage in the fur trade on the Pacific Northwest coast and he was also equally eager to explore the country lying between the Pacific and the Atlantic

Oceans. Sir Joseph Banks who had befriended Ledyard on every occasion, recommended Ledyard to the African Association, as a man of indomitable courage.

Ledyard visited Mr. Beaufoy, secretary of the African Association who, in describing his interview with Ledyard, said: "Before I had learned from the note from Sir Joseph Banks, the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest and the openness of his countenance. I spread the map of Africa before him and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennar and from thence westward in the supposed direction of the Niger, I told him that was the route by which I was anxious that Africa might be explored. He said he would consider himself singularly fortunate to be trusted with the adventure. I asked him when he could set out. 'Tomorrow morning,' was his response. I told him I was afraid that we should not be able in so short a time to prepare his instructions and to procure for him the requisite letters, but that if the committee should approve of his proposal, all expedition should be used."

Writing from London, Ledyard says: "By my acquaintances in London, my arrival was announced to a society of noblemen and gentlemen who had for some time been fruitlessly inquiring for some person to travel through the continent of Africa. I was asked and consented to undertake the tour. The society has ap-

propriated a sum of money to defray the expenses. I dine with them this day week and within the month, shall be on the move. My route will be from here to Paris, thence to Marseilles, across the Mediterranean to Alexandria, then to Grand Cairo, beyond which is unknown and my discoveries begin. Where they will terminate you shall know, if I survive. Do not think because I have seen much of the world, and will see more, that I have forgotten America. I could as soon forget you, myself, my God."

Ledyard was hopeful that the money he made in exploring Africa, might finance him in establishing the fur trade on the Pacific northwest coast. His proposed trip to Africa was to occupy three years. Just before leaving London for his African trip, he wrote to his mother: "Truly is it written that the ways of God are past finding out and his decrees unsearchable. Is the Lord thus great? So also is He good and I am an instance of it for I have trampled the world under my feet, laughed at fear and derided danger. Through fierce savages, over parching deserts, the freezing north, the everlasting ice, stormy seas, have I passed without harm. How good is my God and what rich subjects have I for praise, love and adoration. I have full and perfect health. I pray God to bless and comfort you all. Farewell."

When the secretary of the African Society told him of

the dangers and hardships he would encounter, Ledyard said: "I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned or ever will own to any man. Such evils are hard to bear but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, to the utmost extent, my engagement to the Society. If I perish in the attempt, my honor will be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

Ledyard spent a week in Paris visiting Thomas Jefferson, la Fayette and other old time friends. Once more he and Jefferson discussed the matter of exploring the western part of America. Ledyard arrived at Cairo on the 19th of August and a few days later was introduced to Aga Mahommed, the confidential minister of Ismael, one of the four ruling Beys. He was promised letters and protection while passing through Turkish Nubia and also was promised letters to the chiefs who lived far inland.

Under date of October 14th he writes: "I went today to the market place where they vend the black slaves who come from toward the interior parts of Africa. There were 200 of them together. I was told by one of them that they came from west of Sennar about fifty and five days journey, which may be about four or five hundred miles. One of the slaves—a negro chief—told me the Nile had its source in his country. The name of the country these savages come from is Darfoor, well known on account

of the slave trade as well as its trade in gum and elephants' teeth. Most of the slaves appear a harmless, wild people and are mostly young women."

Ledyard spent most of his time in the slave market, talking to the slave traders and to the slaves themselves, securing information as to the country through which he was to travel. He investigated the type of trade goods needed, finding he would have to carry with him for trade with the natives, soap, red linen cloth, antimony, razors, scissors, beads and mirrors. He records that he found in the loads brought in by the caravans, elephants' teeth, Sennar gum, gold, ostrich feathers, but principally slaves.

The last letter Ledyard wrote was addressed to Thomas Jefferson and after describing very minutely, conditions in Africa, he said: "From Cairo I travel southwest about 300 leagues to a black king. There my present conductors leave me. Beyond that, I shall go alone. I expect to cut the continent across between the parallels of 12 and 20 degrees of north latitude. If possible, I shall write you from the kingdom of this black king. If not, do not forget me. I shall not forget you—indeed it will be a consolation to think of you in my last moments."

Either the heat or the food or some germ he contracted while visiting the slave market made Ledyard ill. He was given what at that time was a common remedy, vitriolic acid. The dose given him was so large that it was thought the medicine would kill him if the disease did

not, so he was given a large dose of tartar emetic. In spite of the best medical skill to be secured, he died that night and was buried next day. He died in November 1788 38 years of age. In writing of him, the secretary of the African Society said: "Such instances of decision, energy, perseverance, fortitude and enterprise have rarely been witnessed in the same individual and in the exercise of these high attributes of mind, his example cannot be too much admired or imitated."

III

CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY DISCOVERS THE COLUMBIA RIVER

How deeply Thomas Jefferson was interested in the exploration of the western part of America, is shown by frequent references, in his official and private correspondence, to the matter. In speaking of John Ledyard, he says: "My last account of Ledyard was from Grand Cairo. He was just then plunging into the unknown regions of Africa, probably never to return again. If he returns, he has promised me to go to America and penetrate from Kentucke to the western side of America." This was written in 1788 at about the time John Ledyard died in Africa.

In January 1793, while an officer of the Philosophical Society, Jefferson urged that the Missouri be explored, "to find the shortest and most convenient route of communication between the United States and the Pacific Ocean, within the temperate latitudes." He adds, "It would seem by the latest maps as if a river called Oregon interlocked with the Missouri for a considerable distance and entered the Pacific not far to the southward of Nootka Sound."

The seed sown in the minds of the merchants of Boston by John Ledyard, took root and grew. Though Ledyard's efforts to organize a company in Boston to send a ship to the Pacific Northwest to trade with the Indians for sea otter skins, had apparently failed, as a matter of fact, the plan had merely been postponed, not abandoned. The shipmasters sailing out of Boston and Salem to trade with China found they had to pay cash for the silks, spices, and tea and other goods they secured in China. There seemed to be nothing that they could take from the Atlantic seaboard of which the Chinese were in need.

In 1787 a group of substantial citizens met at the home of Dr. Charles Bullfinch in Bowdoin Square, Boston, to discuss the prospects of trade with China. Since John Ledyard had proposed his plan of sending a trading expedition to the northwest coast to trade for furs, the Salem and Boston shipmasters and traders had verified his statement that the Chinese were eager to purchase furs and would pay big prices for them. Those who met at Dr. Bullfinch's house to discuss the Chinese trade situation were Dr. Charles Bullfinch, his son Charles, who had graduated from Harvard and recently returned from a trip to Europe, Joseph Barrell a well-to-do Boston merchant, John Derby, a Salem shipmaster, Captain Crowell Hatch of Cambridge, Samuel Brown, a Boston merchant, and John M. Pintard of the Lewis Pintard Company of New York. After some discussion it was

agreed that there would be a rich harvest and a large profit to those who were first on the ground to trade for the furs so abundant on the Pacific Northwest coast.

Then and there they agreed to form a stock company with a capitalization of $50,000, divided into 14 shares. Two vessels were purchased, the *Columbia* of 212 tons, manned by 30 men and mounting 10 guns, and the *Lady Washington* of 90 tons. The *Columbia* was built in 1773 by James Briggs at Hobart's Landing on North River. She was a full rigged ship, having two decks. Captain John Kendrick, who was 45 years of age, was given command of the *Columbia.* He had been engaged in privateering during the Revolutionary war. When the *Columbia* started on its first voyage for the Pacific Northwest, Simon Woodruff was first mate; Joseph Ingraham, second mate; Robert Haswell, third mate; John B. Cordis, boatswain; Richard S. Howe, clerk; Dr. Roberts, surgeon; and J. Nutting, astronomer. D. Coolidge was mate on the sloop *Lady Washington* of which Captain Robert Gray was in command. The *Columbia* and her consort, the *Lady Washington*, were loaded with a cargo of blankets, knives, files, beads, mirrors, small bells, iron bars, and other trade goods, and stores, sufficient to last for a two-year voyage.

John M. Pintard, one of the joint owners of the two boats, applied to Congress for a sea letter which letters were furnished by Congress. Passports were also secured from the Massachusetts officials, and a letter from the

Spanish minister at Washington, D. C., recommending the travelers to the viceroy of New Spain, as California was then called. Whether secret instructions were sent to the governor of New Spain, I do not know, but in any event, the governor of New Spain wrote to the Spanish commandant of San Francisco, "Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco, a ship named the *Columbia*, said to belong to General Washington, of the American states, under the command of John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in September 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery and of examination of the Russian establishments on the northern coast of this peninsula, you will cause said vessel to be secured, together with her officers and crew."

In the instructions given by the owners, to Captain Kendrick and Captain Gray, provision was made that in case of the death of Captain Kendrick, Captain Gray should succeed to the command of the expedition. Among the voluminous instructions to the leaders of this expedition, is the following: "You are hereby instructed that if you make any fort or improvement on the coast, be sure you purchase the soil from the natives. Let the instrument of conveyance bear every authentic mark the circumstance will permit. We cannot forbear to impress on your mind our will and expectation that the most inviolable harmony and friendship may subsist between you and the natives and that no advantage be taken of them in trading, but that you may endeavor by

honest conduct to impress on their minds, friendship for Americans. The sea letters from Congress and from this state you will show on every proper occasion and although we expect you will treat all natives with respect and civility, yet we depend you will suffer insult and injury from none, without showing that spirit which becomes a freeborn and independent American."

The instructions as to the purchase of land were carried out. In the department of state at Washington, D. C., there is filed a deed for a tract of land purchased by Kendrick, reading as follows: "In consideration of six muskets, a boat sail, a quantity of powder, and an American flag—they being articles of which we at present stand in need, and which are of great value—we do bargain, grant and sell unto John Kendrick of Boston, a certain harbor in said Ahasset in which the brig *Washington* lays at anchor, on the 5th day of August 1791, latitude 49 degrees and 50 minutes, with all lands, mines, minerals, rivers, bays, harbors, sounds, creeks and all islands with all the produce of land and sea, being a territory the distance of 18 square miles, to have and to hold." This deed was signed by Chief Maquinna and the sub chiefs, Wicananish, Narry Yonk, and Tarrasone. Captain Kendrick also bought another little dab of land of approximately 250 square miles, for 11 muskets, the deed being signed by Maquinna and his subchief as well as the officers and members of the crew of Captain Kendrick's ship. Various other tracts of land

were purchased for muskets, sheets of copper, bales of cloth and other trade goods. The American captains usually got the worth of their money, as is evidenced by the fact that at Friendly Cove on Nootka Sound $8,000 worth of sea otter skins were secured for a box of chisels.

The merchants of Boston felt a peculiar interest in the Oregon country—not only on account of the profit to be derived from the trade in sea otter skins, seal skins and other pelts, but for the further reason that they had always felt that this country belonged to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The King of England in 1620, had granted to the Council of Plymouth, the land lying between the 40th and 48th degree of north latitude, extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Western Sea. By the terms of this royal grant, Massachusetts owned the Pacific seacoast from Cape Mendocino in California to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, between Vancouver Island and the State of Washington, to say nothing of all the land lying between the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific Ocean. On the strength of this grant Massachusetts laid claim to a strip of land approximately 500 miles wide, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and endeavored to make good their claim in Congress in 1784. New York contested this claim and after the matter had been thoroughly threshed out, it was decided that neither Massachusetts nor New York owned it.

The *Columbia* and the *Lady Washington* left Boston on September 30, 1787 and anchored in what was then known as Castle Roads. From there they proceeded as far as Nantasket Roads, and on October 1 sailed for their trip to the Pacific Northwest coast, by way of Cape Horn. Six months from the day they sailed, they rounded Cape Horn.

In latitude 59 south the vessels were separated in a heavy gale and the *Columbia* was damaged. Captain Kendrick decided that they would have to make the nearest land to secure repairs. In his letter of instructions Captain Kendrick was given the following orders: "You are strictly enjoined not to touch at any port of Spanish domain on the western continent of America, unless driven there by an unavoidable accident, in which case you are to give no offense to any of the subjects of His Catholic Majesty."

At that time Spain claimed the Pacific Ocean, and by royal decree issued by the King of Spain in 1692, all foreign vessels were prohibited from navigating in what was then termed the South Sea, but which we now call the Pacific Ocean. The nearest land was the island of Juan Fernandez which was about a thousand miles distant. Captain Kendrick decided to go there for repairs to his vessel. Upon arriving at the Island, he handed Don Blas Gonzoles, commandant of the Spanish garrison, his sea letters and also his letter from the Spanish

minister at the national capital. The Spanish commandant furnished Captain Kendrick the necessary supplies to repair his vessel and treated him with great kindness and courtesy. For this humane act Señor Ambrose O'Higgins, captain general of Chile, recalled the Spanish commandant of Juan Fernandez and put him under arrest. His case was referred to Feodor LaCroix, viceroy of Peru, who gave orders that Don Blas Gonzoles should be cashiered for not seizing the ship *Columbia* and making prisoners of her crew.

He issued a supplementary order in which he said: "Through the royal ordinance of November 1692 every foreign vessel not carrying a license from the court of Spain, even though such a vessel belongs to a friendly ally of the Spanish King, is to be treated as an enemy. Seeing that no other nation has or ought to have any territories to reach, necessitating its vessels passing around Cape Horn or through the Magellan Straits." He sent a vessel to overhaul the *Columbia* and capture her and sent word to the commandants of the various ports of Peru and Chile to capture the *Columbia.*

The *Columbia* arrived at Nootka Sound in safety on September 23, 1788, six days after the arrival of Captain Robert Gray, commander of the *Lady Washington.* The trip of the *Columbia* and *Lady Washington* had occupied a few days less than a year.

Captain Kendrick decided to winter at Nootka Sound and during the winter the men on the American vessels,

in their trading with the Indians, picked up enough of the Indian tongue to prove valuable to them in their future relations with the Indians.

On his trip along the northwest coast, Captain Gray entered a harbor in what is now Clallam County, Washington and named it Washington Harbor, after his ship. He named another harbor he discovered Bullfinch Harbor, but which is now known as Gray's Harbor. He also named Pintard Sound, now known as Queen Charlotte Sound.

Not having been able to overtake and capture the *Columbia*, the viceroy of Peru sent word to the Spanish authorities in Mexico to capture the *Columbia* and the *Lady Washington*. Don Martinez sailed from Mexico and arrived at Nootka Sound. Captain Gray with his sloop the *Lady Washington*, had sailed for the north. Don Martinez, after a conference with Captain John Kendrick permitted him to remain in the Pacific Ocean if he would fire a salute to the Spanish flag in acknowledgement of Spain's claim to all territory washed by the Pacific. This Captain Kendrick did.

When the *Felice* and the *Iphigenia*, two British vessels who were also out to trade for furs, put in to Nootka Sound, they refused to salute the Spanish flag, so Don Martinez arrested them and sent them to Mexico as prisoners. The buildings erected by the British fur traders at Nootka Sound were seized by the Spanish authorities. Great Britain notified Spain that because Brit-

ish mariners, employed on a peaceful mission had been illegally arrested and British property seized, her only recourse would be to declare war on Spain. Spain backed down and agreed to restore all the lands and buildings on the Pacific Northwest coast, claimed by British subjects prior to 1789.

Captain Mears, who had met Captain Gray on the Pacific Northwest coast, learned from Gray that he had discovered an interior sea north of Nootka Sound. Upon his return to England, Captain Mears told the British authorities of what he had learned from Captain Gray, so an exploring expedition was sent to the west coast of North America, in charge of Captain George Vancouver.

Captain Kendrick decided to stay on the Pacific Northwest coast to trade for furs, and sent Captain Robert Gray, in command of the Columbia, to China, to take the furs they had purchased, to be exchanged for silk, tea and spices. Captain Gray with his cargo of sea otter skins, seal skins and other pelts, sailed to Canton and exchanged his furs for a cargo of tea. In the museum at Salem, Massachusetts, I examined some old documents dating back to the old days when the daring New England mariners sailed the Seven Seas. I know of no place where you can put in a more interesting half day than there, looking over the old ship models and other souvenirs of the day when the American ships and down-east skippers out-sailed and out-traded the ships of every other nation.

In the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, you can examine Captain Gray's old sea chest and other souvenirs of the discovery of the Columbia River.

When Captain Gray took aboard his cargo of tea in China, he signed the following quaintly worded bill-of-lading: "Canton China, February 3, 1790. Shipped by the Grace of God in good order and condition, by Shaw and Randall, in and upon the good ship called the *Columbia*, whereof is master under God, for this present voyage, Robert Gray and now riding at anchor at Whampoa and by God's grace, bound for Boston and America, 220 chests Bohea tea, 170 half chests ditto, 144 quarter chests ditto, to be delivered unto Samuel Parkman, Esq., or to his assigns and so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety."

In his trip from the Pacific Northwest coast, Captain Gray sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, arriving in Boston on August 10th, 1790, having been gone from Boston not quite three years.

His vessel was the first one, under the American flag to circumnavigate the globe.

The owners of the *Columbia* and the *Lady Washington* realized such a handsome profit from the cargo of tea brought by Captain Gray from China, that they urged him to go back with another cargo of trade goods as soon as possible. He sailed on his second trip for Nootka Sound, six weeks later, leaving on September 28, 1790.

The owners of the *Columbia* secured from President George Washington, a personal letter for Captain Gray, reading as follows: "To all Emperors, Kings, Sovereign Princes, State and Regents, to their respective officers, civil and military, and to all others whom it may concern: I, George Washington, President of the United States of America, do make known that Robert Gray, captain of the ship called the *Columbia*, of the burthen of about 230 tons, is a citizen of the United States and that the said ship which he commands, belongs to citizens of the United States and as I wish that the said Robert Gray may prosper in his lawful affairs, I do request of all the beforementioned and of each of them separately, when the said Robert Gray shall arrive with his vessel and cargo that they will be pleased to receive him with kindness and treat him in a becoming manner, and thereby I shall consider myself obliged. September 16, 1790, George Washington, President, Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, Signed with the Seal of the United States."

John Hancock, governor of Massachusetts, also wrote a letter for Captain Gray, commending him to the good offices of all with whom he came in contact. He was also furnished a letter of instruction by Joseph Barrell, acting for the owners of the *Columbia*. Curiously enough, Colburn Barrell, Jr., direct descendant of Joseph Barrell, was one of the pioneer residents of Portland, Ore-

gon. He laid out Lone Fir Cemetery and is now buried there.

Captain Gray made a quick voyage to the northwest coast, arriving on June 5, 1791, having been less than nine months on the trip. The second mate, Joseph Ingraham, who had returned to Boston on the return trip of the Columbia, was employed by other Boston merchants and was given command of the Brig *Hope*. He left for the northwest coast, at about the time Captain Gray sailed back in command of the *Columbia*. The successful trip of the *Columbia*, induced a number of other merchants to engage in the fur trade. The *Lady Washington* made a trip to China, where she was transformed into a brig and returned to the Pacific Northwest coast. Captain Roberts, in command of the *Jefferson*, also sailed from Boston to engage in the fur trade. Within a few years the following American vessels were trading for furs, along the northwest coast: the *Hope*, *Jefferson*, *Margaret*, *Hancock*, *Jenny*, *Adventurer*, *Lady Washington* and the *Columbia*. The British, French, Portuguese and Spanish merchants were quick to see the advantage of being represented in the fur trade. John Ledyard's statements of the value of this trade had been proven to be more than true. His statements, instead of being wild dreams of his imagination were proven to be conservative.

Upon Gray's return to the northwest coast, he traded

for furs as far north as Queen Charlotte Island. Gray went into winter quarters and built a stockade, which he named Fort Defiance. During the winter the carpenters and sailors on board the *Columbia* were employed in building a thirty ton sloop which Captain Gray named the *Adventurer* and which was launched in the spring of 1792. In April 1792, Captain Gray sent the *Adventurer* on a trading trip to the northward, in charge of Robert Haswell who by this time had become first mate of the *Columbia.*

Captain Gray cruised to the southward in the *Columbia*, and off what is now the Washington coast, met Captain George Vancouver, in command of the *Discovery* and Lieutenant Broughton, in command of the *Chatham.* Captain Vancouver, while a midshipman and John Ledyard, while a corporal of marines, had visited Nootka Sound, on board the *Resolution*, on Captain Cook's last voyage of discovery.

Captain Vancouver sent Lieutenant Puget, for whom Puget Sound is named, and Mr. Menzies, on board the *Columbia* to learn all they could from Captain Gray who had discovered the inland sea, north of Nootka Sound. Captain Gray reported to these officers that when he had first come to the coast in 1788, he had attempted to enter the mouth of a large river, located at 46 degrees and 10 minutes north, but the tide had been so strong, he had been unable to enter. The British officers discredited Captain Gray's statement, saying that there was

no river nor indication of one at that point. Captain Vancouver in writing of Captain Gray's claim to have discovered the mouth of a large river, wrote: "If any inlet should be found, it must be a very intricate one and inaccessible to vessels of our burden. I was thoroughly convinced, as were also most persons of observation on board, that we could not possibly have passed any safe, navigable opening, harbor, or place of security for shipping on this coast."

Captain Gray, not liking to have his word doubted, decided to go back and enter the inlet that he had once before tried to enter, and see if he was not right in his statement that it was the mouth of a large river.

On April 30, he sailed from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, anchored off an Indian village on Destruction Island, and secured a large number of sea otter skins. On May 6 he secured a large number of skins from the Quileute Indians. The following day he saw the entrance to a harbor and sent one of his mates ahead, in a small boat and followed the small boat in with the *Columbia*, anchoring off shore in an excellent harbor. He named this Bullfinch Harbor, but it is now called Gray's Harbor.

On May 11, 1792, he discovered the entrance of a large river, which he entered and named the Columbia River, after his ship. In his log on May 11, he wrote: "At 4 P.M., saw the entrance of our desired port. Bearing east, southeast, distance six leagues. Bore away and

ran in east, northeast, between the breakers. Having from five to seven fathoms of water. When we were over the bar, we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we stood. Many canoes came alongside. The north side of the river is a half mile distant from the ship. The south side is 2½ miles distant. A village is on the west side of the river, west by north, distance ¾ of a mile. A vast number of natives came alongside. Pumped the salt water out of our water casks, in order to fill with fresh water, in which we floated. So ends."

On May 15 Captain Gray and Mr. Hoskins in the jolly boat, went ashore to view the country. The Indians brought out to the *Columbia*, large numbers of salmon which they traded at the rate of two large salmon for one nail. They also brought out sea otter pelts and other furs. They traded the beaver skins at the rate of one beaver skin for two spikes. They also brought out moose and deer meat. Captain Gray purchased from them 150 high grade sea otter skins, 300 beaver skins, and about 700 pelts of other animals. Captain Gray, after naming the river, Columbia River, named the north side of the entrance Cape Hancock and the south side Adams Point. Having completed his cargo of furs, Captain Gray sailed for Canton, where he traded his furs for a cargo of tea and returned to Boston.

The first American ship to visit Honolulu was the *Columbia*, in command of Captain Robert Gray. This was while en route to Boston on his first trip back from

the Pacific Northwest coast. Captain Gray took back with him to Boston, a Kanaka with his feathered cloak and feather head-dress. The taking of this native to Boston was the seed from which sprang the missionary movement in New England, to Christianize the Sandwich Islanders.

Among other American ships which visited the Sandwich Islands in the early days of the fur trade on the Pacific Northwest coast, were the *Eleanora* and the *Fair American*. Captain Simon Metcalf was in command of the *Eleanora* and his son in command of the *Fair American*.. They spent the winter of 1789–90 in the Sandwich Islands. In February 1790, Captain Metcalf, in command of the *Eleanora*, sailed from Honolulu to the Island of Maui. In an altercation with the natives, an American sailor was killed and the natives took a small boat. Captain Metcalf fired on the natives on shore and burned their village. The Hawaiian chief came aboard the *Eleanora*, brought the body of the sailor and asked if the natives could come and trade, as they had before. Captain Metcalf learned that the natives were very anxious for nails and spikes. He told the chief that inasmuch as he had burned their village and avenged the sailor's death, they could continue to trade as usual. The chief went ashore with this message and soon a large number of natives in their boats started out to trade for the goods on board the *Eleanora*. Captain Metcalf loaded his cannons with nails and spikes,

depressed the muzzles and as the canoes came near the boat said, "I'll give them all the spikes and nails they want," and fired the cannon. More than 100 natives were killed and scores were wounded. This affair was known by the natives as the Olowalu massacre, and it did not tend to make the Americans very popular with the natives. In fact, for some time thereafter, whenever the natives saw an American ship putting into one of their harbors, they fled to the hills.

Captain Gray was married on February 3 1794 and died on a coasting vessel off Charleston, South Carolina, in the summer of 1806, leaving a wife and four daughters. On April 26, 1848 Martha Gray, his widow presented a petition to congress, praying for a pension. In her petition she stated that her husband Robert Gray, was born in May 1757, at Tiverton, at that time Massachusetts but now Rhode Island, that he was an officer in the naval service during the Revolutionary War and was later in the merchant service, that he made a trip around the world on the sloop *Washington* in company with the ship *Columbia*, and that in September 1790 he was appointed master of the ship *Columbia*. She further stated that she was married to Captain Gray on February 3, 1794 and that he died in the summer of 1806, at the age of 49, leaving herself and her four daughters with so little property that she and her daughters had had to work for their living ever since. In support of her case she turned over to congress a sea letter signed by President George

Washington and secretary of state Thomas Jefferson, dated at New York City, September 16, 1790, also a sea letter dated September 24, 1790, signed by John Hancock, governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and John Avery, Jr., secretary of state. Also the certificate of cargo of the ship *Columbia*, dated September 25, 1790, signed by Benjamin Lincoln, collector of the port of Boston and James Lovell, naval officer of said port. Also the orders of the owners of the *Columbia*, dated September 25, 1790 and signed by Joseph Barrell, also certified copy of her mariage certificate to Robert Gray, performed by Rev. John Eliott on February 3, 1794 in the town of Boston. Her petition was referred to a committee which recommended that she be given a pension of $500 a year and a township of land in Oregon Territory, when said territory was surveyed.

In the early days of the Oregon country, Honolulu and the other ports in the Sandwich Islands were close neighbors to Astoria, Oregon City and Vancouver. Early travelers usually took a Hudson's Bay ship to Honolulu where they caught a whaler bound for New Bedford or Gloucester. Captain John Kendrick lost his life in the Sandwich Islands in 1794 by a very peculiar accident. King Kahekili of Maui appointed Chief Kaeo as his regent on the island of Maui and Chief Kalanikupule as his regent on the island of Oahu. After the death of Kahekili, in the summer of 1794 at Waikiki, these two

chiefs continued to serve as regents of the two islands. The death of the king occasioned some restlessness and disorder, so Kaeo started for Kauai to restore peace there. With his warriors he stopped first at Molokai, now the seat of the leper colony, and then at Waimanalo on the island of Oahu, over which his rival chief ruled. Chief Kalanikupule sent a body of warriors to prevent his landing. Fighting occurred, but later the two chiefs met and settled the trouble amicably. He landed elsewhere on the island and proposed to his warriors that they return, attack Chief Kalanikupule and his army and capture the island of Oahu. They at once began their march toward Waikiki. Chief Kalanikupule's scouts reported the advance of the hostile army so Chief Kalanikupule appealed to Captain William Brown, who had just entered the harbor in command of two English fur trading vessels the *Jackal* and the *Prince Lee Boo*. Captain Brown had sold both chiefs guns and ammunition so he agreed to help defeat Chief Kaeo, his payment for such assistance to be 400 hogs.

While preparations for the battle were under way, Captain John Kendrick in command of the *Lady Washington* entered the harbor, and he also agreed to assist Kalanikupule. The rival warriors met and in the first battle Chief Kaeo was victorious. The Oahu warriors rallied and with the help of the foreigners and their guns the invading warriors were defeated. The battle was fought where the Ewa Sugar Plantation is now lo-

cated, near Honolulu, on December 12, 1794. The following day salutes were fired on board the *Jackal*, the *Prince Lee Boo* and the *Lady Washington*. One of the cannons on board the *Jackal* was trained toward the *Lady Washington*. In place of firing a blank, the gun was loaded with solid shot, which passed completely through the *Lady Washington*, killing Captain Kendrick and a number of his crew. The captain of the *Jackal* apologized for the accident and Captain Kendrick's body was taken ashore and buried, and a day or two later the *Lady Washington* sailed for China.

Captain Brown felt that he should be paid generously for his help in defeating the rival chief. Chief Kalanikupule felt that the payment of 400 hogs was sufficient. Apparently an amicable settlement was arrived at. The natives delivered the hogs and while the British sailors were busy killing the hogs, the natives killed Captain Brown and the captain of the other vessel and captured the sailors. Chief Kalanikupule seized the guns and ammunition on board both British vessels and compelled the British sailors to get the ships under sail. Chief Kalanikupule and his consort went on board and the two vessels were anchored for the night, off the beach at Waikiki. During the night the sailors killed their guards, put Chief Kalanikupule and his wife overboard and set sail for the island of Hawaii, where they told King Kamehameha what had happened.

King Kamehameha summoned his war chiefs and war-

riors, launched his vast fleet of war canoes, captured the islands of Maui and Molokai and landed at Waikiki Beach on the island of Oahu. Chief Kalanikupule had drawn up his warriors in battle array in Nuuanu valley. In the battle that ensued, Kamehameha killed hundreds of the warriors of Oahu Island and drove the rest of the warriors over the Pali, where they fell and were killed on the rocks below. Chief Kalanikupule was captured and with appropriate ceremony, sacrificed to the God of war, Kukalimoku.

IV

LEWIS AND CLARK MARCH FROM SEA TO SEA

THE Lewis and Clark expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River, was the fulfillment of a long cherished dream of Thomas Jefferson. The expedition was not organized because of our purchase of Louisiana from France, for the germ of the idea had been in Jefferson's mind for a score of years. In 1802 he submitted to Gallatin, secretary of the treasury, the draft of his annual message. In this message Jefferson included a recommendation for an expedition across the continent to the Pacific. Secretary Gallatin, while endorsing this suggestion, said that inasmuch as it contemplated an expedition "out of our own territory" he believed that it would be better to submit the suggestion as a confidential message to Congress. Jefferson adopted this advice and sent this confidential message to congress on January 18, 1803.

In discussing the significance of the Lewis and Clark exploration, Dr. F. G. Young says: "We shall find the idea of the exploration of this continent one deeply

cherished by Jefferson, because it fitted in as an essential condition for the attainment of the leading aims of his life. It was an integral part of him and if ever there was a mind in which there was perfect unity and consistency and organic correlation of ideas along with widest interests, that mind was Thomas Jefferson's. His was the spacious design of a continent to be kept inviolate for American freedom, equality and enlightenment, and his plan for transcontinental exploration was part and parcel with his aims for negro emancipation, complete freedom of conscience, a system of universal education, with a great university at its apex, promotion of science and invention and normal conditions of life for every American. The Lewis and Clark expedition may have been "our national epic of exploration", but the expedition in the design of its author, was more than a mere geographical exploration. It was a consciously purposed step toward securing this continent for the home of freedom, of peace and good will."

It was more than 20 years after Jefferson's first interest in exploring the western part of America, before he saw the fruition of his efforts, in the Lewis and Clark expedition. In 1779 Jefferson was keenly interested in the acquisition of the country between the Allegheny and the Mississippi, at that time claimed by the British, and he gave his hearty support to George Rogers Clark in his campaign for its acquisition.

George Rogers Clark was a Virginian, having been

born on November 19, 1752 in Albemarle county, Virginia. He served as a surveyor for the Ohio Company in Kentucky, when it was a part of Virginia. He moved to Kentucky in 1776, and it was due in part, to his efforts that Kentucky was organized as a county of Virginia. When he discovered that the Indians were being supplied ammunition and arms by the British, he decided to capture the British forts north of the Ohio River. He was commissioned lieutenant colonel in January 1778 and authorized to enlist troops. He captured Fort Kaskaskia on the Mississippi and also Fort Cahokia near St. Louis. He also captured in February 1779, Vincennes and Fort Sackville. Through his operations he brought what was then known as the northwest, under American control and made friends of the hostile Indians and made it possible for the United States to demand the cession of this vast territory in the treaty of 1783. General Clark had impoverished himself in outfitting his troops, and for many years prior to his death, lived in extreme poverty. He died near Louisville, Kentucky on February 13, 1818. Virginia surrendered her claim to the territory that General Clark had captured and hence felt that she owed no financial aid to General Clark. Congress felt that it was up to Virginia to reimburse General Clark for the money he had spent in his campaign against the British, so the matter was dropped.

Thomas Jefferson drafted, in 1784, a plan known as the Ordinance of 1784, for the division of the north-

west territory into ten states, with universal suffrage, a Republican form of government and no slavery. Congress was unwilling to accept the no slavery provisions but the Ordinance of 1787 was based on Jefferson's draft. On December 4, 1783, Thomas Jefferson wrote to General George Rogers Clark, suggesting the exploration of an overland route to the Pacific Ocean.

In his letter, he said: "I find that they have subscribed a very large sum of money in England for exploring the country from the Mississippi to California. They pretend it is only to promote knowledge. I am afraid they have thoughts of colonizing that quarter. Some of us have been talking here of making an attempt to search that country, but I doubt if we have enough of that kind of spirit to raise the money. How would you like to lead such a party?"

Nothing came of this plan and it was not till 1793 that Jefferson was once more able to try to carry out his plan of exploring the Pacific Northwest. He sent on this quest, Meriwether Lewis and Andre Michaux, a French botanist, to go overland to the Pacific. When it was found that this French botanist had been associated with various schemes for the embarrassment of the American government, the French minister to the United States was asked to recall him, so the expedition was given up.

Jefferson became president in 1800. He had lost none of his eagerness to establish trade relations with the In-

dians and to have Americans become supreme in the fur industry. He believed that in place of going by ship to the Pacific Northwest, the furs could be brought overland and brought down the Mississippi river. In recommending to congress that an expedition be sent to bring back a report of the possibilities of the fur trade as far west as the Rocky Mountains, he said: "While other nations have encountered great expense to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge by undertaking voyages of discovery, and for literary purposes, in various parts and directions, our nation seems to owe to its own interests to explore this, the only line of easy communication across the continent and so directly traversing our own part of it. The interests of commerce place the principal object within the constitutional power of congress and that it should incidentally advance geographical knowledge of our own continent, cannot but be an additional gratification."

Congress acceded to Jefferson's request and appropriated $2,500 "for the purpose of extending the external commerce of the United States." The appropriation was so small that the salaries of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark were carried on the army payrolls. Every school child in the United States is familiar with the Lewis and Clark expedition, so there is no need of going into the matter, but it may not be amiss to give some details about the leaders of this expedition, —Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William

Clark. In writing of Captain Meriwether Lewis, who was private secretary to President Jefferson, Mr. Jefferson says: "Meriwether Lewis was born on August 18, 1774, near the town of Charlottesville, Virginia. John Lewis, his father's uncle, was a member of the King's council, before the Revolution. Another uncle, Fielding Lewis, married a sister of General Washington. Captain Lewis's father William Lewis was one of five sons of Colonel Robert Lewis. He died while serving in the Revolutionary Army. An uncle of Captain Meriwether Lewis, Nicholas Lewis, commanded a regiment of militia in 1776 in an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, who, seduced by the agents of the British government to take up the hatchet against us, had committed great havoc on our southern frontier, murdering and scalping helpless women and children, according to their cruel principles of warfare. The chastisement they then received closed the history of their wars and prepared them for receiving the elements of civilization, which have rendered them an industrious, peaceable and happy people. Nicholas Lewis, whose bravery was so usefully proved on this occasion, was endeared to all who knew him by his inflexible probity, courteous disposition, benevolent heart and engaging modesty and manners. He was the guardian of Meriwether Lewis."

Captain Lewis when a boy, lived at the home of the Meriwethers. From the time he was eight years old, he was counted a good shot and a successful hunter. He

enlisted in the Revolutionary War, became a lieutenant in the line in the regular service and at 23 was promoted to captain. In 1792 Thomas Jefferson selected Captain Lewis to lead an expedition overland to the Pacific. This expedition, as has already been shown, had to be abandoned.

When congress appropriated $2,500 to finance President Jefferson's long contemplated exploration of the Pacific Northwest, Captain Meriwether Lewis was chosen to head the expedition. In speaking of his choice of Captain Lewis for this position, President Thomas Jefferson said: "Captain Lewis who had then been near two years with me as private secretary, immediately renewed his solicitations to have the direction of the party. I had now had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage undaunted, possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction, careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline, intimate with Indian character, customs and principles. Habituated to the hunting life, guarded by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed, honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding and a fidelity to truth, so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves. With all these qualifications as if selected and implanted

by nature in one body for this express purpose, I can have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him. Deeming it necessary he should have some person with him, of known confidence to the direction of the enterprise and to whom he might confide it in the event of accident to himself, he proposed William Clark, brother of General George Rogers Clark, who was approved and with that view, received a commission of captain."

President Jefferson wrote out with his own hand, the instructions for the guidance of Captain Lewis, the leader of the expedition. These instructions were addressed to Meriwether Lewis, Captain, 1st Regiment of Infantry, U.S.A., and dated June 20, 1803. In his instructions to Captain Lewis, President Jefferson says: "Your mission has been communicated to the ministers here, in France, Spain and Great Britain and through them to their governments, and such assurances given them as to its objects, as we trust will satisfy them. The country of Louisiana having been ceded by Spain to France, the passport you have from the minister of France will be a protection with all its subjects, and that from the minister of England will entitle you to the friendly aid of any traders of that allegiance with whom you may happen to meet. The object of your mission is to explore the Missouri River and such principal streams of it as by its course and communication with the waters of the Pacific Ocean, whether the Columbia, Oregon,

Colorado, or any other river, may offer the most direct and practical water communication across the continent for the purposes of commerce."

President Jefferson gives minute directions as to "the taking of observations of latitude and longitude and noting all remarkable points, as well as the mouths of rivers, rapids, islands, portages, and other landmarks." President Jefferson also gives explicit directions to carefully note "the commerce which may be carried on with the people inhabiting the line you will pursue. You will therefore endeavor to make yourself acquainted with the names of the nations and their numbers, the extent of their possessions, their relations with other tribes or nations, their language, traditions and monuments, their occupations in agriculture, fishing, hunting, war, arts and the implements for these; their food, clothing and domestic accommodations: the diseases prevalent among them and the remedies they use; the moral and physical circumstances which distinguish them from the tribes they know; peculiarities in their laws, customs and dispositions; articles of commerce they may need or furnish and to what extent, and considering the interest which every nation has in extending and strengthening the authority of reason and justice among the people around them, it would be useful to acquire what knowledge you can of the state of morality, religion and information among them, as it may better enable those who

may endeavor to civilize and instruct them to adopt their measures to the existing notions and practises of those on whom they are to operate."

President Jefferson also instructed Captain Lewis to make careful note of the vegetation, the animals found in the country, the metals, minerals, springs, appearance of the country, climate, prevailing winds, rain, frost, whether the dividing ground between the Missouri and other rivers are mountains or flat lands.

In discussing the Indians, President Jefferson says: "In all your intercourse with the natives, treat them in the most friendly and conciliatory manner which their own conduct will admit. Allay all jealousies as to the object of your journey, satisfy them of its innocence, make them acquainted with the position, extent, character, peaceful and commercial dispositions of the United States, of our wish to be neighborly, friendly and useful to them, and of our dispositions to commercial intercourse with them. Confer with them on the points most convenient as mutual emporiums and the articles of most desirable interchange for them and us. Carry with you some matter of the kine pox, inform those of them with whom you may be, of its efficacy as a preservative from the smallpox; and instruct and encourage them in the use of it. This may be especially done wherever you winter. As it is impossible for us to foresee in what manner you will be received by these people, whether with hospitality or hostility, so it is impossible

to prescribe the exact degree of perseverance with which you are to pursue your journey. We value too much the lives of citizens to offer them to probable destruction. Your numbers will be sufficient to secure you against the unauthorized opposition of individuals or small parties; but if a superior force either authorized or not authorized by a nation should be arrayed against your further passage and inflexibly determined to arrest it, you must decline its farther pursuit and return. In the loss of yourselves, we should lose the information you will have acquired. By returning safely with that, you may enable us to renew the essay with better calculated means. To your own discretion therefore, must be left the degree of danger you may risk and the point at which you should decline, only saying, we wish you to err on the side of your safety and to bring us back your party safe even if it be with less information. Should you reach the Pacific Ocean, inform yourselves of the circumstances which may decide whether the furs of these parts may not be collected as advantageously at the head of the Missouri—convenient, as is supposed, to the waters of the Colorado and Oregon or Columbia—as to Nootka Sound, or any other point of that coast; and that trade be consequently conducted through the Missouri and United States, more beneficially than by the circumnavigation now practised."

President Jefferson then instructs Captain Lewis to send his journals and letters by means of traders or by

hiring Indians to take them to the nearest trading post, and he also instructs him to send two of his most trusted men back by sea, should he reach the Pacific Coast, providing there are any sea vessels of any nation to be met with along the coast.

He further says, "Should you find it safe to return by the way you go, after sending two of your party around by sea, or with your whole party, if no conveyance by sea can be found, do so; making such observations on your return as may serve to supply, correct or confirm those made on your outward journey. On reentering the United States and reaching a place of safety, discharge any of your attendants who may desire and deserve it, procuring for them immediate payment of all areas of pay and clothing which may have incurred since their departure and assure them that they should be recommended to the liberality of the legislature for the grant of a soldier's portion of land each, as proposed in my message to congress and repair yourself, with your papers, to the seat of government. To provide, in the accident of your death against anarchy, dispersion and the consequent danger of your party and total failure of the enterprise, you are hereby authorized to name the person among them, who shall succeed to the command on your decease, and by like instrument to change the nomination from time to time as further experience of the characters accompanying you shall point out superior fitness, and all the powers and authority given to your-

self are, in the event of your death, transferred to and vested in the successor so named, with further power to him and his successors, in like manner, to name each, his successor, who on the death of his predecessor shall be invested with all the powers and authorities given to yourself."

Captain Meriwether Lewis chose for his associate in command, William Clark who was born in Virginia on August 1, 1770 and who was consequently four years older than Captain Meriwether Lewis. Captain Clark was the youngest brother of General George Rogers Clark. He moved from Virginia when he was 14 years old, settling at the falls of the Ohio, in Kentucky. He became a lieutenant of infantry in the spring of 1792, when he was 21 years of age. He served under General Anthony Wayne. Upon returning from the overland expedition to the mouth of the Columbia, he was appointed brigadier general of the Louisiana territorial militia and Indian agent for upper Louisiana. He served as territorial governor of Missouri from 1813 to 1820. He was appointed superintendent of Indian Affairs with headquarters at St. Louis in 1822, and served in this capacity till his death on September 1, 1838.

Captain Lewis selected 20 soldiers, 11 voyageurs and 9 frontiersmen as the members of his party. Of these 20 soldiers, four were sergeants, John Ordway, Nathaniel Prior, Charles Floyd and Patrick Gass. The expedition started from their encampment opposite St. Louis, on

May 14, 1804, and they returned to St. Louis on September 23, 1806. In February 1807, Captains Lewis and Clark reported at the national capital. Captain Lewis was appointed governor of Louisiana and Captain Clark, Indian Agent for upper Louisiana and brigadier general of the Louisiana territorial militia.

President Jefferson, instead of requiring the various members of the expedition who had kept journals, to turn these over to the government, allowed them to publish them so they could make whatever money could be realized from their publication. In 1807 Patrick Gass turned his journal over to an Irish schoolmaster, David McKeehan of Wellsburg, West Virginia. It was printed at Pittsburg and consisted of about 83,000 words. Both Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark planned to publish their journals, but in getting settled in their new jobs, they had little or no time for literary work.

President Jefferson urged Meriwether Lewis to publish his journal, as there was such widespread interest in our western possessions. Captain Lewis, now governor of Louisiana, started from St. Louis for Washington. He arrived at Chickasaw Bluffs on September 15, 1809, planning to go from there by water. He had with him a number of vouchers of his public accounts, as well as the journals and papers of his western expedition. After turning over his vouchers and other government matters

to the authorities at Washington, it was his plan to go to Philadelphia and edit the journals of his overland expedition. Arrangements had already been perfected with Conrad & Company, Philadelphia printers, for the publication of the work. Captain Lewis was subject to spells of melancholy. Meeting Mr. Neely, the agent of the Chickasaw Indians, at Chickasaw Bluffs, he told him that he had decided to go on horseback rather than by water, for fear someone would steal the valuable papers of which he was in charge. He stopped at the home of a wayside settler, 60 miles southwest of Nashville. Mrs. Grinder, at whose home he had stopped, found him dead next morning. He had been killed during the night. She reported that he had committed suicide. But his friends believed that he was murdered during the night, for the money which he had on his person.

President Jefferson now urged Captain Clark to carry on the proposed publication of their overland journals. Captain Clark finally interested Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, who had graduated from Princeton in 1801, when he was 16 years of age. Mr. Biddle had served as secretary to John Armstrong, our minister to France and had later served as secretary to Monroe, while Monroe was minister to Great Britain. Mr. Biddle made a trip from Philadelphia to Fincastle, Virginia, where he visited Captain Clark, who was staying at the home of his father-in-

law, Colonel George Hancock. From Captain Clark, he secured the journals and maps of the expedition, and also spent some days in taking down his oral statements. Clark purchased the journal which had been kept by Sergeant Ordway, which he forwarded later to Mr. Biddle. He also sent him George Shannon, who at that time was 23 years old and was a law student. George Shannon had enlisted in the expedition at the age of 16. Shortly after his return, he had been wounded in the leg by an Indian and had had to have his leg amputated. Shannon spent some months with Mr. Biddle, not only giving him his personal narrative, but helping him interpret the notes in his hands. Shannon later became a circuit judge in Kentucky and served as State senator in Missouri and was later United States district attorney for Missouri.

It took Biddle a year to assemble the notes and prepare the manuscript of the Lewis and Clark journal. John Conrad agreed to publish the work but had to give it up as he became bankrupt. After trying for more than a year to find a publisher, Mr. Biddle finally turned the work over to Thomas Bradford, a bookseller. Bradford and Inskeep also went bankrupt. Biddle having been elected to the legislature, turned the matter over to Paul Allen, who revised it and read proof on it. There were issued 1,417 copies of the work, which was in two volumes. The profit on the sale of the book after all expenses had been paid, amounted to $154.10. Cap-

tain Clark and Nicholas Biddle did not receive any part of this sum. In fact, Captain Clark was not even given a copy of the work.

Nicholas Biddle cut down the 1,200,000 words of the original journals to about 370,000 words. It is unfortunate that so much of the material written by the sergeants and other members of the party was allowed to become irrevocably lost. A considerable number of the manuscript volumes, pocket journals and other documents were turned over to the American Philosophical Society. They were stored away in their vaults to be discovered 75 years later.

V

WE BUY LOUISIANA FROM NAPOLEON

The interest of Thomas Jefferson in exploring the Oregon country was first aroused by John Ledyard. Jefferson had arranged with John Ledyard to make an overland trip across the continent some years prior to the discovery by Gray of the Columbia River. In writing of his desire to see the western part of America explored, Jefferson says: "I received a letter from Ledyard, full of sanguine hopes, dated at Cairo the 15th of November, 1788, the day before he was to set out for the head of the Nile, on which day however, he ended his career and life. Thus failed the first attempt to explore the western part of our northern continent." John Ledyard had planned upon his return from Africa, to travel on foot, either from Kentucky westward to the Pacific Coast, or from some point on the Pacific Coast eastward, to the Atlantic seaboard, visiting the various Indian tribes and learning all he could about the country.

In 1792 Jefferson set on foot a plan to raise a subscription, to pay some trustworthy person to explore the

country between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. In describing this plan, Jefferson says: "I proposed to the A. P. S. (American Philosophical Society) to set on foot a subscription to engage some competent person to explore that region, ascending the Missouri, crossing the Stony Mountains and descending the nearest river to the Pacific. Captain Meriwether Lewis being then stationed at Charlottesville on recruiting service, warmly solicited me to obtain for him the execution of that object. I told him it was proposed that the person engaged should be attended by a single companion only, to avoid exciting alarm among the Indians. This did not deter him. Mr. André Michaux, a professed botanist, offering his services, they were accepted. He received his instructions and when he had reached Kentucke in the prosecution of his journey, he was overtaken by an order from the minister of France, then at Philadelphia, to relinquish the expedition, and to pursue elsewhere the botanical inquiries on which he was employed by that government. Thus failed the second attempt at exploring that region."

The history of Louisiana is closely linked with that of the Oregon country. In 1699 a fort was built on the Mississippi River, about 40 miles above its mouth. Antoine Crozat had been granted Louisiana and held it as a private possession from 1712 to 1717. He was glad to let go of so expensive a luxury to the Western Company.

This company and the company of the Indies were consolidated. John Law was the president of the company, and he it was who launched the Mississippi scheme. John Law was born in Edinburgh. As the result of a love affair, he fought a duel with Beau Wilson in Bloomsbury Square in the spring of 1694 and killed his antagonist. He was condemned to death but escaped from prison and fled to Holland. He traveled over Europe, becoming wealthy through gambling and speculation. Law was expelled from Paris but when the Duke of Orleans became Regent in 1715, he returned to Paris and founded a bank, which was very successful. John Law took over Crozat's grant of Louisiana and established the Compagnie de la Louisiane ou d'Occident. Law's bank, in 1718, became a government institution, being called La Banque Royale, of which Law was the director, and the King guaranteed the notes of the bank. Law practically controlled the foreign trade of France. Law agreed to take over the national debt. He exercised royal power. He was appointed Controller General of the finances of France. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, but finally came the crash and in 1720 Law left France and for the next nine years wandered over Europe, poor, despised and forsaken.

During the days of his power, Law did much for Louisiana. The city of New Orleans was founded in 1718, when Law was at the height of his power. 18 vessels from France arrived in New Orleans during 1718

and 1719, with settlers and in 1719, 500 negroes were brought from the Guinea Coast. Though Law was discredited, the Western Company continued to operate in Louisiana till 1731, when the colony reverted to the crown. New Orleans grew until it had a population in 1776, of 5,552.

On November 3, 1762 France, by a secret treaty, transferred Louisiana to Spain. In 1766 Antonio de Ulloa, a Spanish naval officer, took possession of New Orleans, in the name of the Spanish king. The colonists revolted in the fall of 1768 and compelled Ulloa to leave the colony. The following summer Alejandro O'Reilly arrived in New Orleans, with a force of 3,600 Spanish troops. He arrested and put to death five of the leaders of the revolution and restored Spanish sovereignty. Officially, the Spanish law and Spanish language superseded the French, but actually the French never gave up their allegiance to their home land and continued to speak their own language.

In 1794 Spain signed a treaty by which the Mississippi River was recognized as the western boundary of the United States and free navigation in the Mississippi was granted to citizens of the United States. They also, by this same treaty, agreed that for three years American citizens should have a right to "deposit their merchandise and effects in the port of New Orleans and to export them from thence, without paying any other duty than a fair price for the hire of the stores." In

1797, at the end of this three year period, the Spanish government refused American citizens the right of depositing their stores in New Orleans.

In 1800 Spain ceded Louisiana back to France. American citizens were restless with the mouth of the Mississippi River under foreign control. The free navigation of the Mississippi was a matter of vital concern, as all of the cities and settlers along the Mississippi depended upon that liquid highway to market their goods. The settlers and the citizens of the communities along the Mississippi began an agitation for free right of way from the head of navigation to the sea. When the Spanish governor refused the right of deposit, the planters and others along the Mississippi addressed petitions to Congress, showing that the action of the Spanish governor would mean the extinction of American commerce and the abrogation of navigation rights.

In one of the petitions the planters said, "The Mississippi is ours by the law of nature," and to put teeth in their protest to Congress they further said, "If Congress refuses us effectual protection, if it forsakes us, we will adopt the measures which our safety requires, even though they endanger the peace of the Union and our connection with the other states. No protection, no allegiance."

Thomas Jefferson was president and in answer to the petitions, appeals and protests, he said in his message to Congress on December 22, 1802, "I am aware of the

obligation to maintain in all cases the rights of the nation, and to employ for that purpose those just and honorable means which belong to the character of the United States."

The House of Representatives in replying to President Jefferson said that they held it to be their duty "to express their unalterable determination to maintain the boundaries and the rights of navigation and commerce through the river Mississippi, established by existing treaties."

President Jefferson had not been idle. Charles Pinckney, United States minister to Madrid, was instructed by President Jefferson, to attempt to purchase from Spain, the possessions of Spain on the east side of the Mississippi. Jefferson wrote to the Spanish monarch, "the anxiety of our government on the subject of possessing the territory on the east side of the Mississippi—the importance of this acquisition to them for the purpose of securing to the citizens of one half of the United States the certain means of exporting their products, cause them to feel every day more convinced of the necessity of having a permanent establishment on the Mississippi, convenient for the purpose of navigation, belonging solely to them."

Spain had made a secret treaty on October 1, 1800, ceding Louisiana and New Orleans to France, but this fact had not become known to other nations. Hence our offer to Spain to purchase what we supposed were

still their possessions. Naturally the Spanish government, which no longer owned any possessions in Louisiana, refused to have any dealings with us, and in response to our request to allow a mercantile agent of the United States to reside at New Orleans, refused, saying "by making one example of that kind, the door would be open for like demands on the part of other nations." This refusal, which was dated on April 7, 1802, was more than a year and a half after Spain had transferred her possessions to France and yet the fact was known neither to President Jefferson nor to our minister to Spain, Charles Pinckney.

The secret treaty by which Spain transferred Louisiana back to France on October 1, 1800, was known as the treaty of San Ildefonso. When this treaty was made public, it caused consternation in the United States, because we were almost at war with France. For some years our relations with France had been far from pleasant. French cruisers had been seizing our merchantmen.

President John Adams in 1798, sent an embassy to France to try to smooth out the differences between the two countries. The French Directory refused to meet the American Embassy. Finally the embassy was told that if the United States would pay a liberal sum to the French government and would pay a quarter of a million dollars to Talleyrand, one of the members of the French Directory, he would see that the embassy had a hearing. Charles C. Pinckney, John Marshall

and Elbridge Gerry refused to submit and Pinckney, in answer to Talleyrand's demand, said, "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

The virtual dismissal of our special envoys, Pinckney, Marshall and Gerry, led to the suspension of our commercial intercourse with France. President Adams prepared to wage war upon France. Washington, who was in retirement at Mt. Vernon, consented to take command of our forces, and chose Alexander Hamilton as his second in command. Napoleon came to power as First Consul and, very wisely, made terms agreeable to the United States, thus averting war.

France and England were at each other's throats. President Jefferson sent James Monroe and Mr. Livingston to see if arrangements could be made to purchase New Orleans from France. In writing to James Monroe, President Jefferson said, "I have but a moment to inform you that the fever into which the western mind is thrown by the affair at New Orleans, stimulated by the mercantile and federal interests, threatens to overbear our peace. I shall tomorrow nominate you to the Senate, for an extraordinary mission to France. In the meantime, work night and day to arrange your affairs for temporary absence, perhaps for a long one."

Several days later Thomas Jefferson again wrote to James Monroe, "the agitation of the public mind on the late suspension of our rights of deposit at New Orleans, is extreme. Remonstrances and memorials are circulat-

ing through the whole of the country and being signed by the body of the people. The measures which we have been pursuing being invisible, do not satisfy their minds. Something sensible therefore, has become necessary and indeed, our object of purchasing New Orleans and the Floridas, is a measure likely to assume so many shapes that no instructions could be squared to fit them."

When Monroe submitted his proposal to purchase New Orleans, Napoleon said to one of his counselors, "The English shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet . . . the conquest of Louisiana would be easy if they took the trouble to make a descent there. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach . . . I think of ceding it to the United States. . . . They only ask of me one town in Louisiana, but I already consider the colony is entirely lost. It appears to me that in the hands of this growing power, it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France than if I should attempt to keep it."

One of Napoleon's counselors, Talleyrand, disagreed while the other, Marbois, approved Napoleon's course. Napoleon issued instructions to his counselors as follows. "It is not only New Orleans that I will cede. It is the whole colony, without any reservation. To attempt to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate this offer to the envoys of the United States. I will be moderate in consideration of the necessity in which I am, if making a sale. But keep this to yourself."

Napoleon distrusted Talleyrand, who had opposed the sale, so he entrusted the negotiations to the Marquis de Marbois, who had served his country in America and who, while secretary of the French legation, had married an American, a resident of Philadelphia. When Napoleon became First Consul, he treated Marbois with distinguished consideration and in 1801 made him minister of the public treasury. Robert R. Livingston and James Monroe were fortunate in being able to deal with Marbois in place of Talleyrand.

In speaking of the purchase of Louisiana, James Monroe said, "I add with pleasure that the conduct of M. Marbois in every stage of the negotiations, was liberal, candid and fair, indicating a friendly feeling for the United States and a strong desire to preserve the most amicable relations between the two countries.

Robert R. Livingston, at the time of this negotiation, was our minister to Paris. While a delegate to the Continental Congress, he was one of the committee of five who drafted the Declaration of Independence. As the first chancellor of New York, he administered the oath of office to George Washington, as first President of the United States. Prior to coming to France as American minister, he had served as secretary of foreign affairs.

James Monroe, who had come to France as minister extraordinary, had served with distinction in the Revolutionary War, had served as United States senator

from Virginia, also as governor of Virginia, and was destined to represent the United States at the Court of St. James, to serve again as governor of Virginia, to be Secretary of State under President Madison, to serve as Secretary of War and to serve two terms as President of the United States, during which time he inaugurated the Monroe Doctrine.

Congress had authorized Monroe and Livingston to offer two million dollars for New Orleans and the Floridas. When Marbois offered them the whole of Louisiana for fifteen million, knowing it would be months before they could hear from congress, they accepted the offer at once. Congress was convened on October 17, 1803, to ratify the purchase. It looked for a while as if the deal would be off, for many of the faint-hearted congressmen doubted the constitutional authority of congress to annex foreign territory to the Union. Spain protested that France had no authority to cede Louisiana to any other power.

Congress finally decided we could buy Louisiana. The authority of Spain was withdrawn, the Spanish colors lowered, the flag of France unfurled to the breeze and twenty days later or on December 20, 1803, the French flag was hauled down and replaced by the stars and stripes.

As the French flag was hauled down, the French prefect said, "In conformity with the treaty, I put the

United States in possession of Louisiana and its dependencies, the citizens and inhabitants who wish to remain here and obey the laws are from this moment exonerated from the oath of fidelity to the French Republic."

As the stars and stripes were unfurled, the American governor said to those assembled, "The cession secures to you and your descendants the inheritance of liberty, perpetual laws and magistrates whom you yourselves will elect."

France did not know the boundaries of the country they were selling. They had never investigated the extent of their purchase. For many years the General Land Office reports gave the extent of our original purchase as 1,182,752 square miles. This included the Oregon country, which was not a part of the Louisiana purchase. The actual area comprised in the Louisiana purchase was 893,553 square miles and embraced the states of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, the Indian Territory and parts of Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Louisiana and Oklahoma Territory.

Thomas Jefferson was subjected to bitter and vindictive abuse for his action in purchasing this vast tract of land. Among those who attacked President Jefferson were Senator Pickering of Massachusetts, Senator Tracy of Connecticut, Senator Plumer of New Hampshire,

Senator James White of Delaware, Representative Griswold of Connecticut, Representative Griffin of Virginia and others.

Representative Griswold said, "It is not consistent with the spirit of Republican government that its territory should be exceedingly large, for as you extend your limits, you increase the difficulties, arising from a want of that similarity of customs, habits and manners, so essential for its support."

Senator James White of Delaware said, "As to Louisiana—this new immense unbounded world—if it should ever be incorporated into the Union, of which I have no idea, it can only be done by amending the constitution, I believe it would be the greatest curse that could at present befall us. It may be productive of innumerable evils . . . our citizens will be removed to the immense distance of two or three thousand miles from the capital of the Union, where they will scarcely ever feel the rays of the general government—their affections will become alienated—they will gradually begin to view us as strangers . . . and I do say, that under existing circumstances, even supposing that this extent of territory was a desirable acquisition,—fifteen million dollars was a most enormous sum to give."

VI

JOHN JACOB ASTOR FOUNDS ASTORIA

The immediate result of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was the creation of a keen interest in the Oregon country. Captain Lewis, in September 1806 wrote from St. Louis a report, showing the opportunities for the fur trade, by way of the Missouri river. Manuel Lisa of St. Louis, undoubtedly conferred with Governor Meriwether Lewis, for in the spring of 1807, he conducted a trading expedition up the Missouri river, trading with the Indians on the upper Missouri, on the Yellowstone and around the mouth of the Big Horn River.

In May 1807 the government sent Sergeant Nathaniel Pryor with 11 privates, as an escort to return Chief Shahaka to his people, the Mandans. He had been sent by Lewis and Clark to visit President Jefferson. They also sent a party of Sioux Indians back to their country, escorted by Lieutenant Joseph Kimball, with some privates. With one of these parties went Pierre Chouteau with some fur traders and with the other Pierre Dorion, also with some trappers.

Manuel Lisa returned in the spring of 1808, after a successful trip and on the strength of his reports, the St. Louis, Missouri Fur Company was organized. Among the partners in this fur company were General William Clark, Andrew Henry, Manuel Lisa and others.

Next spring Andrew Henry, with a brigade of trappers, established a trading post on the three forks of the Missouri. The Blackfeet Indians however, killed five of the trappers and stole a considerable part of their supplies. A little later George Drouillard was killed by the Indians. The party broke up and most of the trappers went back to St. Louis.

Andrew Henry crossed the continental divide to the north fork of the Snake River now known as Henry's Fork. He established a trading post not far from the present city of St. Anthony, Idaho. This was the first trading post to be established in the Oregon country and in the Columbia River valley, west of the continental divide. In the spring of 1811 Manuel Lisa made a trip to the upper Missouri with 24 mountain men and trappers, to locate his partner, Andrew Henry. On this trip he overtook Wilson Price Hunt who was on his way to the newly established trading post founded by John Jacob Astor at the mouth of the Columbia River.

Hunt and his party spent the winter of 1910 on the Missouri River, near the present city of St. Joe. He engaged Pierre Dorion as his interpreter. Dorion was a half breed, the son of the Dorion who had been inter-

preter for Lewis and Clark. Dorion took along with him his wife, who was a Sioux, and his two children. Hunt also had in his party Touissant Charboneau with his wife, Sacajawea, and her son who had been born while she was guiding Lewis and Clark. They were returning from St. Louis to her people, the Shoshones. Hunt also had with him, John Day, for whom the John Day River in eastern Oregon is named. He added to his party, Edward Robinson, John Hoback and Jacob Rezner, who had made a trip with Alexander Henry the preceding year and had trapped on the upper branches of the Columbia River. Hunt and his party, after incredible hardships, arrived at Astoria on February 15, 1812.

Among the New Englanders who engaged in the fur trade shortly after the return of Lewis and Clark from the mouth of the Columbia River were Captain Nathan Winship, who, in command of the *Albatross* sailed from Boston in July 1809, for the Pacific Northwest coast. For many years they had been carrying on a profitable and successful trade with China and had also cruised along the Northwest coast of North America in the fur trade. Their present plan contemplated the establishment of a trading post somewhere on the banks of the Columbia River. After nine months out from Boston, they anchored at Honolulu in April 1810. In addition to their Indian trade goods already on board, they took on, in the Sandwich Islands, some livestock and sailed for

the mouth of the Columbia. This was reached in May 1810, and crossing the bar the *Albatross* made its way to a point about 45 miles up the river at a place later known as Oak Point. A trading post was built and a garden was planted. The Indians refused to come and trade and when Captain Winship held a council with them, they showed evident hostility, saying that the white men had come to take away their trade with the Indians of the upper Columbia. Captain Winship decided to give up the matter temporarily, so he returned to Boston.

With his brother Jonathan Winship, he decided to come the following year and establish a trading point at some other point on the Columbia, but was dissuaded from doing so when he learned that John Jacob Astor was planning to establish a post at the mouth of the Columbia. At this time the fur traders picked up a cargo of furs along the coast of the Oregon country and up into Alaska and then sailed for the Sandwich Islands where they took on sandalwood. The furs and sandalwood were sold in China for tea and silk.

Disappointed in their plans of establishing a trading post on the Columbia River, Jonathan Winship, Nathan Winship and William Heath Davis, each in command of a ship, went to the Sandwich Islands and supplemented their cargo of furs with sandalwood. So profitable was the sale of this sandalwood in China that they returned to the Sandwich Islands and on July 12, 1812, secured from King Kamehameha, a royal con-

tract, giving them the monopoly of the sandalwood and cotton export trade for ten years. Under this contract Kamehameha received one fourth of the net proceeds of the sale of the sandalwood in China. He took his share of the profits from the sandalwood trade in Spanish dollars.

In 1816 King Kamehameha purchased the *Albatross* which six years before had wintered off Oak Point on the Columbia River, under the command of Nathan Winship. He also purchased the *Forester* and several other ships and engaged in the sandalwood trade with China. Traders could purchase sandalwood in the Sandwich Islands at about $7 per picul—133 pounds. This sandalwood was sold at twice this price in China. So profitable was the trade that within a few years sandalwood had practically disappeared from the Sandwich Islands.

Thomas Jefferson, in spite of the opposition of congress, did all he could to promote the interests of American citizens trading for furs in the Pacific Northwest. Members of congress were afraid that if the western part of America was colonized by Americans, there would be a demand for this territory to be taken in as a part of the Union. The feelings and fears of the "little Americans" in their opposition to President Jefferson were expressed by Senator Plummer of New Hampshire, who said, "Admit this western world into the union and you destroy at once the weight and importance of the eastern states and compel them to establish a separate independ-

ent empire." Connecticut's representative in congress was equally perturbed. In his speech in congress, he said, "The vast and unmanageable extent which the accession of Louisiana will give the United States, the consequent dispersion of our population, and the destruction of that balance which it is so important to maintain between the eastern and western states, threatens, at no very distant day, the subversion of our union."

When John Jacob Astor applied to President Jefferson for his coöperation in establishing an American trading post at the mouth of the Columbia, President Jefferson could only give him his moral support.

Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury wrote to Mr. Astor, "In conformity with the treaty of 1794, with Great Britain, the citizens and subjects of this country were permitted to trade with the Indians residing in the territories of the other party. This reciprocity was altogether nominal. Since the conquest of Canada, the British had inherited from the French, the whole fur trade, through the Great Lakes and their communications with all the western Indians, whether residing in the British dominions or in the United States. They kept important western posts on those lakes till about the year 1797. The defensive Indian war which the United States had to sustain from 1776 to 1795 had still more alienated the Indians, and secured to the British their exclusive trade. No American could, without eminent danger of life and property, carry on that trade,

even within the United States and independent of the loss of commerce, Great Britain was enabled to preserve a most dangerous influence over our Indians.

"It was under these circumstances that you communicated to our government, the prospect you had to be able and your intention to purchase one half of the interest of the Canadian Fur Company, engaged in trade by the way of Michilimackinac with our own Indians. You wished to know whether the plan met with the approbation of the government and how far you could rely on its protection and encouragement. This overture was received with great satisfaction by the administration and President Jefferson wrote you to that effect. I was also directed, as secretary of the treasury, to write you an official letter to the same purpose. On investigating the subject, it was found that the executive had no authority to give you any direct aid. I believe that you received nothing more than the entire approbation of your plan and general assurances of the protection due to every citizen engaged in lawful and useful pursuits.

"You had undertaken also, to carry on a trade on your own account under the New York charter of the American Fur Company, with the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. This project was also communicated to the government and met of course with its full approbation and best wishes for your success."

President Jefferson, in writing to John Jacob Astor about his proposed plan said, "I considered as a great

public acquisition the commencement of a settlement on that point of the western coast of America, and looked forward with gratification to the time when its descendants should have spread themselves through the whole length of that coast, covering it with free and independent Americans unconnected with us but by the ties of blood and interest, and enjoying like us, the rights of self government."

John Jacob Astor, founder of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, was born July 17, 1763 in the village of Waldorf in the duchy of Baden, Germany. It was my good fortune to be present at the dedication of the Astoria Column on the summit of Coxcomb Hill, Astoria. This stately sculptured shaft was erected to perpetuate the memory of the heroic figures of the historic past. Its erection was made possible through the generosity of Vincent Astor, descendant of John Jacob Astor, founder of the oldest city in the Oregon country. It perpetuates the discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Robert Gray, the Lewis and Clark expedition and the founding of John Jacob Astor's trading post at Astoria, the first American settlement west of the Mississippi River.

John Jacob Astor's father, Jacob Ashdor, was a butcher. His convivial habits and his spendthrift disposition resulted in the family being brought up in extreme poverty. His wife was industrious, capable, saving and kept the household together. They were the parents of

four children, George Peter Ashdor, who was born in 1752; Henry in 1754; John M. in 1759 and John Jacob in 1763. Whether the father served as a horrible example or whether the four boys inherited their mother's disposition, I do not know, but in any event, all four of the boys were industrious, temperate, saving, and had initiative and vision.

In those days the village butcher traveled to the neighboring farms each fall, butchering their pigs, calves, and cattle and converting their flesh into sausage, ham and bacon or salt beef. Jacob Ashdor wanted his sons to follow his profession as was the custom in those days. He took his sons with him each fall for from 6 to 8 weeks while he did the slaughtering.

The older boys, as soon as they were able, left their native village. They took the name of Astor, George Peter Astor, the eldest son, went to London, where he secured work in his uncle's factory. After serving an apprenticeship in the making of pianos and other musical instruments, he became a partner in the firm.

It is said that Henry was one of the Hessian soldiers who went to America during the Revolutionary war. He started a butcher shop in New York and became wealthy.

The third son, John Melchior, became steward on the estate of a nobleman in Germany.

Young John Jacob Astor had a hard childhood. While he was still a boy, his mother died. His father and his

stepmother quarreled bitterly, and because the stepmother could not take it out on her husband, she usually vented her anger on her stepson. Young John Jacob, when things became too strenuous and tropical, would go to the home of a boyhood friend and sleep in their woodshed. He would have to be on hand early in the morning however, to deliver the meat. Because the village boys teased him on account of his father being a drunkard, he did not mix in the village sports. He was also sensitive about his clothes which were usually ragged in the extreme.

The village of Waldorf took its religion seriously. Most of its residents were Catholics. Young Astor was a Protestant. The line of cleavage was very distinct in those days and the more young Astor thought the matter over, the less prospects he saw for himself in his native village.

Professor Valentine Jeune, a French Protestant, was his teacher. Because young Astor had such an unhappy home life and also because he was so eager to learn, the teacher took special pains with him. He taught him to read, write, cipher to the rule of three, to sing the church hymns and to learn the catechism by heart.

John Jacob Astor was confirmed on Palm Sunday 1777. Immediately after confirmation, German boys at that time, were either apprenticed to a trade, or if their fathers had no money to buy an apprenticeship, they tried to find a position as laborers or servants. To be

apprenticed to a carpenter or blacksmith cost approximately $50. An apprenticeship to an instrument maker or a jeweler cost $200. John Jacob Astor's father had no money whatever, so an apprenticeship was out of the question. He wanted his son to continue to deliver meat and to help him in butchering stock, but this business was very distasteful to young Astor, so finally his father consented to allow Astor to join his brother in London, if he would work at home for a few years more.

When young Astor was 17 years old, he put all of his earthly possessions in a large handkerchief and with this suspended from a stick over his shoulder, started afoot for the Rhine. He had less than $2 in cash to pay his way to London. He landed a job as an oarsman on a timber raft. In those days the timber from the Black Forest was made into rafts and these rafts were rowed down the Rhine with huge sweep oars, from 60 to 80 men being employed on each raft. It usually took about two weeks to row a raft to the seaport. He was paid $10 for his work, which was more money than he had owned altogether up to this time.

He secured work where his brother was an apprentice, with the firm of Astor and Broadwood, manufacturers of flutes and pianos. He put in the next two years working hard and during this time saved every cent of money he could, learned to speak and to read and write English and read all he could get hold of about the new land America.

Wages for a laborer were very low in England in those days, so though young Jacob went to work at five o'clock in the morning and worked long hours, it took two years to save enough money to go to America. During his two years' work he had saved 15 guineas. In November 1783 he invested five guineas in a steerage ticket, which included his meals of sea biscuit and salt beef. He invested five guineas in seven flutes and took with him five guineas to start in business in America.

They arrived, after a very stormy, rough passage, in Chesapeake Bay in January, where the ship became frozen in the ice and where the steerage passengers were compelled to stay on the boat for the next two months. Young Astor had struck up an acquaintance with a fellow voyager, a German, who also had emigrated to America a few years before, friendless and without money. He had bought furs from the Indians and done so well that he was now returning to America with goods and was going to start a store. He told Astor that with a small pack of trinkets he could travel among the Indians and pick up furs at about a fifth of the value he could sell them for.

It was March before the ice broke up and the ship could go to Baltimore. Astor went to New York City to live with his brother Henry. Young Astor wanted to become an apprentice to a furrier but he knew he had no money to pay for an apprenticeship, but to his great joy and astonishment, he found that in America, in-

stead of paying to learn the business, a young man was paid for his services while learning.

The day after he reached New York he secured a job with Robert Bowne, a Quaker who was engaged in the business of buying, curing and exporting peltries. He paid young Astor $2 a week and his board and lodging. His job was beating furs to keep the moths out of them. After a month Mr. Bowne raised young Astor's wages. The Indians and trappers brought their furs to Bowne's place of business. Young Astor was a living question mark. He asked them all about the habits of the various animals, where they were trapped or killed, and learned all he could about the Indian tribes and what goods they liked best. Soon his employer, seeing his interest in the fur business, taught him all he could about the quality of the various furs and sent him on a fur buying trip.

With a pack of trade goods on his back, he struck out afoot, walked to Lake George, where he purchased a canoe and began trading with the Indians on the various lakes and streams in that district. He was very successful on this trip. For a few nails, some hawk bells or for small dabs of vermilion paint, he was able to get excellent furs.

There and then he established the principle that guided him in life, of giving as little as possible for as much as possible. In 1786 Astor started in business for himself. He was 23 years old. In those days beaver skins were still abundant in New York state and John

Jacob Astor learned not only to drive a hard bargain but to know furs. He worked 16 to 18 hours a day. He not only bought his own furs but he cured them, beat them, packed them and sold them.

When there were only wigwams on the site of Rochester, he picked that out as the site of a future city, as he did also at Buffalo. He traveled on foot and by canoe, all over New York state buying furs.

With a few bales of prime skins, he bought a steerage ticket for London and there visited the great fur houses and established connections which became invaluable to him later. He also became the American agent for the firm of Astor and Broadwood and on his return from London, he gave up his shed and yard on Water Street, and moved to a small store on Gold Street between Fulton and Ann. His sign read, "Furs and Pianos".

The first time his name appeared in the New York City directory was in 1790. One line was devoted to him, "Astor, J.J., fur trader, 40 Little Dock street." He married Sarah Todd, a young woman of some social pretension and who also had a very satisfactory dot, amounting to $300. She soon became as good a judge of furs as her husband and was an expert at sorting and buying the furs.

Within a few years he carried out a cherished plan of buying a ship of his own in which to take his furs to England. He became an expert on Chinese trade. He sent his first ship to Canton in 1800. From then on,

the money began rolling in. This money he loaned on business property in New York City at good interest and if the borrower failed to pay interest, Astor was perfectly willing to foreclose and take over the property.

For the first 15 years of his residence in New York he lived in the shop in which he conducted his business. Astor had a genius for making money. Among his maxims were "to get ahead, give the least and get the most," and "get all you can and keep what you get."

Although hard and close, Astor was one of the boldest, ablest and most fearless business men in the country. In 1800 about six million pelts were sold annually. Practically all hats were made of beaver skin. Astor was able to buy beaver skins for less than a dollar in trade goods. He sent these beaver skins to London where he was able to realize $5 for them. This money invested in cutlery, musical instruments or cloth would bring a return for his original dollar investment of at least $8.

He averaged to make $30,000 on each shipload of furs sent to China, though at times he made as high as $70,000. Astor would ship his furs, as well as ginseng, iron, lead and other metals to Whampoa near Canton. There he would exchange his cargo for tea, chinaware and cassia. He could buy good tea for from 35 to 40 cents a pound and in New York this tea sold readily at $1 a pound or more.

When Astor arrived in New York City the population

was about 25,000. Astor realized that New York City was bound to grow, in spite of the prediction of many there at that time that it could never be a city of over 50,000 because people wouldn't live so far out from the business center. Astor, whenever he had money to invest, bought farms in the suburbs of the city. He bought Aaron Burr's estate on Richmond Hill, consisting of 160 acres, at $1,000 an acre. Many shrewd business men thought that he would never get his money back. Ten years later, he was selling this land at $1,500 a lot.

Later Mr. Astor purchased 51,102 acres of land in Putnam county, New York. On this deal he made a half million dollars. His agents constantly searched the mortgage records and Astor bought every mortgaged farm or mortgaged property he could in and about New York City. During the War of 1812 and during the panic of 1837, he bought scores of parcels of property at a tithe of their value. At one time in 1837 he foreclosed on 60 different properties.

As a result of his shrewdness, he left an estate of over $30,000,000. To his eldest son, William Backhouse Astor, he left the bulk of his fortune.

In spite of his hardness and in spite of the fact that it seemed as if he worked first, last and all the time for himself, yet in the founding of Astoria, one can see that he had a vision of helping to build a greater America. John Jacob Astor believed that in time to come there would be a great city on the western coast of America,

such as New York City on the Atlantic seaboard. He planned to establish a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia. He also planned to secure lands there so that in time to come, when the city he founded, Astoria, should become the metropolis of the Pacific coast, he would be able to profit as he had in New York, from the increased value of his real estate.

He believed that coöperation rather than competition with the Northwest Fur Company, would be most profitable, but after some negotiations, the Northwest Company turned down his offer.

On June 23, 1810, he organized the Pacific Fur Company. His partners were Alexander McKay who had gone with Sir Alexander MacKenzie on both of his exploring expeditions to the Northwest coast of America in 1789 and 1793. He also secured two other trusted employees of the Northwest Company—Duncan McDougal and Donald McKenzie. Later he took in Wilson Price Hunt of New Jersey. 100 shares of stock were issued, 50 shares being owned by Mr. Astor, and the other 50 divided among his associates. Mr. Astor agreed to furnish the vessels, trading goods, provisions, and arms and ammunition. Mr. Astor further agreed to stand any loss which should occur during the first five years.

Wilson Price Hunt was appointed principal agent for the first term of five years and was to maintain his headquarters and the company post at the mouth of the

Columbia River. One expedition was to go by sea and one by land. Wilson Price Hunt was put in charge of the expedition by land.

Mr. Astor hired Lieutenant Jonathan Thorn, who was on leave of absence from the United States navy, to command the *Tonquin*, a ship of 290 tons burden, having a crew of 20 men and mounting 10 guns. In addition to the crew, four of Astor's associates went on the *Tonquin*, McKay, McDougal, David Stuart, and his nephew Robert Stuart, and 12 clerks, most of whom had been engaged in the Indian trade in Canada. These clerks were paid $100 a year, the money to be paid at the end of the five-year contract. In addition to this, there were 13 French Canadian voyageurs, each of whom had enlisted for a five year term. These men were to handle the canoes and batteaus used in trading on the Columbia River and its tributaries.

In addition to the trading goods, which formed the cargo of the *Tonquin*, Mr. Astor sent seeds and other materials to make a permanent settlement. The United States authorities ordered Captain Hull, in command of the frigate *Constitution*, to serve as a convoy to the *Tonquin* until it was safely off the coast. The *Tonquin* put to sea on September 8, 1810.

Captain Thorn fell afoul of the partners before the ship was 24 hours out of port. He ordered them to extinguish the lights in the cabin at eight o'clock. The partners refused to obey what they considered a needless

infraction of their rights. Captain Thorn told them that they were on the high seas and if they did not obey him, he would put them in irons. McDougal, drawing out his pistol, invited Captain Thorn to try it. From then on, the whole trip was one of bitter contention and cross purposes.

In his instruction to Captain Thorn, Mr. Astor had particularly asked him to do everything possible for the promotion of good humor and harmony on board the ship. He was also anxious to have Captain Thorn and the others make a favorable impression, not only among the Indians but with the natives of the Sandwich Islands, as he planned to purchase one of the smaller islands on which to establish his headquarters where he could maintain warehouses in his trade between the Pacific Northwest and China.

From almost every port and by returning ships, Captain Thorn wrote letters of complaint to Mr. Astor about his passengers. He complained bitterly because the Scotch partners wore their kilts when they went ashore on the Sandwich Islands.

He also complained bitterly because they visited the place where Captain Cook had been killed a few years before, and brought back chips that they had cut out of the trees in which bullets were imbedded, as souvenirs of the fight.

He also complained because Mr. Stuart talked familiarly with the clerks and voyageurs, in fact, sat down

and smoked with them, which he thought was very bad discipline. He also felt very bitter because the passengers were so friendly to the natives of the Sandwich Islands, even attending a dance given in their honor.

Captain Thorn was not only impatient with his passengers but he was arbitrary in his treatment of the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Alexander McKay wanted to employ 40 Kanakas to take with them to the Columbia River as boatmen. Captain Thorn arbitrarily refused to take them on board. Finally he compromised by allowing the Scotch partners of Mr. Astor to employ 12 Kanaka boatmen. He purchased a supply of hogs, goats, sheep, poultry and vegetables and made ready to sail for the mouth of the Columbia River.

Captain Thorn's contempt for Astor's partners and his passengers, was almost beyond expression. Writing from Woahoo to Mr. Astor, he said that his passengers were collecting souvenirs and curiosities of the islands, "the collection is indeed ridiculously contemptible. To enumerate the thousand instances of their ignorance would require volumes."

The *Tonquin* weighed anchor and set sail for the mouth of the Columbia on February 28th. Because Captain Thorn criticized everything the Scotch traders said or did, they talked in Gaelic, whereupon he at once concluded that they were planning to depose him and capture the ship. He wrote a long letter to Mr. Astor about the treasonable utterances in a language that he

could not understand and believed that they were of a "mysterious and unwarrantable nature," and that he was prepared to put down any foul conspiracy that arose.

In spite of the Scotchmen wearing their kilts and talking Gaelic, the *Tonquin* arrived safely at the mouth of the Columbia River on March 22. The bar was rough so Captain Thorn, against the protests of the partners, ordered three of the Canadian boatmen to go with Fox, the chief mate and John Martin, a seaman, to sound the bar. Possibly Captain Thorn would not have sent these men to what looked like certain death, had not the Scotchmen interceded in their behalf. They pointed out to the captain that the whaleboat was in bad condition and that the bar was exceedingly rough, and by waiting till next day, the chances were that the water would be smooth. Captain Thorn ordered the boat overboard and the men to go.

Next morning David Stuart and Alexander McKay went in the pinnace to see if they could find along the shore, the bodies of the men who had been sent to their death in the whaleboat.

Captain Thorn then ordered Mr. Aiken, John Coles the sailmaker, and Stephen Weeks, the armorer, and two Sandwich Islanders to go in another small boat and take soundings of the bar. Fox, the chief mate, John Martin, able seaman, and the three Canadian voyageurs who had been sent out in the first boat, were never again

seen, their bodies probably having been washed out to sea.

Mr. Aiken, John Coles and one of the Kanaka boatmen were drowned when the second boat swamped. Stephen Weeks, the armorer, and the other Sandwich Islander managed to reach the shore.

Captain Thorn and the partners of Mr. Astor, went out in a large boat to find the most suitable site for a trading post. Captain Thorn refused to waste any time looking around for a good site. He landed the supplies on the shore of Baker Bay, built a rude shelter and made all of the passengers leave the ship.

Duncan McDougal and David Stuart struck out and spent two days searching for a favorable site for the proposed trading post. They selected the present site of the city of Astoria.

They visited Comcomly, the chief of the Chinook Indians, who treated them with great courtesy. McDougal and Stuart started back across the river, but their boat was swamped and Comcomly, who had followed them in his canoe, rescued them.

A number of the Indians came aboard to trade sea otter skins and beaver skins. Captain Thorn refused to allow these "Indian ragamuffins" to traffic on board his ship.

He finally landed the cargo and prepared to go north to trade for furs. Alexander McKay went as supercargo and Mr. Lewis as ship's clerk. A factory and stockade

was built by those on shore, while Captain Thorn with 23 men on board, started north to trade with the Indians. They took with them an Indian interpreter named Lamazee. Captain Thorn anchored in a harbor at Vancouver's Island, against the advice of the interpreter who said the Indians here were treacherous and warlike. Alexander McKay, the supercargo, went ashore to become acquainted with the Indians. Captain Thorn, during his absence, got out the beads, knives, fishhooks and blankets to trade with the Indians who had come on board with a considerable amount of sea otter skins. Captain Thorn knew nothing of bargaining. Nookamis, the chief of the Indians, offered Captain Thorn a very fine sea otter skin. He held it up close to Captain Thorn's face, which angered Thorn, who seized the skin, rubbed it in the chief's face and then turning toward the side of the vessel, kicked him overboard. He threw overboard, after their owners, the pelts that the Indians had put on deck.

The Indians left, vowing vengeance. When Alexander McKay returned from his visit to the Indians, the interpreter told him what Captain Thorn had done. Alexander McKay realized that the Indians would not let this insult go unavenged, and urged Captain Thorn to set sail and leave at once. Captain Thorn told Mr. McKay that when he wanted any advice, he would ask for it, and that if the dirty savages made any trouble, he would give them a dose of lead.

Next morning a large number of Indians came on board. Alexander McKay, suspecting their motives, urged Captain Thorn to clear the decks and set sail at once. Once more Captain Thorn told Alexander McKay that he was in charge of the *Tonquin* and would use his own judgment. The Indians traded their otter skins for hunting knives. Suddenly, from beneath their skin mantles, the Indians drew these knives and their war clubs and attacked the crew. Captain Thorn with his clasp knife, killed Chief Shewish. He fought desperately, but was overpowered and thrown overboard. Alexander McKay was struck in the head with a war club and thrown overboard. Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk, was stabbed through the back and thrown down the companionway. Stephen Weeks, the armorer, was mortally wounded. Soon the eleven Sandwich Islanders and all but four of the sailors and Lewis, who was badly wounded, were killed. These men succeeded in getting in the cabin and began firing at the Indians. The Indian interpreter was spared. When the sailors began firing at the Indians, they jumped overboard and rowed ashore.

Next morning the Indians rowed out to the vessel and saw Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk, who motioned them to come aboard. Soon the decks were crowded with Indians who had come to loot the vessel. Meanwhile, Mr. Lewis, who was desperately wounded, had crawled down into the magazine and applied a match. The *Tonquin* was

blown into splinters and more than 100 Indians were killed and probably as many badly wounded. The four sailors, during the night, had left the ship in a small boat. They were captured and put to death by torture.

The Indian interpreter returned to Astoria with full details of the tragic fate of the *Tonquin* and the loss of all on board. When McDougal learned of the loss of the *Tonquin*, he feared that the Indians about the mouth of the Columbia might finish the job and kill the white men at Fort Astor. He summoned the chiefs and reminded them of the fact that a few years before, the white man's plague, the smallpox, had swept out of existence thousands of their numbers. He held up a bottle and said, "In this bottle I hold the plague of smallpox. If I pull out the cork, it will come out and sweep you all from the earth. If you are peaceable and treat us well, I will keep the cork in the bottle." The Indians promised not only to be friendly and hospitable, but to protect the white men. They were filled with horror and fear of the white man's medicine. They called McDougal the great smallpox chief.

By the first of October a large building made of stone and clay had been erected. They had also built and launched a schooner named the *Dolly* which, by the way, was the first American vessel to be launched on the Pacific coast.

While part of Mr. Astor's expedition was coming by

sea, Wilson Price Hunt, in charge of the land expedition, was having his troubles. After incredible hardships, and after traveling 3,500 miles, he finally arrived at the mouth of the Columbia, from St. Louis. Mr. Astor was unaware of the various tragedies that had interrupted his plan of establishing a settlement at the mouth of the Columbia, so he outfitted the *Beaver*, a ship of 490 tons with a cargo of trade goods and dispatched it to the mouth of the Columbia. He sent with it another partner, John Clarke, five clerks, 15 American workmen, and six Canadian voyageurs.

Mr. Astor instructed Captain Sowle in charge of the *Beaver*, to stop at the Sandwich Islands and take on board a large number of skillful Kanaka boatmen for use in his settlement on the Columbia River. The *Beaver* sailed from New York on October 10, 1811, arrived safely at the Sandwich Islands, and took on board a number of Kanakas. A quick trip was made from the Sandwich Islands to the mouth of the Columbia, where they arrived on May 6.

The *Beaver*, fearing to attempt to cross the bar, waiting until Chief Comcomly, with six Indian oarsmen, accompanied by Duncan McDougal, McLellan and 8 Canadians, came out in Indian canoes to pilot them in over the bar. Various exploring trips were made by Mr. Stuart and others, as well as trading trips to the Indian settlements throughout the northwest.

The War of 1812 and the fear of the British ships

capturing Astoria, induced Duncan McDougal to sell the furs at Fort Astoria, and all the supplies to the Northwest Company. The sale was made on October 29, 1813. Beaver skins which were worth $5 each were sold for $2. Land otter skins worth $5 were sold at $.50 each. Sea otter skins which were worth $60 were sold at $12 each. A large number of mink, racoon, lynx, fox, black bear and grizzly bear skins were turned over for nothing.

John Jacob Astor, when he learned that Duncan McDonald had sold out to the Northwest Company wrote to Mr. Hunt, "had our place and property been fairly captured, I should have preferred it—I should not feel as if I were disgraced."

On November 30, the British sloop of war *Racoon*, commanded by Captain Black, with a crew of 120 men, and mounting 26 guns, cast anchor in Baker's Bay. They had put in to capture Astoria and expected rich booty and plenty of prize money.

Chief Comcomly summoned his warriors to help his son-in-law, Duncan McDonald, fight the British ship. To Comcomly's great disgust, Duncan McDonald, who had married the chief's daughter, refused to fight the British.

On December 12 Captain Black took the stockade at Astoria in the name of his Britannic Majesty and renamed it Fort George. Comcomly, who had been very proud of the marriage of his daughter to a white man,

notified his warriors that he thought his daughter had married a warrior, but he found she had married a squaw.

When Wilson Price Hunt arrived from the Sandwich Islands to collect the furs, and found that not only had McDonald sold them for a tithe of their value, to the Northwest Company, but that he had become a partner in the Northwest Company and shared in the transaction and that he had turned over all of Mr. Astor's plans and correspondence to the Northwest Company, he demanded the drafts of the Northwest Company and set out for the Sandwich Islands while David Stuart, Clarke and McKenzie started overland for St. Louis.

The treaty signed on December 24, 1814, at the close of the War of 1812, provided as follows: "All territories, places and possessions, whatsoever, taken by either part from the other, during the war, or which may be taken after the signing of this treaty, shall be restored without delay." On July 18, 1815 the secretary of state notified the British government that the President of the United States intended to occupy the post at Astoria, as Mr. Astor, the founder of the trading post there planned to reoccupy the post.

In September 1817, the United States sloop of war *Ontario*, under command of Captain James Biddle, U. S. N., was ordered to reoccupy Astoria for the United States government. The *Ontario* crossed in over the bar in August 1818 and on August 19, 1818, Captain

Biddle raised the American flag over the fort. At the time the fort was taken over, there were 23 white men, 20 Canadian halfbreeds with their women and children and 26 Kanakas.

Among the members of the Astor party who remained in Oregon and became permanent settlers were Alexander Carson, William Cannon, Joseph Gervais, Etienne Lucier, Louis Labonte, M. DuBruil and Thomas McKay, the son of Alexander McKay, who was killed on board the *Tonquin*. A number of the men who came overland with Wilson Price Hunt, also remained and became citizens of Oregon.

VII

DR. JOHN MCLOUGHLIN, AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

In 1823 congress debated the question as to the expediency of occupying the mouth of the Columbia River. On December 29, 1823 a select committee was appointed to investigate the subject. They made their report on April 15, 1824, reporting that both from a military and a commercial standpoint, the occupation of the territory was of importance to the republic. In their report is embodied a letter from T. S. Jessup, quartermaster general, addressed to John Floyd chairman of the committee. General Jessup says that not only is the possession and military command of the Columbia necessary for the protection of the fur trade, but also for the security of our western frontier. He recommended the establishment of a line of posts extending across the plains from Council Bluffs to the mouth of the Columbia. In his report, he says: "As to the proposed posts on the Columbia, it is believed that they might be supplied at a low rate. Wheat may be obtained in New

California at 25 cents per bushel, beef cattle at three or four dollars each. Should transportation not be readily obtainable for these articles, vessels might be constructed by the troops. To obtain the desired advantages, it is important, not only that we occupy the posts designated but that we commence our operations without delay. The British companies are wealthy and powerful. Their establishments extend from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, many of them within our own territory. It is not to be supposed that they would surrender these advantages without a struggle. That the route from Council Bluffs to the mouth of the Columbia is practicable has been proved by the enterprise of more than one of our citizens. It no doubt presents difficulties, but difficulties are not impossibilities. A post at the mouth of the Columbia is important, not only in relation to the interior trade and the military defense of the western section of the union, but also in relation to the naval power of the nation. Naval power consists not in ships, but in seamen. To be efficient, the force must always be available. The Northwest coast of America is an admirable nursery for seamen. That establishment made, it would afford a secure retreat to all our ships and seamen in that section of the globe, and the force thus concentrated might be used with effect against the possession of the enemy. The establishment might be considered as a great bastion, commanding the whole line of coast to the north and south."

David Thompson, who arrived at Astoria as a representative of the Northwest Company in 1812, had formerly been with the Hudson's Bay Company. His map, made in 1814 shows the location of 78 posts of the Northwest Company. There was bitter rivalry between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company. On March 26, 1821, the two companies agreed to consolidate. On July 2, 1821, parliament passed an act whereby the two companies should be united, and extended their license for 21 years. In this act, it was stipulated that in the Oregon country, trade was not to be monopolized to the exclusion of American citizens, on account of the agreement made in 1818 that the country west of the Rocky Mountains was to remain in joint occupancy, by the two countries. The Northwest Company lost its identity when the two companies were merged, as the name of the consolidated company was the Hudson's Bay Company.

Dr. John McLoughlin who had been a partner in the Northwest Company, was sent to the Oregon country. He arrived at Fort George, as the British termed Astoria, in the autumn of 1824. The trading goods of the Hudson's Bay Company were taken up the Columbia River to the site of the new post which had been selected at Fort Vancouver. This change was made at the request of the Rt. Honorable George Canning, secretary of the British Foreign office. In a letter written to him by Sir John H. Pelly, governor of the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany dated December 9, 1825, he says: "In compliance with the wish expressed by you in our last interview, Governor Simpson when at Columbia, abandoned Fort George on the south side of the river and formed a new establishment on the north side, about 75 miles from the mouth of the river, at a place called by Lieutenant Broughton, Bellevue Point. Governor Simpson named the new establishment Fort Vancouver in order to identify it with Lieutenant Broughton's description and survey.

In speaking of the reason for the change, John Dunn, who came to the Oregon country on the *Ganymede* in 1831, as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, says: "Fort Vancouver was founded in 1824 by Governor Simpson, as the locality was more convenient for trade, had a larger and richer tract of land for cultivation and afforded a more convenient landing place for ships than the former depot—Fort George, which lay near the mouth of the river."

Dr. McLoughlin was the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, but he was usually referred to as Governor McLoughlin, as he was virtual governor of the Oregon country. From 1824 to 1846 so much was he feared and respected and so wise and so firm was his government, that there was no Indian war in the Oregon country.

Prior to the consolidation of the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest Company, the principal stock in trade

of the traders was liquor. Dr. McLoughlin rigorously suppressed the use of liquor in trade with the Indians. Fort Vancouver became not only the center of the fur trade for the Oregon country, but the metropolis of the northwest and the seat of government for that immense territory.

Blankets, woolen goods, calicos, Hudson's Bay muskets, beads, paint, hatchets, knives, tinware, cooking utensils and all of the other goods used for trade with the Indians, were shipped each spring from London and arrived in Montreal during the summer. At Montreal they were packed into parcels of about 90 pounds each and shipped from Montreal the following spring, for distribution to the various trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. The furs were shipped to Montreal and thence to London.

The Hudson's Bay Company maintained a warehouse at Honolulu, and from the Sandwich Islands they shipped sea island sugar and other products of the islands. Dr. McLoughlin imported thoroughbred sheep from England and also brought livestock from the Sandwich Islands. He also imported Scotch collies from Scotland and seeds and plants from California and Great Britain.

Dr. McLoughlin was the soul of hospitality and every traveler to the Pacific Northwest was welcome to be his guest as long as he cared to remain. Reverend Samuel Parker, the co-worker and fellow missionary of Dr.

Marcus Whitman, reached Fort Vancouver on October 16, 1835, and stayed as the guest of Dr. McLoughlin until June 18, 1836.

A few months ago I interviewed Mrs. M. L. Myrick here in Portland, who probably knows more about the old Hudson's Bay regime, from personal knowledge than anyone else. She is a granddaughter of Dr. John McLoughlin, and when a girl, served as his secretary. Mrs. Myrick was born at Yerba Buena, now called San Francisco, on November 13, 1842. She told me of her childhood and of her experiences in the Oregon country, when many of the old-time Hudson's Bay employees were still living. Her grandfather, Dr. John McLoughlin, was born October 19, 1784 in Parish La Riviera du Loup in Canada, on the St. Lawrence River. His father, John McLoughlin, was born in Ireland and was drowned while Dr. John McLoughlin was a small boy.

Dr. McLoughlin's mother, whose maiden name was Angelique Fraser, was born in the parish of Beaumont, and died at the age of 83, the same year that Mrs. Myrick was born,—1842. Dr. McLoughlin's mother was the daughter of Malcolm Fraser an officer in the Fraser Highlanders. When he retired from the army in 1763, he was captain in the 84th regiment of the regular army of Great Britain.

"My grandfather, Dr. John McLoughlin, was one of seven children, of whom two were boys and five girls," said Mrs. Myrick. "My grandfather and his brother

David were brought up by their mother's father. My grandfather's maternal uncle, Dr. Samuel Fraser, was a lieutenant in the Black Watch regiment and served in the Napoleonic wars from 1795 to 1803. After Napoleon's defeat in the battle of Waterloo, he settled in Paris, where he practised medicine. Dr. McLoughlin, my grandfather, went to Scotland to study medicine. He enlisted as a young man in the Northwest Company. In 1821 when he was 37 years of age, he had charge of Fort William, at the mouth of the Kaninistiquia River on the north shore of Lake Superior. Fort William was the principal factory of the Northwest Company.

When John Jacob Astor made his settlement at Astoria, his partner, Alexander McKay went as supercargo on the *Tonquin*, commanded by Captain Thorn, to trade with the Indians along the Pacific Northwest coast. Alexander McKay was thoroughly familiar with the Indian character, as he had been with Alexander McKenzie on both of his voyages of discovery. Captain Thorn's arbitrary conduct deeply insulted the Indians, who killed Captain Thorn, Alexander McKay and all others aboard the *Tonquin* with the exception of the Indian interpreter. Alexander McKay's son, Thomas McKay, who was born at Fort William in 1797, had planned to go on the *Tonquin* with his father. Being sick when the *Tonquin* left on his trading voyage, he was left at Astoria. He was 14 years old at this time.

Alexander McKay had married a member of the Ojib-

way tribe. After the death of Alexander McKay, his widow, with her son Thomas returned to Fort William, where my grandfather, Dr. McLoughlin met and married her. My grandfather and his wife, the widow of Alexander McKay, had four children, Eliza, their oldest child, married Captain Epps an officer of the British army. John McLoughlin, Jr., their next child, was sent to take charge of the Hudson's Bay trading post at Fort Stikeen, Alaska. Their third child, Eloisa, who was my mother, married William Glen Rae at Fort Vancouver, in 1838.

My father became chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company and in 1841 was sent by my grandfather, Dr. McLoughlin, to Yerba Buena, California, to care for the Hudson's Bay interest there. My father was born in the Orkney Islands and was educated in Edinborough.

Not long after father and mother were married in 1838, they went up to the Stikeen River, where father took over the Russian Fort, which had been leased to the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1841 my grandfather sent father to Yerba Buena to take charge of the Hudson's Bay post there, at the same time sending my uncle John McLoughlin, Jr., to succeed my father at the Hudson's Bay post on the Stikeen River, where he was murdered the following year.

When father and mother came down from the Stikeen River, grandfather sent Mrs. John Work up on the *Beaver* to be with my mother on her trip down the coast.

My sister, Margaret Glen Rae, who later married Theodore Wygant, was born on board the *Beaver* on March 21, 1841 en route from Fort Stikeen to Fort Vancouver. Margaret was only three days old when the *Beaver* put in at Nisqually. They stayed there for a day or two, at the home of Mrs. Work and then started on for Vancouver. My mother carried Margaret with her on horseback to Cowlitz landing, where they took a small boat to Vancouver.

Father, immediately after mother's arrival, took the boat, which was waiting at Fort Vancouver, and went to Yerba Buena to buy hides and tallow for the Hudson's Bay Company. Mother stayed with grandfather at Fort Vancouver until father had established a home for her at Yerba Buena.

Here is a book that was given to my father from his sister. As you can see, she has written on the fly leaf, 'To dear Billy, from his sister.' Father had two brothers, Tom and Richard, and two sisters, Marian and Jessie.

When I was born, father wanted me to be called Jessie, but they finally decided to call me Eloisa, after my mother.

The next boat, going south from Vancouver carried my mother with her children, to join father. Father had bought a house near the waterfront in Yerba Buena on what is now Montgomery Street in San Francisco. I was born in that house, on November 13, 1842. Captain William Hinkley and his wife, a Mexican woman, were

our neighbors, and when I was taken, in an ox cart to Mission Dolores, to be christened, Captain and Mrs. Hinkley stood up with me and became my godfather and godmother.

My father and mother were married at Vancouver by Reverend Herbert Beaver, the chaplain at Fort Vancouver. Reverend Beaver was a very arrogant man and resented my grandfather's authority. One time Reverend Beaver said something very insulting to Grandfather McLoughlin. My grandfather had a very short temper. He struck Mr. Beaver with his cane. Next day Grandfather apologised to him for losing his temper. The cane that he struck Reverend Beaver with is now in the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society in the Auditorium here in Portland.

When father went to Yerba Buena, the Californians were very friendly and hospitable to him. Father was enthusiastic over the wonderful riding of the Mexicans. If you will come in the next room, I will show you a pair of large Mexican spurs, father bought while he was there.

My parents had not been in Yerba Buena long when I was born. My brother William was also born there. My father killed himself when Willie was a baby. My mother's brother, David McLoughlin, came down to Yerba Buena, to take us back to Oregon. I was four years old when we came back to Oregon.

My grandfather made his headquarters at Vancouver,

for 22 years, from 1824 to 1846 he was virtual Governor of the Oregon country. He was not only respected by the Indians, but he was respected and esteemed by all those with whom he came in contact.

The Indians called him the White-headed Eagle. He was 6 feet 2 inches tall, broad shouldered, with a ruddy complexion and snow-white hair which fell to his shoulders. Others called him the Great White Chief. From far-off Alaska to the shores of the Golden Gate, his influence was supreme. By 1839 he had established 20 trading posts in the Pacific Northwest.

Officers of the British and American navies, missionaries, scientists, travelers,—all were welcome guests while my grandfather was the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver. Jason Lee, the Methodist missionary and his party, Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spalding and hosts of others were guests of my grandfather until they could become established here. Hundreds of emigrants who arrived in the early forties destitute, were furnished livestock and supplies on credit by my grandfather and when they failed to pay, he absorbed the loss.

My grandfather, Dr. John McLoughlin, had three sons, Joseph, the oldest boy, died on his farm at the mouth of the Yamhill River. Joseph married a daughter of Mr. McMillan, one of the Hudson's Bay employees. Prior to her marriage with my uncle Joseph, she had been the wife of Etienne Gregoire, a French Canadian

employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had settled on French Prairie. My uncle David McLoughlin was educated in Paris and London. Returning to Oregon, he lived here for a while, but later moved to Montana. My uncle John was killed in Alaska.

When we came back from Yerba Buena in 1846, my grandfather, Dr. McLoughlin had just moved from Fort Vancouver to Oregon City. Daniel Harvey was running Grandfather McLoughlin's mill at Oregon City. Mother met him and later married him.

My brother Billy Rae is buried in the churchyard of the Mission Dolores at San Francisco. My brother John Rae was born at Fort Vancouver. He is buried in the Lone Fir Cemetery here in Portland. Mother had four children by my father, William Glen Rae,—John, my sister Margaret Wygant, myself and my brother Billy. By her second husband, Daniel Harvey, she had three children—Daniel, Angeline and James.

My sister Margaret went to school to the Sisters of Notre Dame in San Jose to 1857. Judge E. D. Shattuck at that time was teaching school at Oregon City. I attended his school.

While we were at Oregon City, we lived in the upstairs part of my grandfather's house. Our neighbors were Dr. and Mrs. Forbes Barclay. Mrs. Barclay's maiden name was Maria Pambrun. She was very skillful in making buckskin robes trimmed with porcupine quills.

Yes, I knew most of the Pambrun children. There was Peter and Dominick, Alex and Maria, Ada, Harriet and John. My uncle David was engaged in buying wheat from the settlers on French Prairie. This wheat was sent down the Willamette in batteaus and taken to Vancouver, where it was loaded on the *Beaver* or other Hudson's Bay boats, to be sent to the grist mill at Fort Wrangell in Alaska. My grandfather furnished the wheat to the Russians in exchange for allowing the Hudson's Bay Company to trade and trap in Russian America, as Alaska was then called.

My grandfather located the town of Oregon City at Willamette Falls, and gave lots to the different churches and schools and others, as well as giving them cash donations to help them get a start here in Oregon.

My grandfather wrote a beautiful hand. After resigning as chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and moving to Oregon City in 1846, he had rheumatism in his hands. In those days the teachers took great pains to teach their pupils to write a legible hand. I wrote a very good hand, so my grandfather had me serve from 1854 to 1857 as his secretary. He saved a copy of every letter he wrote, so I not only had to write the original letter, but also to write a copy of it, for his files. If I made the least mistake, or made a blot on the letter, I had to rewrite it.

When my grandfather was chief factor at Vancouver,

he wore his white hair long. He wore knee breeches with silver buckles.

When I think back to my girlhood, so many memories come to my mind. I remember some bowls and dishes that grandfather had that had been found in the wreck of a Japanese junk, that had come ashore near the mouth of the Columbia River. I remember how the Indians used to stand on platforms out over the water at Oregon City, catching the salmon that were trying to jump over the falls. I remember my schoolmates at the boarding school, particularly Olive and Elvira Whitcomb, whose father Lot Whitcomb, started the town of Milwaukie and for whom the steamer Lot Whitcomb was named. I remember Judge S. S. White, who ran a batteau between Vancouver and Portland. Judge White's daughter, Jane, married Captain J. C. Ainsworth. Their son is president of the U. S. National Bank here in Portland.

S. S. White's son, Captain E. M. White, who was born in Illinois in 1832, ran for a while on a boat between Portland and San Francisco. Later he served as pilot on the steamer *Lot Whitcomb*. Still later he was captain of the *Franklin*.

In about 1854 Captain Ainsworth and Jacob Kamm built the *Jennie Clark* at Milwaukie. Jacob Kamm owned a half interest in it and Captain Ainsworth owned a quarter interest and Captains Abernethy and Clark owned the other quarter interest. My husband, Josiah

Myrick bought 3/16 interest in the *Jennie Clark* from Jacob Kamm and Theodore Wygant, my brother-in-law, bought Captain Ainsworth's share. My husband took command of the *Jennie Clark*.

Hiram Clark, of the firm of Abernethy and Clark came on a sailing vessel around the Horn to Oregon. When he came he brought with him a slave named Titus Adronicus Clark. Titus worked hard at Oregon City and earned enough money to buy the freedom of himself and wife, Jennie Clark. The steamer *Jennie Clark* was named for his wife.

I remember traveling on the river on the *Black Hawk*, which was brought up from Sacramento by Mr. Abernethy, on a sailing vessel in the spring of 1851. It plied between Portland and Oregon City. Another boat I used to go on was the *Little Eagle*, which was also an iron propeller and which was brought up from San Francisco by Captain William Irving. Captain W. B. Wells was captain of the *Eagle*. He wouldn't let the passengers walk around the boat because it was so cranky, he was afraid we would tip it over. He bought a block of land here in Portland near the Wilson home.

I have lived in Portland since the spring of 1862. I have lived here in this house for more than 41 years. I came to Portland on the *Express*. This was the second stern-wheeler built in the Northwest. It was launched in Oregon City. When I came to Portland, there was only one hack in Portland. I remember the men, in

unloading my goods, scattered them all over the yards. Colonel John McCracken helped me straighten up the house and get my things in. Three weeks after I moved into the house my daughter was born. Our house was on 4th Street.

One thing that every old-timer will remember is the cold winter of 1861–62, when the river was frozen over from Clackamas Rapids to the Columbia. All of the boats were tied up. After the long cold spell the ice went out with a rush and there was a big flood.

I was married to Josiah Myrick on May 1, 1858, when I was 16 years old. Archbishop Blanchet performed the marriage ceremony. My grandfather, Dr. John McLoughlin, as you know, was a Catholic. He gave the lots at Oregon City, on which the Catholic church is built. He also sent to England for a pipe organ made of mahogany, which he presented to the church. In 1846 Pope Gregory XVI made my grandfather a Knight of St. Gregory the Great. When Archbishop F. N. Blanchet returned from one of his trips to Rome, he brought this document, written in Latin and he also brought a medal, presented by the Pope, to my grandfather. My brother John, during the services in the church, was dressed in a white robe and swung the incense burner. Before my marriage it was my duty to make the wafers for the Mass for Archbishop Blanchet.

My first child was Ida Rae Myrick. My next child, Josiah, was born when I was 17½ years old. He lives

in California. My daughters Winifred and Elizabeth live here with me. My husband Josiah Myrick, was born at Newcastle, England and came to San Francisco shortly after gold had been discovered in California. Among the Oregon pioneers whom I knew well were Dr. Forbes Barclay, A. L. Lovejoy, whose daughter lives here in Portland, Captain J. C. Ainsworth, Sidney Moss, who ran a hotel in Oregon City in early days, S. S. White and Peter Skene Ogden. I remember Mr. Ogden particularly well. His wife, who was an Indian woman, saved his life once by swimming out to him as he was being carried down a swift mountain stream, and taking him to shore. Mr. Ogden was never a good swimmer, while his wife was almost as much at home in the water as on land. Peter Skene Ogden's oldest daughter married Archibald McKinley. I also knew his son Isaac and his daughter Eureka. Mr. Ogden died at his home on the bluff in Oregon City. Allan McKinley loaned his dead axe wagon, on which they fixed plumes, to serve as a hearse.

My grandfather, Dr. McLoughlin, died on September 3, 1857. The pallbearers carried him on their shoulders from his home to the church where the services were held. From the church they carried the casket on their shoulders to the graveyard. On the headstone marking his grave is carved this inscription: 'Dr. John McLoughlin, died Sept. 3, 1857, Age 73 years. The Pioneer and Friend of Oregon. Also the founder of this city.' "

VIII

HALL JACKSON KELLEY, PROMOTER AND PROPHET OF THE OREGON COUNTRY

One of the most picturesque characters of Oregon's history is Hall Jackson Kelley. He was born at Northwood, New Hampshire, February 24, 1790. His father, Benjamin Kelley, was a physician who was born in Salem, Massachusetts and practised his profession in Northwood, Loudon, and Gilmanton. His mother was Polly Gile of Nottingham.

Hall J. Kelley began teaching school at Hallowell, Maine when he was 16 years of age. He graduated from Middlebury college, Vermont, in 1813. As a boy he read Neil's history of the Indians of New England which not only interested him greatly in the Indians, but eventually led to his interest in the Oregon country.

On May 4, 1815 he married Mary Baldwin, the daughter of Rev. T. Baldwin, D.D. Going to Boston in 1818 he secured a position as schoolteacher and in June 1820 became master of the Hawkins Street grammar school. Later he became reading and grammar master of the Mayhew School in Boston. He it was

who introduced blackboards into the schools. In the early twenties he became interested in the founding of an institution which he called the Massachusetts Mechanical and Agricultural College. The committee on education of the Massachusetts legislature promised to appropriate $10,000 for this purpose if he himself would raise $10,000, but he was unable to do so. He was one of the organizers of the Boston Young Men's Education Society and he was its first secretary. He was also one of the organizers of the Penitent Females' Refuge organized in 1821 and incorporated in 1823. With Reverend Daniel Chesman, he organized the first Sunday school in Boston, and in 1820 he prepared for the Sunday schools a book called the *Sunday School Instructor.*

Kelley was a voluminous writer. He was the author of the *Instructors' First Book* which, in spite of its impressive title, was simply a speller. He was also the author of the *Child's Instructor*, the *American Instructor*, Kelley's *Second Spelling Book*, and the *Western Spelling Book*, published in Cincinnati in 1832. He was awarded the degree of Master of Arts by Harvard College.

His first wife died young, leaving a son, Thomas B. On April 17, 1822 he married Mary Perry, the adopted daughter of T. D. Bradlee of Boston. They had three sons, Benjamin, John S. and Charles H. In about 1824 he moved to Charleston, Massachusetts.

When he was 25 years old he invented an improved

system of geographical and topographical survey. He presented a petition to congress on April 10, 1830 asking that his improved system of surveying be adopted. Kelley, living in Boston, as he did, which was the home port of Captain Robert Gray, the discoverer of the Columbia River, Captain John Kendrick, who had charge of the first American Fur Trading Expedition to the Pacific Northwest, and of Nathan Winship and his brother, who attempted to colonize the Oregon country in 1810, starting a settlement at what is now known as Oak Point, on the Columbia River,—it is not strange that he was tremendously interested in the settlement of the Oregon country.

In his journal, he says: "In the year 1807 the word came expressly to me to go and labor in the fields of philanthropic enterprise and promote the propagation of Christianity in the dark and cruel places about the shores of the Pacific. The perusal of Lewis and Clark's journal with personal conferences with intelligent navigators, as well as hunters who had visited and explored the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains as well as facts derived from other sources, satisfied me that this vast region must at no remote period, become of great importance to our government and of deep and general interest. I foresaw that Oregon must eventually become a favorite field of modern enterprise in the abode of civilization." Kelley, who was intensely religious, decided to colonize and Christianize the Oregon country.

In speaking of this plan, he said that he "conceived the plan of its colonization and the founding of a new republic of civil and religious freedom on the shores of the Pacific Ocean." In another place, in speaking of his plans, he says, "in despite of entreaties of prudent, worldly-wise friends, I resolved to devote my life to the realization of my plans, hoping to do something worthy the sacrifice, by planting in the genial soil of those regions the vine of Christianity and the germ of civil freedom."

On December 19, 1820, John Floyd of Virginia began agitating the expediency of occupying the Columbia River. Kelley began investigating the possibilities of trading between the Atlantic states and the Oregon country and also the possibilities of trade between the Oregon country and Mexico, South America and the Orient. In 1818 the joint occupation treaty provided that the country west of the Rocky Mountains should be "free and open for the term of ten years." In 1819, by the Florida treaty, Spain ceded all her claims in the Northwest, to the United States. In 1824 Russia abandoned all claims to territory south of 54 degrees and 40 minutes. All of these events cleared the way for Kelley's colonization scheme.

In 1824 when Dr. John McLoughlin was appointed chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and founded Vancouver, Kelley announced his plan of colonizing the Oregon country. He introduced a memorial to congress

on February 11, 1828. At about this time Thomas H. Benton was also active in agitating the settlement of the Oregon country. In fact, as early as 1818 and on for many years, he was publishing articles in the St. Louis Enquirer suggesting that residents of Virginia should found a settlement at the junction of the Multnomah River with the Columbia River.

In urging the advantages of such a settlement, Benton quoted from an article published in the St. Louis Enquirer in 1819, "These rivers unite their streams in tide water, 120 miles from the Pacific Ocean. From thence to Asia, the navigation would be easy and direct, the distance not great and the sea so peaceable, as its name indicates, that no more mariners will be wanting to conduct a ship than hands enough to set her sails at the outset of the voyage and take them down at its termination. To this same point the confluence of the rivers, would come the commerce drained by the Multnomah and the Columbia rivers, a region embracing 14 degrees of longitude and 16 or 18 of latitude, larger than all the Atlantic states put together and possessing a climate as mild as that of Europe. The progress of the fur trade itself will form a town at the point indicated. Its trade may first be limited to furs, but in process of time, it will become the Emporium of that rich East India commerce which is destined to find its way into the valley of the Mississippi by way of the Columbia and Missouri Rivers. And when this time arrives a new Tyre will be seen in the

west, of which the old, although queen of cities will have furnished but a faint image of power and splendor."

Thomas H. Benton, in addition to his work as a lawyer, served as editor of the St. Louis *Enquirer* from 1815 on for some years, and during that time, wrote many editorials on the settlement of the Oregon country. Henry M. Breckenridge also was a more or less prolific writer on the advantages of the settlement of the Oregon country. Benton, in speaking of the advantages of Oregon said, that the soil and climate were excellent, which "seems to indicate a capacity of supporting a dense population, practically exemplified by the number of inhabitants who live upon its spontaneous productions." He proposed the laying out of an overland route from the Missouri to the Columbia River, to be guarded by a series of military posts. He said, "Nothing is wanting but a second Daniel Boone, to lead the way and thousands of ardent spirits would immediately flock to develop its vast means of agriculture and commerce and to open a direct trade between Asia and America."

John S. Skinner on July 9, 1819, in an article in the American Farmer of Baltimore, suggested the importation of camels to carry supplies across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia and to carry back to the east, the furs and products of the west. He said, "Settlements will no doubt very soon grow up and spread along the shores of the Columbia River with astonishing rapidity. And the young athletic powers of our government

will ere long launch into its waters, a fleet to move along the coast of the Pacific and take under its protection the commerce which the enterprise of our citizens will soon create and extend over those seas to an incalculable amount." He further suggested that heavy articles be taken by way of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers as far as possible and from there taken overland. He concluded his article with the following query: "Why not add the majestic long-lived, placid and valuable Bactrian camel to the number of auxiliary laborers and carriers to the active citizens of the nation?"

Strangely enough Skinner's suggestion was taken up by Jefferson Davis when he was secretary of war, and camels were introduced to transport goods for the army in the southwest. What the mule skinners and packers of that day said to the camels when those homely beasts would reach over and bite a chunk out of them when they were being cinched too tight, cannot be here set down because it would have to be printed on paper made of asbestos. For years after the government abandoned camel transportation and turned them adrift, prospectors going to some water hole on the desert, and seeing a camel fleeing at their approach, not able to believe the evidence of their eyes, would resolve to sign the pledge at the first opportunity.

All of the articles on Oregon were eagerly read by Hall J. Kelley, and served to fan the flames of his interest in the settlement of the Oregon country. Kelley kept

up a correspondence with Edward Everett, also with Timothy Fuller, a member of congress from Massachusetts, and various others. On February 11, 1828, Floyd presented a memorial requesting a grant of land on the Oregon River. This memorial was drawn up by Kelley. The petition was to have been presented by Edward Everett but Mr. Everett referred the matter to Mr. Floyd of Virginia who had already been active in the matter.

In 1829 Hall J. Kelley organized the American Society for Encouraging the settlement of the Oregon Territory. General John McNiel was president, Washington P. Gregg treasurer and Hall J. Kelley general agent. This society was incorporated by the Massachusetts legislature, the act being approved on June 22, 1831. Hall Kelley at once began traveling throughout New England, lecturing on Oregon. Kelley issued a memorial and also the manual of the Oregon expedition, sometimes called the General Circular, in which he set forth at great length, the resources of the Oregon country, the opportunities to be found there, and his plans for the future.

In 1830 Kelley published a book entitled A Geographical Sketch of that part of North America called Oregon. In this he published a folding map showing the physical features of the Oregon country and the settlements therein. Kelley planned to send two expeditions, one to start on January 1, 1832, consisting of men

only and a later one to consist of men with families. No modern real estate booster could have painted the Oregon country in more glowing terms than does Kelley in his announcement of his Oregon settlement. In addition to the farms on which he was to settle his 3,000 emigrants, he planned to start a seaport on Gray's Bay, 11 miles north of the mouth of the Columbia, and a commercial metropolis at the confluence of the Willamette with the Columbia. He hoped to secure 3,000 settlers, but in spite of his best efforts, he was not able to enlist more than 400.

He interested Nathaniel Wyeth of Cambridge and Captain B. L. E. Bonneville of the United States army, both of whom enrolled with that assurance that they would be commanders of the expedition. Samuel Houston of Texas, was also interested and various companies were formed on the Atlantic seaboard. Nathaniel J. Wyeth was engaged in the ice business on Fresh Pond, near Charleston. He was not particularly interested in Christianizing the Indians, but was very much interested in the opportunity to trade.

While many became enthusiastic over Kelley's plans, he also found a great deal of opposition. In an article in the *New England Magazine*, Hall J. Kelley's plans for the settlement of Oregon were thoroughly cussed and discussed. The writer says: "A gentleman for whose talents and ambition, his native land does not afford sufficient scope, has been employing his leisure in devising

schemes to better the condition of his fellow countrymen. If his plan should prove practicable, nations yet to be will bless him as their father and benefactor. We can see no advantage in Oregon which the emigrant may not secure in the state of Maine. The sea washes the shore of both. The soil is good in both. There are fisheries in both. If the climate of Oregon is milder, it is not proved that it is better. There is waste land in both. There is plenty of timber in both. Maine has these advantages: Her inhabitants are under the protection of the laws. They are numerous enough to protect each other. They have free communication with every part of the world. There is no art or science of which she does not possess at least the rudiments. All that can be done in Oregon within a hundred years, is already done in Maine. We do not know that the prime mover of this folly is actuated by any evil motive. We do not believe it. We look upon him as an unfortunate man, who, deluded himself, is deluding others and conceive it to be our duty to warn those who are about to follow him on the road to ruin."

The *New England Magazine* was not the only publication to throw cold water on Kelley's scheme. Kelley postponed the date of his departure from January 1 to June 1. This caused an outburst of hostile criticism from the press which resulted in most of those who had signed up to go with Kelley, withdrawing from the organization.

On November 12, 1831, Nathaniel J. Wyeth wrote to his brother, "In case the contemplated colonization project should fail, it is still our intention to go to the new country, in which case we shall form ourselves into a trading company in furs." Believing that Kelley would not be able to carry out his plans, Wyeth enrolled 31 men, who pledged themselves to go. Writing to John Ball on February 10, 1832, Wyeth said, "I see no probability that Mr. Kelley's party will move at present. They have made no preparations as yet, nor do I believe they can ever make provisions for moving such a mass as they propose." A number of Kelley's proposed settlers joined Wyeth, who started in the spring of 1832 for the Oregon country. With Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth went Dr. Jacob Wyeth of New Jersey, John Ball of New Hampshire, Calvin Tibbetts, a stone-cutter from Maine, and J. Sinclair of New York, all of whom had signed up to go with Kelley. Sinclair went as far as Independence, Missouri and Dr. Jacob Wyeth as far as Pierre's Hole.

Kelley finally announced the postponement of his proposed expedition. He now decided to go with a small party by way of Mexico and the Sandwich Islands, to arrange for trade with his proposed settlements on the Columbia River. In describing his departure from home, he says: "The time for my departure drawing near, I went to Bradford to take a painful leave. The moment of parting arrived. My companion looked sober. She probably felt sad, though her affectionate regard had

been somewhat alienated by deceiving monsters who had ill advised her. My heart was burdened and I could scarcely speak a sorrowing goodbye. Taking my valise I left. Grief burst forth and I wept aloud and proceeded to Boston."

In New York he received contributions from various missionary societies and various religious societies gave him bibles, books and tracts, to distribute to the Indians in the Oregon country. Kelley left Washington for New Orleans on March 1, 1833, having secured free passage from the postoffice department, by the Cumberland Road, and thence down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Not being able to get along with the party with whom he had gone to New Orleans, he left them there and secured passage to Vera Cruz on the schooner General La Fayette, commanded by Captain Hoyt. For 14 days Kelley slept on the quarter deck and most of this time was as wet as a drowned rat on account of stormy weather. Kelley left Vera Cruz on May, 27, 1833 by stage for Jalapa. From there he went afoot to Puebla and from there by stage to the city of Mexico, where he met Colonel Stephen F. Austin, the founder of Austin, Texas. Col. S. F. Austin who was born at Austinville, Va. in 1793 was the son of Moses Austin native son of Durham, Conn., who had moved to Potasi, Mo. where he was an associate of Gen. W. H. Ashley. Moses Austin in 1820 secured from Mexico a land grant in Texas but died shortly thereafter. Col. S. F. Austin served for

some time as Circuit Judge in Arkansas Territory and in 1821 took with him a colony of several hundred families who settled on the Brazos in Texas. When Kelley met him in Mexico City Col. Austin was in Mexico with a petition asking that Mexico establish a separate government in Texas. He was put off with various excuses and so wrote to his associates in Texas advising them to set up a provisional government. This letter was seized by the Mexican authorities and Col. Austin was thrown in prison where he remained for a year awaiting trial. In 1835 he was appointed Commander in Chief of the Americans in Texas to wrest Texas from the rule of Mexico. In 1836 he ran against Samuel Houston for the office of President of the Republic of Texas but was defeated and served under Houston as Secretary of State until he died suddenly on Dec. 7, 1836.

From Mexico City Kelley went to San Blas via Guadalajara. Colonel Hodgkiss, a Virginian, who had settled in Texas, presented him with a sword and the American consul gave him two mules and a theodolite. After all sorts of adventures and hardships en route, Kelley finally arrived at San Blas where he caught a boat to La Paz on the gulf of lower California. From lower California he went overland to San Diego, where he arrived on April 14, 1834.

At Pueblo near San Diego, Kelley met Ewing Young, in describing Young he says: "He was a native of Tennessee—a man of remarkable sagacity, enterprise and

courage who, during the 12 years he had been a hunter about the wilds of Oregon, California and New Mexico, had lost perhaps some of the refinements of manners once possessed and had missed some of those moral improvements peculiar to Christian civilization. This was the man to accompany me, because, like myself, he had an iron constitution and was inured to hardships."

From San Diego Kelley sailed for San Pedro on the ship *Lagoda* of Boston. From San Pedro he went to Monterey overland. Meanwhile Ewing Young had come overland from San Diego to join Kelley. In writing of this meeting, Kelley says: "The last of June 1834 he arrived at my encampment on the prairie, five miles east of Monterey, and consented to go and settle in Oregon with this express understanding—that if I had deceived him, woe be unto me."

At Monterey Kelley got in touch with General Jose Figueroa, the governor and with a number of Catholic priests, who treated him with great hospitality. On July 8 Kelley and Ewing Young started for the Willamette Valley. There were nine men in the party.

Kelley says, "In a trunk made of wild bull's hide were deeds, charts, historical accounts and other papers showing myself to be in possession of a good title which certain Americans, myself among them, had to the largest and fairest portions of Vancouver Island, and showing myself to be the attorney and advocate of the claimants."

Young bought a number of horses so that he had 77

horses and mules belonging to himself while Kelley and five other men of the party had 21. They were joined by nine men on the second day out from San Jose, who had 56 horses, and by the way, these newcomers were destined to make a great deal of trouble for Ewing Young and Hall Kelley as they had stolen their horses from the Mexicans and the word was sent to Dr. McLoughlin at Vancouver, who supposed that Young and Kelley were implicated in the theft.

Kelley took sick in northern California. He was unable to stay in the saddle so Ewing Young's party camped for some days until he felt better. At this camp they were joined by Michael La Framboise, a Hudson's Bay trapper from the Columbia River, who with a number of trappers was returning from the bay of San Francisco to Fort Vancouver. La Framboise with venison broth and quinine, cured Kelley of his malaria, and hired an Indian to take him down the Umpqua River in his canoe. On October 27 Kelley reached Fort Vancouver, after a trip of 6,000 miles.

In describing his reception at Fort Vancouver, Kelley says: "I landed in front of Fort Vancouver. La Framboise assisted me out of the boat. With the help of his arm, I walked slowly and feebly to the fort and entered a room at one end of the mansion house. After a few minutes, the chief factor, Mr. McLoughlin, came in—made a few inquiries about my health and business, ordered some refreshments for me and retired. None

of his household nor none of his American guests called. No countryman, though many were in the house came to sympathize with my afflictions or to greet my coming. After I had taken an hour of repose on the bed in the room, Captain La Framboise entered with the compliments of Mr. McLoughlin saying that it would be inconvenient to accommodate me with a room inside the fort, as they were all occupied, but I could have a room outside and a man to attend upon me. Again sustained by the arm of my friend, I was led to the place assigned, outside the stockade. And so, was cast out from the fort, as though unworthy to breathe the same air or to tread the same ground with its proud and cowardly inmates."

Governor Figueroa had sent a letter on board the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner *Cadboro*, telling Dr. McLoughlin that Ewing Young, Hall Kelley and a band of other horses thieves were headed north, and advising him to have no dealings with them.

In describing the arrival of Kelley and his party, Dr. McLoughlin said: "As General Figueroa, governor of California, had written me that Ewing Young and Kelley had stolen horses from the settlers of that place, I would have no dealings with them and told them my reason. Young maintained that he stole no horses but admitted the others had. I told him that that might be the case but as the charge was made, I could have no dealings

with him till he cleared it up, but he maintained to his countrymen and they believed it, that as he was a leader among them, I acted as I did, from a desire to oppose American interests. I treated all of the party in the same manner as Young, except Kelley, who was very sick. Out of humanity, I placed him in a house, attended on him and had his victuals sent him at every meal."

The Canadians were forbidden to trade with the members of the party. Kelley claimed that Captain Dominis of the brig *Owyhee* of Boston, who had been in the Columbia River in 1829, had told McLoughlin that Kelley was planning to colonize Oregon, and that McLoughlin's action was based on his desire to discourage trade with the Americans. The members of the party coming from Monterey to Vancouver were Hall J. Kelley, Ewing Young, Lawrence Carmichael, Joseph Gale, a native of the District of Columbia, Webley J. Hauxhurst a carpenter from Long Island, Elisha Ezekiel, John McCarty, John H. Kilborn, Brandywine and George Winslow, a colored man.

In describing the coming of Kelley to Fort Vancouver, George B. Roberts said, "I remember the visit of Hall J. Kelley. He was penniless, ill clad, and considered rather too rough for close companionship, so was not invited to the mess. It should be born in mind that discipline in those days was rather severe and that general comingling would not do. Kelley was five feet nine

inches high, wore a white slouch hat, blanket capote, leather pants with a red stripe down the seam, which were rather outre, even for Vancouver."

Kelley's failure was really a success for it was through his efforts that Nathaniel J. Wyeth had been interested in coming to the Oregon country and also his interest in the Indians in the Oregon country had aroused the churches and religious societies to the need of Christianizing the Indians of Oregon and was instrumental in the sending of Jason Lee and other missionaries to the Oregon country.

Kelley felt particularly aggrieved because while he was at Fort Vancouver neither Jason Lee, and the other missionaries who had come to work for the salvation of the Indians in the Oregon country visited him, nor did Thomas Nuttall, the botanist who had been lecturer and curator at Harvard, nor John K. Townsend, also a naturalist.

Kelley, in writing of his reception at Fort Vancouver said, "There were some of my countrymen at that time at Vancouver, the recipients of the generous hospitality and favors of Mr. McLoughlin. Though for several months within five or six minutes of my sick room, yet none of them had the humanity to visit me." The fellow countrymen to whom Mr. Kelley refers, were Jason Lee, his nephew Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepard of Lynn, Massachusetts, Philip L. Edwards of Kentucky, and Courtney M. Walker of Missouri, all of whom had been

sent out to do missionary work among the Indians of Oregon. The first person to visit Kelley was Ewing Young. That Reverend Jason Lee called later is shown by the following extract from Kelley's "narrative of events and difficulties": "Those who treated me with respect were the Indians and the common people. The Reverend Jason Lee privily called at times and talked freely of obligations of himself and the public to me, always expressing his haste. Mr. Stuart, whose mind differed from other minds at Vancouver, as light differs from darkness, honored me with his society and expressions of his kind regards, not fearing the displeasure of Mr. McLoughlin."

In spite of the fact that Hall J. Kelley, for ten years had been lecturing and writing against Dr. McLoughlin and the Hudson's Bay Company, nevertheless, Dr. McLoughlin continued to entertain Mr. Kelley as his guest, without charge. Kelley could understand why Dr. McLoughlin was not particularly cordial to him, but his feelings were grieviously wounded because his fellow Americans gave him the cold shoulder. Nathaniel J. Wyeth had arrived at Fort Vancouver on September 23, 1834, but did not meet Kelley until the middle of February.

In speaking of the meeting with Wyeth, Kelley says: "The next day, with a countenance sadly changed from former days, he came into my cabin and strode across the floor. Sternly looking toward me, he uttered these

words: 'Well Kelley, how did you get here?' After making some abusive remarks he walked out. His only object seemed to be to afflict and to fill my soul with sorrow."

Wyeth in his journal, under date of February 12, says: "In the morning, made to Vancouver and found there a polite reception and to my great astonishment, Mr. Hall J. Kelley. He came in company with Mr. Young from Monte El Rey and it is said, stole between them a bunch of horses. Kelley is not received at the fort on this account, as a gentleman. A house is given him and food sent him from the governor's table, but he is not suffered to mess here."

As Kelley had no money to pay his passage, Dr. McLoughlin presented Kelley with a draft of 7 pounds sterling, payable at the Sandwich Islands and also furnished him clothes and necessary equipment, as well as arranging to give him a free passage to the Sandwich Islands, on the Hudson's Bay brig *Dryad*, under command of Captain Keplin.

One writer, in describing Hall J. Kelley said, that the B.A. degree which he received in college probably stood for belly-acher instead of bachelor of arts, which is rather unjust to Kelley, although as a matter of fact, he seemed to have a life-long obsession that everyone with whom he came in contact was conspiring against him and all of his narratives are filled with religious expressions and personal complaints. Unquestionably he

endured many hardships but no matter how slight the discomfort he suffers, he dwells upon it in his writings.

In describing his trip from Fort Vancouver to the Sandwich Islands, he says the dishes used by the sailors were too dirty for even a pig to eat from, and that he was served boiled beef in a small wooden tub, ship bread and peas sweetened with Sandwich Islands molasses. He also complains that the potatoes were only half baked and that the pudding served him was very unpalatable, but he adds "the rectitude of my conduct and an ever approving conscience sustains my heart and keeps my courage up. How disagreeable it is to be made the companion of ignorant and sordid minded men. To me it is misery indeed, but I must suffer their insolence and accommodate myself to circumstances."

One of the things of which he complained most bitterly was that he liked plenty of fresh air and the sailors preferred the warmth of a closed forecastle. In spite of all he could say, the sailors refused to quit smoking. At the Sandwich Islands, the missionaries and the other white residents treated him with distinguished consideration. He spent nearly six months in the Sandwich Islands, and in October secured passage on the whale ship *Canton Packet* for Massachusetts.

Kelley returned to Boston in 1836 and at once took up his old work as a surveyor. He surveyed three railroad routes in the state of Maine. William A. Slacum of the United States Navy had just returned from Ore-

gon, so in September 1837 Kelley met Slacum and Charles Bullfinch, one of the men who had sent Captain Gray on his momentous voyage of discovery, and the whole question of the settlement of Oregon was discussed. Bullfinch had sent his Indian deeds to lands on Vancouver Island with Kelley, thinking that while he was in the Oregon country, he could either establish his rights to this land or dispose of it to advantage. Charles Bullfinch wanted Kelley to prepare for him a petition to congress to reimburse him for the expenses incurred in outfitting the *Columbia* and *Lady Washington* for their visit to the Pacific Northwest coast, and also to buy the land Captain Kendrick had purchased for the company, in exchange for some muskets, paint and beads.

In 1837 Kelley wrote a series of articles in the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, about the Oregon country. He gave these articles, as well as a number of documents relative to the claims of Bullfinch and others to land purchased on Vancouver Island, to Lewis F. Linn, senator from Missouri, for whom Linn county, Oregon, is named. Linn was chairman of the "select committee", to which was referred a bill to authorize the president of the United States to occupy the Oregon territory.

In 1838 and 1839 Kelley wrote a series of articles on the Oregon question, for the *American Traveler*, and in 1839 he wrote a memoir on Oregon and California, based on his personal observations, which was used by Caleb Cushing, chairman of the house committee on foreign af-

fairs, in his report to congress on the territory of Oregon. Kelley also presented a memorial to congress asking for a grant of land in the Oregon territory on which to establish a colony. In 1838 he went to the national capital to interview the chairman of the committee on roads and canals, to interest him in the building of a railroad across the continent, "to connect the two great oceans." In 1839 he returned to Three Rivers, Massachusetts where for many years he lived in a shack and where his wife and children occasionally visited him. He believed that the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as his mother-in-law, had estranged his wife. In 1851 he published a pamphlet entitled, "Letters from an afflicted husband to an estranged wife." He also published a pamphlet entitled "Hard usage in Three Rivers." His pamphlet "to an estranged wife," failed however to bring his wife back to him.

From 1839 on for the next 30 years Kelley continued to live at Three Rivers, writing numerous pamphlets and presenting numerous memorials and petitions to congress. He was known as the Hermit of Three Rivers. The boys broke his windows, stole apples in his orchard, threw snowballs at him and made his life a burden—all of which he blamed on the Hudson's Bay Company. He believed they were emissaries of Dr. McLoughlin.

In speaking of his numerous lawsuits and of his treatment by the boys at Three Rivers, he says: "The last two years adversaries at and about the place of my abode,

have very much troubled me. The troops at this place have come daily to vex and torture, hoping speedily to make an end of me. Guerillas headed by one of my bitterest enemies have come to devastate my estate. They at times break into my house and take away documents and manuscripts and papers of great value to me. But I am certain that neither my great calamity, nor the persecutions and afflictions I am made to endure, have in the slightest degree impaired my understanding. Diligent search of the Scriptures during the last 30 years has much enlarged my comprehension of things human and divine. I consider that industry, frugality, temperance, benevolence, intense purpose, brotherly kindness and charity have all along marked my career."

Kelley was a man of good intentions but of distorted perspective. During the last twenty years of his life he presented numerous memorials and petitions to congress, thinking that if he could secure a large sum of money, his wife and children could be induced to come back to him. In one of his petitions he itemizes the money due him from the government as follows:

11 years up to 1836 at $2,000 per year	$22,000.00
15 years up to 1852 at $1,500 per year	22,500.00
Publishing Books and tracts	500.00
Traveling for the Purpose of Lecturing	200.00
Expenses at Washington	500.00
2 shares of Oregon stock and 5 certificates	300.00

Loss on the brig *John Q. Adams*	$ 300.00
Loss at Three Rivers	300.00
Loss at New Orleans	300.00
Loss at Vera Cruz	1,150.00
Loss by Robbers near Salamanca	200.00
	$48,250.00
Interest to 1852	84,000.00
	$132,250.00

Kelley's life was one of constant frustration and disappointment. He absolutely lacked all ability to work with his fellow men, and yet, when all is said and done, though he was a dreamer and a visionary and though many of his plans and ideas were impractical and though he claimed credit for many things for which he was in no wise responsible, yet after all, his lectures, pamphlets and articles called the attention of the public to the Oregon country. Thwaites well says that Hall J. Kelley may properly be called the Father of the Oregon Emigration movement.

Victor says: "It is only justice to agree with him that he set on foot, by his writings, the emigration movement to the shores of the Pacific. . . . We have to acknowledge that a debt of appreciation and public recognition is due to the Yankee schoolmaster, who spent the best years of his life in teaching the United States government and the people, the value of the Oregon territory."

Coman, in his *Economic Beginnings of the Far West*,

says: "Sharing the fate of all idealists, he was a generation in advance of his day. All that he hoped for Oregon was destined to come to pass, and largely through his mad propaganda. His pamphlets and his newspaper articles generated a romantic enthusiasm for the vast realm beyond the Rockies so rapidly slipping from American control. His suggestion that every colonist should receive a grant of 200 acres of arable land appealed with irresistible force to the homeless and unemployed of the eastern cities and furnished the foundation for the donation act."

H. W. Scott, in speaking of Kelley's influence on the settlement of Oregon, said: "Kelley was an eccentric man—an enthusiast—one of those who sees a single idea and devote their lives to it. He it was, beyond all question, who first urged the settlement of Oregon, insisted upon its practicability and set forth the importance and value of the Oregon country to the United States. Many with whom he came in contact regarded him merely as a bore or a troublesome fellow. This strange eccentric man can almost be called a Prophet of Oregon, the father of migration to Oregon and the man who hastened the fulfillment of Oregon's destiny."

S. A. Clarke says: "Kelley's work was far reaching. His life work was the finger of fate pointing the way and his labors reached fruition while he was neglected and his services forgotten."

Judge Mathew P. Deady, in an address made before

the Oregon Pioneer Association said: "To him more than any other one person, in my judgment, may be justly attributed the subsequent occupation of the country by emigrants from the United States, and Oregon should, in some way worthy of the subject and herself, acknowledge and commemorate that fact."

Fred Wilbur Powell, in his book, *Hall Jackson Kelley, Prophet of Oregon*, describes in detail, Kelley's services to Oregon. It ill becomes any of us, who have benefited by the work of Hall J. Kelley, who died a lonely, embittered old man, to cast any slur upon his memory. Instead, it behooves us to add a stone to his cairn and to pay tribute to his memory.

IX

WYETH'S VENTURES AND ADVENTURES IN THE OREGON COUNTRY

Captain Benjamin Louis Eulalie de Bonneville, who was born in France in 1796, and who came to the United States as a boy, attended the United States Military Academy at West Point, from which he graduated in 1819. He enlisted under the banner of Hall J. Kelley, to go overland to the Oregon country. He and Nathaniel J. Wyeth were each to command one of the parties to be organized by Kelley. When he realized that Kelley's plans were impractical and that Kelley was unable to carry them out, he decided to organize an expedition of his own. He had served in the army from the time of his graduation in 1819, having been employed in building military roads and he knew something of the difficulties to be encountered in taking a large party overland for more than 2,000 miles.

In 1831, when he first became interested in Hall J. Kelley's plan of colonizing Oregon, he applied for a two years' leave of absence without pay, "to explore the

country to the Rocky Mountains and beyond, with a view of ascertaining the nature and character of the several tribes of Indians inhabiting those regions, the trade which might profitably be carried on with them, quality of soil, productions, minerals, natural history, climate, geography, topography as well as geology of the various parts of the country within the limits of the territories of the United States, between our frontier and the Pacific." Major General Macomb, commander in chief of the United States army at that time, on August 3, 1831, granted Captain Bonneville a leave of absence until October 1833.

In his instructions to Captain Bonneville, he told him that the government could not undertake to aid him financially, nor be at any expense, and he instructed Captain Bonneville to take with him suitable instruments and good maps, further instructing him "to note particularly the number of warriors that may be in each tribe of natives that may be met with, their alliances with other tribes, their relative position as to state of peace or war, whether friendly or warlike positions toward each other are recent or of long standing, their manner of making war, mode of subsisting themselves during a state of war and state of peace, the arms and the effect of them, whether they act on foot or on horseback, in short every information useful to the government."

Captain Bonneville enlisted the financial aid of a

number of men who expected to profit from trade with the Indians. He started from Fort Osage on May 1, 1832 with a party of 110 men and with 20 wagons loaded with trade goods. Fort Osage was 10 miles from Independence, Missouri, the point of departure for many of the emigrant trains which crossed the plains to Oregon in the forties and fifties. Bonneville started two weeks before Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who also had been interested in the Oregon country by Hall J. Kelley.

Captain Bonneville, with his party, followed the Platte and Sweetwater rivers and crossed South Pass. He built a trading post on Green River, which was named Fort Bonneville, but which the trappers called Bonneville's Folly or Fort Nonsense,—as the post was not well located for Indian trade. Later Bonneville moved his trading post to the headwaters of Salmon River. So thorough was the domination of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the Indians refused to trade with Captain Bonneville. He spent his first winter on the Salmon and Snake rivers.

The following summer was not very successful on account of his crossing wires with the trappers of the American Fur Company, and various free trappers or Rocky Mountain men. He sent his chief lieutenant, I. R. Walker, to explore the country around the Great Salt Lake. He decided to spend the winter of 1833 on the Portneuf River.

On Christmas morning of 1833, he started from their

winter quarters with three men, for the Columbia River country. On March 4, 1834, they arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Walla Walla, which was in charge of Pierre C. Pambrun. Captain Bonneville applied to Pambrun to purchase some trade goods but Pambrun, while willing to extend his own and the company's hospitality, told Bonneville that he could not sell goods to a competing trader. Captain Bonneville decided to return to his camp by way of the Blue Mountains. On July 10, 1834, he met a party of Hudson's Bay trappers in the Bear River valley and in revenge for Pambrun's refusal to furnish him trade goods, he furnished the Hudson's Bay trappers with a keg of rum and honey on which they got gloriously drunk.

On another trip he came within 30 miles of Fort Walla Walla but finding the Indians unwilling to trade with him, he returned to the Bear River valley and started for the eastern settlement which he reached in August 1835.

He found that he had been dropped from the rolls of the army, for overstaying his leave by about two years. However, he was restored by President Jackson. He was in charge of Vancouver Barracks in 1853 and he took part in the Indian wars in Oregon in 1855 and 1856. Bonneville, on the Columbia River Highway, is named for him. Bonneville took part in the Mexican War, being breveted lieutenant colonel, for gallantry. He became a colonel in 1855 and two years later commanded an ex-

pedition against the Apache Indians of the Gila River. From 1858 to 1861 he was in command of the Department of New Mexico. During the Civil War, he was commandant of the barracks at St. Louis. He died at Fort Smith, Arkansas on June 12, 1878.

J. B. Wyeth, a cousin of Captain Nathaniel B. Wyeth, in his 87 page pamphlet published in 1833, entitled "Oregon, or a Short History of a Long Journey from the Atlantic Ocean, to the region of the Pacific, by land, from notes and oral information of John B. Wyeth, one of the party who left Nathaniel J. Wyeth July 8, 1832, four days march beyond the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and the only one who returned to New England," says: "Nathaniel J. Wyeth had listened with peculiar delight to all the flattering accounts from the western regions, and that, at the time when he was surrounded with apparent advantages and enviable circumstances. Hall J. Kelley's writings operated like a match applied to combustive matter, in his mind, which reflected and multiplied the images in the flattering glass held up to view by the ingenious and well disposed schoolmaster."

On August 30, 1831, Nathaniel J. Wyeth wrote a letter from Philadelphia, to Hall J. Kelley, the general agent for the Oregon Colonization Society of Boston, in which he said: "I shall be in Boston about the 6th of next month and will see you as soon thereafter as practicable, in regard to my application for a situation in the first expedition to the Oregon country. Dr. Jacob

Wyeth, a brother of mine, now practising medicine and surgery in New Jersey at Howell Furnace, wishes me to enter his name as an applicant for the berth of surgeon in one of the companies of the first expedition. He is 33 years old or thereabouts and was educated at Harvard University, studied medicine with Mr. Revere of Baltimore, and Dr. Shattuck of Boston, attended lectures in Boston, was regularly graduated as a physician and is unmarried." Writing to his brother Jacob, from Cambridge, under date of October 5th, Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth says:

"Dear Brother Jacob: Many women are going but for my own part, I would not carry one in the first expedition. They will of course ride. The route is practicable for horses. I will make riding provisions for your wife. I fear no difficulty on the route for anyone, but some for the first year after getting there. Would it not be better to defer marrying until your wife could get out there by the second expedition? If the expedition is successful, you will reap a rich harvest from the business of the country. If otherwise, you will lose your time. The route will take in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, thence in a line across to the Rocky Mountains overland to near Santa Fe, where there is a pass in the mountains, thence a northwest course to Lewis River, down which we go to the Columbia River, the place of our destination. The distance to St. Louis is about 2,000 miles."

Writing to his brother again, under date of November 12, Captain Wyeth says: "In case the contemplated colonization project should fail, it is still our intention to go to the new country, in which case we shall form ourselves into a trading company in furs. It is the object of the present letter to ascertain whether, in such case you will follow us in your capacity as surgeon. Your compensation will be a certain share of the profits of the concern. Your answer is wanted immediately. If in the affirmative, I will take care that an equitable share of the profits are obtained for you in the contract and other requisite provisions made for you."

When Wyeth discovered that Hall J. Kelley could not carry out his plans, he organized a company of his own and started across the plains for the Oregon country. His trade goods he shipped on the brig *Sultana*, formerly a Smyrna packet, owned by Joseph Baker and Sons of Boston, but now bound for a voyage to the Columbia River. Her captain was James L. Lambert. On the morning of February 29, 1832, the *Sultana* ran into an uncharted reef, now known as Sultana Reef and was soon pounded to pieces. Captain Lambert, with his crew, got ashore safely and took from the wreck as much stores as they could before it broke up. They found that they had landed on a small island, the circumference of which was about 35 miles. They were marooned on this island for many months, and all of Captain Wyeth's trade goods were lost. Captain Wyeth

had purchased wagons with bodies in the form of boats to carry his supplies and goods across the plains, and rivers but at St. Louis he learned that it would be impossible to take his boat-wagons across the plains, so he sold them.

At Independence, Missouri, he combined his forces with those of William L. Sublette and the combined party left Independence on May 12, 1832. In a letter written to J. G. Palfrey, member of congress, on December 13, 1847, Captain Wyeth in describing his experiences in the Oregon country wrote: "On March 10, 1832, I left Boston in a vessel with 20 men for Baltimore, where I was joined by four more, and on the 27th left by railroad for Frederick, Maryland. From thence we marched on foot to Brownsville and took passage from that place to Liberty, Missouri on various steamboats, which place we left for the prairies on the 12th of May with 21 men, three having deserted. On the 27th of May three more deserted. On the 8th of July we reached Pierre's Hole, at the head of Lewis River, a rendezvous for trappers and Indians. We remained at this place until the 17th, at which time my party had been reduced by desertion and dismissal to 11 men. We then started for the Columbia, arriving at Cape Disappointment on November 8, 1832, one man having died on the route. There I learned that the vessel on which I relied for supplies had been wrecked at the Society Islands. This intelligence discouraged the party so

much that all but two requested their discharge. Of the eight who left me, five returned to the United States by sea, one died near the mouth of the Columbia in 1834 and two remained as settlers.

In the spring of 1833 I commenced my return to the states with the two remaining men. When I reached the mouth of the Yellowstone, one left me, to remain with some trappers until I should return. With the other I reached the states and soon after fitted out a vessel for the Columbia and on February 7, 1834, left Boston for St. Louis where I organized a party of 70 men for the overland trip, arriving at the headwaters of the Snake or Lewis River, in July 1834, and on the 15th of that month commenced to build Fort Hall and after placing it in a defensive condition, left it on the 7th of August following, for the mouth of the Columbia.

"On the 15th of September I reached Oak Point, 75 miles from the Columbia's mouth, where I met my vessel, the *May Dacre* just arrived, after a voyage of eight and a half months, it having been struck by lightning at sea and so injured as to be obliged to go into Valparaiso for repair. This vessel was fitted for the salmon fishing of that season. Her late arrival caused me to detain her until the following year. During the winter of 1835 this vessel went to the Sandwich Islands with timber and returned in the spring with cattle, sheep, goats, and hogs, which were placed on Wappatoo Island, where I had built an establishment called Fort William

on the southwesterly side of the island, about eight miles from the Hudson's Bay Company post at Vancouver. Here we grazed all the animals that came from the islands, from California and from the Indians. We planted wheat, corn, potatoes, peas, beans, turnips, grafted and planted apples and other fruit, and built a dwelling house and shops for working iron and wood and in fact, made a permanent location.

"I made this my personal residence during the winter and summer of 1835. In the autumn of that year, I proceeded to Fort Hall with supplies, having sent some previous to that time. During the winter of 1836, I resided at my post at Fort Hall and in the spring returned to Fort William on Wappatoo Island, whence I carried more supplies to Fort Hall, arriving there the 18th of June. On the 25th I left for the United States by way of Taos and the Arkansas River and arrived home early in the autumn of 1836.

"The commercial distress of that time precluded the further prosecution of our enterprise which so far had yielded little but misfortune. It remained only to close the active business, which was done by paying every debt, and returning every man who so desired, to the place from which he was taken, and disposing of the property to the best advantage. All the property in the interior, including Fort Hall, was sold, it being necessary in order to retain that post, to keep up a garrison for its defense against the Indians and to forward annual

supplies to it, an operation at that time beyond our means. Fort William at Wappatoo Island, required nothing of that kind and was retained and the gentleman then in charge, Mr. C. M. Walker, was directed to lease it to some trusty person, for 15 years unless sooner reclaimed. Nothing having been heard from Mr. Walker for a long time, I sent a request to John McLoughlin, Esquire, to have the island entered in my name at the Land Office established by the provisional government.

"When I arrived on the lower Columbia in the autumn of 1832, there were no Americans there nor anyone having an American feeling. So far as I know, there had not been, since Mr. Astor retired from the post. Of the 11 men which I had then with me, three remained until I again arrived in the autumn of 1834 and 19 of those who then accompanied me, including the missionaries, remained permanently in the country."

Although Captain Wyeth's spelling was rather weird, he was a voluminous and indefatigable correspondent, as is evidenced by the scores of letters that appear in the 251-page book entitled "The Correspondence and Journals of Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, with a record of his two expeditions for the occupation of the Oregon country."

In a letter dated October 6, 1834, written on the Columbia River, he writes to his brother Charles as follows: "Since my last, I have made the establishment

then spoken of, on Snake River (Fort Hall), in latitude 43 degrees, 14 minutes north, longitude 113 degrees, 30 minutes west, and raised the stars and stripes amid explosions of gunpowder, and whisky, according to custom, and they now wave to the winds in the naked wastes of central America, a wonderment to the simple savage, who cannot conceive the meaning of so much disturbance. I have now made a farm on the Multnomah on a prairie 15 miles long, bordering on the river, surrounded by beautiful and well assorted timber and watered by a good stream. I leave here in a few days on a voyage to the interior and shall establish two more forts, one of which will be near the Great Salt Lake, if I can find any tribe of Indians who can give trade enough to support it."

In writing to his uncle, Leonard Jarvis, on the same date, he says: "Dear Uncle: I have built a fort on Snake or Lewis River which I named Fort Hall from the oldest gentleman in the concern. We manufactured a magnificent flag from unbleached sheeting, a little red flannel and a few blue patches, saluted it with damaged powder and wet it with villainous alcohol and it makes, I do assure you, a very respectable appearance amid the dry and desolate regions of central America. Its bastions stand a terror to the skulking Indian and a beacon of safety to the fugitive hunter. It is manned by 12 men and has constantly loaded in the bastions, 100 guns and rifles. After building this fort, I sent mes-

sengers to the neighboring nations to induce them to come to it to trade."

Writing to his wife, he says: "I am here, but have had no good luck. The vessel was struck by lightning on her way out and detained so long that the salmon season was past. I have built a fort on Snake River near the middle of the continent and made a farm on the Multnomah. If by another year I find that the business will be successful, I shall send for you. If not, I will come home myself. I hope you make yourself comfortable and happy. It is good policy to enjoy ourselves while we can. Your affectionate husband."

On April 3, 1835, he writes from Wappatoo Island, as follows: "Friend Weld: I write, but do not know when I will have an opportunity to send. All my men have been sick except myself. Upon the arrival of my brig on September 11, I set about arranging a party to send to a fort which I have built among the Rocky Mountains. This party consisted of Captain Thing, with 13 Sandwich Islanders and 8 whites. They proceeded about 200 miles up the Columbia, inland. At the same time, I took a party of 4 Sandwich Islanders and 16 whites and followed inland 150 miles, where I got news that Captain Thing's islanders had all run away from him. This obliged me to spare all my islanders and all but 6 of my whites, to enable Captain Thing to proceed to Fort Hall. With the residue I proceeded to look up the deserters. I struck south, thinking they

might have started to California. This was the middle of November. During December, January and February I got no news from them, but about the first of March I heard that some of them were near the Columbia. I changed my route and struck that river and learned from the Indians that 7 of them had passed down five days before. I overtook them 80 miles from the mouth of the river, 7 in number. I took them to Fort William, our establishment on Wappatoo Island, near the mouth of the Multnomah. Two of the islanders were killed by the Indians, one was drowned, one froze to death in the mountains, two are still unaccounted for.

"Have commenced a houseboat 70 feet long. Have finished a canoe 60 feet long, 3 feet wide, 2½ deep, of one tree, which has not a shake or a knot in it and this after cutting off 30 feet of clear stuff from the same tree and still this is by no means a large tree here.

"This Wappatoo Island, which I have selected for our establishment is 15 miles long and an average of three wide. On one side runs the Columbia, on the other Multnomah. It consists of woodlands and prairie and on it there are considerable deer. Those who could spare time to hunt might live well. A mortality has carried off to a man its inhabitants, and there is nothing to attest that they ever existed, except their decaying houses, their graves and their unburied bones, of which there are heaps. So you see, as the righteous people of New England say, 'Providence has made room for me,'

and without doing them more injury than I should if I had made room for myself by killing them off. Now I do not wish this letter published as I do hate everything in print."

On Captain Wyeth's second expedition across the plains to the Oregon country, not discouraged with the loss of the *Sultana*, he sent the brig *May Dacre* by way of Cape Horn with trading goods and supplies for his proposed trading post on the Columbia and in the Rocky Mountains.

He started from Independence, Mo., on his overland journey on Apr. 24, 1834. Accompanying him were Nuttall the botanist, and also John K. Townsend, as well as Reverend Jason Lee, his nephew Daniel Lee, who had in their party P. L. Edwards, Cyrus Shepard, and Courtney M. Walker.

On July 15 he records in his journal: "Commenced building the fort (Fort Hall) and sent out 12 men to hunt, to be gone 12 days. Continued at work on the fort, but fell short of provisions and was obliged to knock off in order to obtain food. Sent out some men for buffalo. They returned in two days with plenty. The 12 men returned the 28th day, at night. On the 26th, a Frenchman named Kanseau, was killed horse racing and the 27th was buried near the fort. He belonged to Thomas McKay's camp and his comrades erected a decent tomb for him. Service for him was performed by the Catholics in the Catholic form and by

Jason Lee in the Protestant form and by the Indians in their form, as he had an Indian family. He at least was well buried."

On August 12th Captain Wyeth records killing two buffalo bulls and he adds, "I climbed up the cliffs and in passing over the snow, had like to have been killed. While passing over some snow over which the water was running, and being afraid of caving in, I missed my foothold in a slippery place and went gradually sliding down to a precipice but succeeded at last in averting my progress to destruction by catching the only stone which projected above the icy snow. I however, reached the summit and looked into another defile running east, like the one I came up, got to the bottom again and found one of our two mules gone, and being in want of meat packed the other mule with part of one of the bulls and walked barefoot to camp during the night through an infernal rough, rocky, prickly, bruisy, swampy, woody hole."

For the next few weeks he traveled in rough and unmapped country on the Malad and the Malheur and other streams. On September 2nd he finally reached Fort Walla Walla where he found Captain Stewart and Jason Lee and his party. From there he went down the Columbia to Vancouver and later made a trip down the Willamette Valley, looking up the prospects of trade and beaver trapping. In his traveling in the Oregon country he records all sorts of adventures and misad-

ventures such as getting in trouble with the Indians because he and his men burned the wood used to cover the bodies of their dead.

He records lack of game and killing horses or dogs to eat, also eating sandhill cranes. Frequently the horses became lame and had to be abandoned. His men were dissatisfied, the canoes struck hidden rocks in the river and goods were lost and men drowned, but through it all this sturdy Yankee kept up his courage. He is a keen observer and his journal though illiterate and misspelled, gives a clear picture of Indian life and conditions of that day. He traveled from tribe to tribe, camping with the Indians, to secure their good will.

In describing one of his camps with the Indians, he says: "Every morning some important Indian addresses either heaven or his countrymen or both, exhorting his fellows to good conduct to each other and to the strangers among them and heaven to bestow its blessing upon them. Sunday there is parade and prayer. Nothing is done Sunday in the way of trade with these Indians, nor do they play games and they seldom fish or kill game or raise camp. While prayers are being said on week days, everyone ceases whatever he is about and if on horseback dismounts and holds his horse on the spot until all is done. I have never known of an instance of a theft among these Indians. The least thing, even to a bead or a pin is brought to you if found, and things

we throw away are brought back to us, which is sometimes troublesome.

"I have never seen an Indian get in anger with each other or strangers. I think you would find among 20 whites as many scoundrels as among 1,000 of these Indians. They have a mild, playful, laughing disposition and their qualities are strong portrayed in their countenances. They are polite and unobtrusive and however poor, never beg. They are moderate and faithful but not industrious. They are very brave and fight the Blackfeet who continually steal their horses. They wear as little clothing as the weather will permit.

"The women are very modest and chaste. The young women are good looking and with dress and cleanliness would be lovely. Today about 100 of them with their root diggers in their hands, went out in single file to get roots. They stayed about two hours, returning in the same order, passing the chief's lodge. It is evidently a ceremony, but the import I could not learn.

"I find Indian camps places of much novelty. The Indians appear to enjoy their amusements with more zest than do the whites. They are great gamblers and in proportion to their means, bolder than the whites. . . . Some Indians who were gambling for a gun discharged it before laying it on the stakes. This gave the horses a fright and one frightens another in those cases, until all are alarmed. The running of those that have got loose, the snorting, stamping and rearing of those that

cannot, when there are more than 1,500 in camp, the howling of the dogs, the running of the men, the contrast of the firelights with the darkness, make a scene of confusion worth being recollected."

Under date of June 9th he writes: "Three Nez Perces arrived at our camp. We find that Payette will meet us at the forks. This day a bull buffalo was run into camp, which I shot at my lodge door. Today an Indian was running bulls. He turned, the horse stopped and threw him. The bull gored him in his chest so that his breath came through the aperture in his chest. By the help of the women he reached camp. When Mr. Ermatinger dressed the wound, he very composedly made his will by word of mouth, the Indians responding in concord, at the end of each sentence. He appeared not in the least intimidated by the approach of death.

"I think the Indians die better than the whites. Perhaps they have less superstition in regard to the future and argue that as the deity makes them happy here, he will also hereafter."

In another place Captain Wyeth writes in his journal, "When I was about loading the horses, I found that Ira Long was sick and a Kanaka whom we had supposed crazy, was missing. I am at a stand to make up my mind whether he went out of camp and died suddenly or drowned in the river or ran off. What he should run off for, no one can conceive as no duty has been required of him and he had tea and such luxuries given him on ac-

count of sickness, that no one else had. It is a very strange affair to me. Today I hear that one of the two Kanakas who went down the river in a canoe, has been killed by the Indians, for killing Indian horses. I also hear that six of my runaways are on the heads of John Day's river. We live on dogs chiefly. Had good luck today. Traded for four."

In another place he records: "All the dog meat which we have brought with us, is now eaten. We have four bushels of rice and some flour in camp and a little dog grease. We have but ten pounds of powder and that damaged. Traded two horses, one of which cost me 82½ cents worth of beads."

On January 1, 1835, after incredible labor, they towed one of their canoes up a long rapid and as they got to the head of the rapid, the canoe broke loose, and rushed on down through the rapids. They finally recovered it and pulled it up through the rapid again, getting at the head of the rapid by nightfall. They killed a fat goose which they had for dinner, and set their beaver traps so they could have some beaver for breakfast.

On the 11th he camped in the snow and says: "The thoughts that have run through my brain while I have been lying here in the snow, would fill a volume. But of such matter as is never put into a volume. My infancy, youth, my friends, my faults, manhood's troubled stream, its vagaries, its aloes mixed with the gall of bitterness, its results, namely, lying under a blanket, per-

haps thousands of miles from a friend, the blast howling about, smothered in snow, poor and in debt, and not getting out of it, despised for a visionary, nearly naked, but there is one good thing, plenty to eat, good health and heart."

In spite of being ragged and in debt, and lying out in the snow on the banks of the Columbia, he could give thanks when they had horse meat, dog, sandhill cranes or swans to eat. He says, "Last night killed a swan, which would weigh, I should think, 35 pounds. Too fat to eat. The one we ate yesterday yielded two quarts of oil more than we could eat with it. These birds are delicious. It is strange that one swan only does two of us for two meals. They don't eat so much in the states. Snowed four inches last night. I hauled the canoe, wading in the water waist deep, about three hours. Got quite numb. Got through with it. Last night excessively cold. The cracking of the trees kept me awake part of the night." On the 16th of January, he says: "The river scum over with drift ice. There is four foot of snow here. Killed four ducks and one swan today. The latter would weigh at least 45 pounds." Next day they moved camp downstream a mile to join Richardson and Robinson. Captain Wyeth says: "The latter had frozen his toes and fingers. The former was unwell with a numbness in his hips."

The next day they ran some more rapids and Captain Wyeth says: "I attempted to run the boat, the bow struck

a rock I did not see, she swung around, filled at once and commenced whirling over like a top. I hung to her and passed without further damage than mashing both of my feet severely between the boat and a rock. Was in much pain all day." The following day they abandoned the boat, cached all their goods except their blankets, books, ammunition, axe and kettles, and making up 60 pound packs, started afoot over the snow.

Captain Wyeth records that while he is sore-footed, yet he has a full belly, so he should be happy. A little later he traded six knives for six dogs. On February 12th he reached Vancouver, where he was hospitably received and where he found 7 of his runaway Kanakas. Finding it impossible to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company, Captain Wyeth sold his goods and furs to Dr. McLoughlin and returned to the states. Dr. McLoughlin sent Tom McKay and John McLeod to take over the trading post at Fort Hall.

Captain Wyeth met nothing but hard luck in his various enterprises, so on September 6, 1835, writing from Fort William, to Frederick Tudor, he says: "I have not received one letter from the states since I left. This business has not been successful in any of its branches. Therefore, it will terminate soon. If I meet with no fatal accident, I shall be in Boston by November 1, 1836, and if any opening opens, adequate to my wants, I shall not after, leave it. I need not disguise from you that I must have a living somewhere and that

there is no kind of business for which I am in any way competent, except my original vocation, which I so heartily detest that I will lose my scalp before I will reengage in it. The business I am in must be closed—not that it might not be made a good one, but because those who are now engaged in it, are not the men to make it so. Since writing you last, we have lost by drowning, scalping, etc., 14 persons, none of them by natural death."

On September 22, 1835, writing to his wife, Captain Wyeth says: "I have been very sick but have got well, and shall be on my way to the mountains to winter at Fort Hall in about six days. I expect to be home the first of November 1836. We have lost by drowning and disease and warfare, 17 persons to date and 14 are now sick. Keep up your spirits, my dear wife, for I expect when I come home, to stop there. Although I shall be poor, yet we can always live. I hope to find my trees growing when I come, and all things comfortable. I think this will be the last until I see you. Give my respects to your mother and Aunt Rebecca and my love to sister Mary and brother Perry. Believe me, your affectionate husband, N. J. W."

On November 16, 1850, about 15 years after Captain Wyeth's return to Boston, Samuel R. Thurston, Oregon's first delegate to congress, wrote him as follows: "Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, My dear sir: You will excuse me I am sure, when I assure you that I am from

Oregon and a delegate to the congress of the United States, for addressing you for a purpose of interest to the country, to which I belong. I desire you to give me as correct a description as you can at this late period, of the manner in which you and your party and your enterprise in Oregon were treated by the Hudson's Bay Company, and particularly by Dr. John McLoughlin, then its chief factor. This Dr. McLoughlin has, since you left the country, rendered his name odious among the people of Oregon, by his endeavors to prevent the settlement of the country and to cripple its growth. Now he wants a few favors of our government. He pretends that he has been a long tried friend of Americans and American enterprise west of the mountains. Your early reply will be highly appreciated, both for its information and your relation to my country. I am sir, yours very truly, S. R. Thurston."

Thurston and a group of his associates were trying to discredit Dr. McLoughlin, so as to secure the land claim he had taken up at the falls of the Willamette.

In answer to Thurston's letter Captain Wyeth wrote as follows: "Cambridge, November 21, 1850. Honorable Samuel R. Thurston, Dear sir: Your favor of the 16th inst., was received on the 19th. The first time I visited the Columbia, in the autumn of 1832, I reached Vancouver with a disorganized party of 10 persons, a remnant of 24 who left the states. Wholly worn out and disheartened, we were received cordially and liber-

ally supplied and there the party broke up. I returned to the states in the spring of 1833, with one man. One of my party, John Ball, remained and planted wheat on the Willamette a little above camp du Sable, having been supplied with seed and implements from Vancouver, then under the charge of John McLouglin, Esq., and this gentleman I believe to have been the first American who planted wheat in Oregon. I returned to the country in the autumn of 1834 with a large party and more means, having on the way built Fort Hall, and there met a brig which I sent around the Horn. In the winter and spring of 1835 I planted wheat on Willamette and Wappatoo Islands. The suffering and distress of the early American visitors and settlers on the Columbia, were always treated by Hudson's Bay Company's agent and particularly so by John McLoughlin, Esq., with consideration and kindness, more particularly the Methodists missionaries whom I brought out in the autumn of 1834. He supplied them with the means of transportation, seeds, implements of agriculture and building, cattle and food for a long time. . . . I am your obedient servant, Nathaniel J. Wyeth."

X

JOHN BALL—OREGON'S PIONEER SCHOOL TEACHER

Upon the arrival of Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth at Fort Vancouver, on his first trip to the Oregon country, he planned to return to the states and come out with a larger party and ship trading goods, so he released the few men who had come with him. Captain Wyeth and John Ball went by canoe to Astoria, to see the ocean. In John Ball's journal, he says: "I urged the men of our party to go with me, but all declined, so I went alone to look at the broad Pacific, with nothing between me and Japan. Standing on the brink of the great Pacific, with the waves washing my feet was the happiest hour of my long journey. There I watched until the sun sank beneath the water. Then by the light of the moon, I returned to camp, feeling I had not crossed the continent in vain."

At about the same time Captain Wyeth recorded in his journal: "On my return from Fort George at the mouth of the Columbia, my men came forward and unanimously desired to be released from their engagement, with a view to returning home as soon as possible and toward that end to remain here and work for a maintenance until an opportunity should occur. I could not

refuse—they had already suffered much and our number was so small that the prospect of remuneration to them was very small. I have therefore now no men. These last were Mr. Ball, Woodman, Sinclair, Breck, Abbott, and Tibbetts. They were all good men and persevered as long as perseverance would do any good."

John Ball has the distinction of being the first school-teacher in the Oregon country. When he was born in 1794, the United States claimed a population of four million people. He was born on a rocky hillside farm in New England and was the tenth child. Sarah, his oldest sister was 20 years his senior. He spent his boyhood working on the farm. There was no spare time for play for whenever there was no farm work to be done, the children picked up stones in the plowed fields, and carried them to the border line of the farm, to be used in making stone fences. To make a living for a large family from the granite hills of New England, meant that as soon as the children were old enough to work, they went to work. Only two holidays were celebrated, the 4th of July and Thanksgiving Day. Christmas was regarded as a pagan holiday, and was not celebrated.

John Ball's father had but little education, while his mother was fond of reading. On winter evenings, by the light from the fireplace or by the light of a guttering candle, John Ball started his education by reading the bible, Watt's hymn book, Webster's blue-backed spelling book, Morse's geography and Adam's arithmetic.

Each winter the children went to school for from four to eight weeks.

Once a year his father took butter, cheese and other products of the farm to Boston to barter for the year's supply of groceries. In those days most of the living came from the farm and consisted of Indian bread, rye bread, pork and beans, pumpkin and apple pie and small game,—squirrels, rabbits, birds and an occasional deer. The clothing was made almost entirely on the farm, the wool being spun on a large spinning wheel, while the linen was made on a little foot wheel. The yarn was woven on a hand loom. The women of the household bleached the linen, making sheets, shirts, tablecloths and towels. When a family could afford it, a traveling tailor came to the house to make clothing for the men from the woolen cloth the women had woven.

The Ball family belonged to the Congregational church. They were strong partisans of Reverend Page until at the time of Jefferson's election, he preached a sermon commending Jefferson. This gave great offense to his congregation. They thought the preacher had no right to interfere in politics. One of the leading church members voiced the sentiment of many of his fellow members when he said, "Mr. Page we employ you to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, but you preach Thomas Jefferson and him justified."

As was the custom at that time, the head of the house claimed the services of all the children till they reached

their 21st birthday. John Ball attended a private school kept by Reverend Rolph at Groton. This school was four miles by the bridle path over the mountain, and John Ball made this trip daily throughout one fall and winter. The following year he taught writing school and later secured a position teaching a district school in Vermont.

After teaching for a year or so, he went to Salisbury Academy at Franklin, New Hampshire, where he studied Latin and Greek. The principal of the academy recommended John Ball as a fit student to President Brown of Dartmouth college. In those days the president of Dartmouth college traveled throughout New England to meet and examine the students who desired to go to Dartmouth. In spite of the fact that John Ball had attended school but four years, President Brown passed favorably upon his application.

For the greater part of the time he was at Dartmouth, Mr. Ball batched, as he could not afford to board. Jasper Newton, his roommate, frequently took Ball to his home so they could have a change of diet from their own cooking. The Newton family consisted of 16 children, six daughters and ten sons. None of the boys were less than six feet high. Jasper, Ball's roommate, was six feet four inches in height.

After graduating from Dartmouth, John Ball read law for two years and then went to Darien, Georgia, where he spent the winter of 1822–23 teaching school. In the

summer of 1824 he was admitted to the bar and shortly thereafter was appointed justice of the peace.

On account of the death of his brother-in-law, who owned an oilcloth factory, he gave up the law and took charge of the factory. The problem was not to make the oilcloth, but to sell it, so leaving the foreman in charge of the factory, Ball became traveling salesman, traveling, with good success, all over New England and the South.

When his sister took a partner in the oilcloth business, Ball decided to go with Hall J. Kelley to Oregon. When Kelley's plans came to grief, John Ball wrote to Nathaniel J. Wyeth who under date of February 10, 1832, answered from Cambridge, as follows: "Your favor of February 8th is at hand. What Mr. Kelley tells you is not the truth. It is true that I once proposed to join his expedition, but I relinquished the idea when they joined their two expeditions into one for I consider it impracticable and inhuman to attempt the passage across the continent with a party composed of men, women and children. The undertaking is enough for men.

"Your observation in regard to salmon fishing is good and a strong effort will be made to arrive in season, to avail ourselves of it, to procure food for the winter. I see no probability that Mr. Kelley's party will move at present. They have made no preparation as yet, nor do I believe that they can ever make provision for moving such a mass as they propose. My party will leave Boston early in March. We have now nearly enough men,

but any number of suitable persons will be received on the conditions named in my letter to Mr. Bache.

"Please use this letter as one of introduction to Charles Wyeth of the firm of Wyeth and Norris, merchants in Baltimore. He is my brother and has some general knowledge of my plans. This gentleman will leave Baltimore for New York about the 25th inst., after which time he may be found at Messrs. Cripps & Wyeth in Pearl street. Mr. Leonard I. Weyth of the last named firm, would also give you information on this subject which he may possess. He is also a brother of mine. If you conclude to join our expedition, please give me early notice. Bear in mind that there will be no avoidable delay in setting out."

That winter John Ball visited New York City to learn all he could from the employees of John Jacob Astor about the Oregon country. Here he met Mr. Seaton, who helped establish Astoria, and Ramsey Crooks, who had been a member of the overland expedition sent by Astor to the mouth of the Columbia river. At Washington, D. C., he interviewed General Ashley who had been in the fur trade for years and was familiar with the country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. General Ashley had sold out his fur business to William Sublette of St. Louis and when Ball visited him, General Ashley was a member of congress.

John Ball went to Baltimore, where he joined Captain Nathaniel Wyeth and his party. They traveled

from Baltimore to Frederick on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which was operated by horsepower. This railroad was 60 miles in length and at that time was the longest railroad in the United States. They went on foot from Frederick to Monongahela, where they took a steamboat for Pittsburg. At Pittsburg they changed steamers for St. Louis. On the trip down the river, John Ball spent much of his time in conversation with Reverend Lyman Beecher. They stopped for a few days in Cincinnati, at that time a village.

At St. Louis they took a boat up the river to join William Sublette. On this boat were a large number of soldiers who were going up the river to fight Black Hawk. At Independence, Missouri, they joined William Sublette's party. Mr. Campbell's party from St. Louis, also joined the Sublette party at Independence, so that when they were ready to start for the Rocky Mountains there were more than 80 men and 300 horses in the party. The last white settlement they came to was a settlement of Mormons who had recently settled there. The last white man they saw, aside from members of their own party, was a gunsmith who was plying his trade among the Indians on the Kansas River, at about where the town of Topeka was later built.

Shortly after leaving the prairies of Kansas they overtook Captain Bonneville, who had obtained a leave of absence from the army and was on a trapping and trading expedition.

Early in June they reached the forks of the Platte River, where they came across the first buffalo. They depended for food upon buffalo for the greater part of their journey. The camps were always made in the form of a hollow square, of which the stream formed one side. The horses were hobbled, turned loose and just before dusk, Mr. Sublette would call out, "Ketch up, Ketch up," and the horses would be brought in and tied to stakes. They were guarded all night. At daybreak Mr. Sublette would call out, "Turn out, Turn out," and the horses were allowed to graze until the men had eaten breakfast, after which the horses were caught, saddled, the packs put on, and those who were ready first formed at the head of the line. They crossed the Laramie River at about where Fort Laramie was later built. They crossed the Rocky Mountains by the South Pass.

On the 4th of July they struck the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia. They camped at Pierre's Hole to await the arrival of the mountain men and trappers. Here were gathered Sublette's trappers, also some traders and trappers of the American Fur Company and also two large companies of Nez Perce and Flathead Indians. They had brought with them about 600 horses and a large amount of furs to trade. Sublette and his party purchased a number of strong, fat Indian ponies, the price being a blanket and a knife for each pony. There were about 200 white men and several times that number of Indians who spent two weeks together at Pierre's

Hole. Mr. Ball was struck with the fact that the horses they had bought from the Indians would get away and join the Indian herd of horses, but each time the Indians would catch the horses they had sold and return them to the white men.

Mr. Sublette took back to St. Louis with him seventy large packhorse loads of beaver worth about $50,000 in the New York market. Most of Mr. Wyeth's party, who had never before been far from Boston, decided to return to Boston, so he was left with the twelve men of his original party. Milton Sublette, with a party of trappers, half-breeds, and Indians, planned to trap far to the westward, so Mr. Wyeth, Mr. Ball and their party joined them. Shortly after they had started, Antoine, a half-breed with the Sublette party, went out to meet a party of Blackfeet. Antoine's father had been killed by the Blackfeet, so he watched his chance, and while talking to the Blackfoot chief he killed him and rode back full speed to camp. The Blackfeet attacked Sublette's party and in the course of the fight six white trappers and a number of friendly Indians were killed and others were wounded. They camped near where Fort Hall was later built. Sixteen free trappers in the party decided to trap down the Humboldt River while Frapp and the other trappers in Sublette's party turned back.

Nathaniel Wyeth, with Mr. Ball and the ten other members of the Wyeth party, turned northward, leaving Milton Sublette on August 28th. They were heading for

the Lewis River, which they planned to follow to the junction of the Columbia. Meeting a band of Shoshone Indians, they traded awls and knives for salmon. One of the Indians made a map with his finger in the sand, indicating trails and rivers and showing the exact location of Walla Walla. When they came to the Blue Mountains they were out of food so they killed one of the thin old horses to eat. Nathaniel Wyeth with four of the men, mounted on the best horses, started for Walla Walla, while the rest of the party came on more slowly. Fort Walla Walla at that time consisted of a stockade of upright timbers about fifteen feet high.

At Fort Walla Walla they secured a boat and hired two Canadians to take them down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver. Some friendly Indians on the banks of the Columbia gave them a young horse which they killed and ate for supper. At The Dalles they found the Indians mourning over the death of many of their people from fever. They stopped over night at the Hudson's Bay sawmill, which was run by a member of the Astor party.

The following day, on October 29th, they arrived at Fort Vancouver. Nathaniel Wyeth, Mr. Ball and the rest of the party were received in the most hospitable manner by Dr. McLoughlin, and invited to make Fort Vancouver their home. Some of the party, including Mr. Ball, paddled down the Columbia to Fort Astoria. Here Mr. Ball was particularly struck with the tremen-

dous height and size of the trees. From Astoria he went to Clatsop Point, where he reached the broad Pacific, the end of his journey.

The members of Nathaniel Wyeth's party had lived on meat almost exclusively for many months and when they reached Fort Vancouver and were given vegetables, one of the men ate so heartily that he took the colic from eating too many peas and died that night. Nathaniel Wyeth and Mr. Ball were invited by Dr. John McLoughlin to eat at his table and to occupy rooms in the fort.

In speaking of his reception at Fort Vancouver, Mr. Ball says: "We were received at the fort as guests, without talk of pay. Not liking to live gratis, I asked the doctor, as he was called, being a physician, for some employment. He told me I was a guest. He did not expect to set me to work, but after further urging he said, if I was willing, he would like to have me teach his son and other boys about the fort. I, of course, gladly accepted the offer, so he sent the boys to my room to be instructed. They were all half-breed boys, of course, for there was not then a white woman in Oregon. The doctor's wife was a Chippewa woman from Lake Superior. Then there was a Mrs. Douglas, a half-breed woman from Hudson's Bay. I found the boys docile and attentive and making good progress for they are precocious. The old doctor used to come in to see the school and seemed much pleased and well satisfied. He

said, 'Ball, anyway, you will have the reputation of teaching the first academy in Oregon.'

"The gentlemen in the fort were pleasant and intelligent, a circle of a dozen or more usually at the well provided table, where there was much formality. They consisted of partners, clerks, captains of vessels and the like. Men waited on the table and probably cooked. We saw nothing or little of their women except on Sundays, when they were out for horseback rides at which they excel.

"The boundary had not then been settled beyond the mountains and the papers claimed that the Columbia River would be the boundary and they called the country south of the river the American side. The fur trade was their business. If an American vessel came to the river or on to the coast for trade, they would at once bid up on furs to a ruinous price, ten times their usual tariff. They got a bull and six or seven cow from California. In seven years they had about 400 cattle. They had turned the prairies into wheat fields and had much beyond their wants and they made good flour. Salmon was so abundant that men would throw it away to get imported salt beef, for they had not yet killed any of their own raising. The wheat was green all winter. There was no snow. The summers are so cool that harvest did not come till the last of July or the first of August.

"Next spring Mr. Wyeth and two of his men returned

home across the mountains. The other members of Wyeth's party went into the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. I wrote to my friends in New Hampshire and New York, sending the letters by the Hudson Express that leaves Fort Vancouver in March, goes north by the main branch of the Columbia to about 52 degrees of latitude, thence by men on snowshoes over the mountains, for about two weeks, to where they take bark canoes on the LaBashe that flows into the Arctic Ocean. Descending that a distance, they make a short portage to Fort Edmonton on to the Saskachewan, and down that to Lake Winnipeg, and by its outlet to Nelson and to Hudson Bay, thence to Montreal, from which place my letters were sent to my friends so that they got them in September.

"Though urged by Doctor McLoughlin to continue the school, I determined to go farming, believing that others would come soon to settle. When I learned that some of the company's men had turned farmers and settled on the Willamette River, I went there to see the country and I found it very inviting. When the Doctor found I was bent on going to farming, he kindly told me he would lend me farming utensils, seed for sowing, and as many horses as I chose to break in for a team. I took seeds and implements by boat, getting help up the Willamette to the falls, where Oregon City now is, passing the site where Portland stands. I at first

stopped at one of the settler's, with two wives. His name is J. B. Desports. Yes, he had two wives, seven children, and cats and dogs numberless.

"I caught from the prairie a span of horses only used to the saddle. I made a harness for them and put them to work. I stuffed some deer skins sewed in due form, for collars, fitted crooked oak limbs around the collars, tied top and bottom with elk skin strings. To these I tied straps of hide for tugs, which I tied to the end of the stick for a whiffletree, to the center of which I tied a drag made from the crotch of a tree. On this crude contrivance I drew out logs for a cabin, which, when I had laid up and put up rafters, I covered with bark peeled from cedar trees. The bark covering for my roof was secured by poles tied with strings made of willow withes. From split plank I made a bedstead and a table, and so I dwelt in a house of fir and cedar. With the aid of my neighbors and their teams, I broke a large field of rich prairie land and closed the same with fencing and sowed and planted my farm. My farm abutted for half a mile on the river. My family consisted for a part of the time of Mr. Sinclair, one of my mountain companions, and a young wild native to catch my horses. I got meal from the fort to make my bread. My meat was venison or salmon from the falls.

"I found it a lonely life and, not seeing when it was likely to be less so, no emigrants arriving, I began to think I might as well leave. The Willamette Valley is

a fine country, being a valley watered by a stream of that name. The valley is 50 miles wide by 150 miles long with the coast range on the west and the towering Cascade range on the east, crowned by Mount Hood, which on the bright summer days is ever in sight. I was near the river, handy for a bath, and but a short distance from my house was a fine cool spring, from which I got my water. The company being about to send a vessel to the Bay of San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, I exchanged my crop for a passage in their boat.

"On the 20th of September, 1833, I quit my home on the Willamette with something of regret. When I got down to the falls, I asked the chief of the band for two of his men to row me to the fort, but he told me that all of his men were either sick or dead, so Mr. Sinclair and I had to wearily paddle our own canoe. After some delay at Fort Vancouver, the ship *Dryad* made sail down the Columbia, with Mr. Douglas, a botanist, also Mr. Finlayson, myself, Mr. Sinclair and two others of Nathaniel Wyeth's party. We stopped at Astoria, or Fort George, as they call it, for some time.

"On October 18th we sailed from Astoria, and on November 4th entered what is now known as the Golden Gate. A mile or two beyond and back from the bay was a mission called Dolores Mission, consisting of adobe buildings. On the opposite side of the bay were some farms."

From the Golden Gate, Mr. Ball went to the Sand-

wich Islands, where he took passage on the whaling ship *Nautilus*, which was bound for New Bedford. They left on January 6, 1834. They stopped at the Society Islands made a trip around the Horn, and put in at Rio de Janeiro, where Mr. Ball secured a position as clerk on board the man of war *Boxer*, which mounted ten guns and was commanded by Lieutenant Farragut, who later became commodore. A day or two later the *Boxer* sailed for the United States and thirty-seven days later it came to anchor in Hampton Roads.

Returning to New York, Mr. Ball was restless, and in a short time he went to Detroit, where he was shortly thereafter nominated and elected as a representative to the legislature. He resumed his practice of law at Grand Rapids, devoting a good deal of his time to land matters. Mr. Ball died on February 3, 1884.

XI

JEDEDIAH S. SMITH, TRAPPER, EXPLORER AND ADVENTURER

JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH has been drifting dust for almost a hundred years. He was killed by the Indians when he was 33 years old. Young as he was when he met his death few men knew the west as intimately as he did. He was a trapper, an explorer, and adventurer —he was the first white man to enter Oregon by the southern route. He knew Jim Bridger, John Colter, William Sublette, Kit Carson, Pierre Choteau, David Jackson, Manuel Lisa, General Ashley, Andrew Henry, Hugh Glass, Joshua Pilcher, John Day, Peter Skene Ogden, Joe Meek, Tom McKay, John Luttig and all that brave company of fur trappers, mountain men and traders who matched their wits against the Blackfeet, the Arikaras, the Snakes and other Indian tribes between 1810 and 1843. Jedediah Smith belongs to the period of exploration and discovery of the West. Most of these adventurers left no record of their travels. Here and there a river, a mountain or a city perpetuates their memories, but for the most part, they lie in unmarked graves.

Jedediah Smith was born at Bainbridge, New York, June 24, 1798. He was one of 14 children. His father, for whom he was named, was born in New Hampshire. When Jedediah Smith was 13 years old, he landed a job as freight clerk on a boat on the Great Lakes. Here he came into contact with the trappers and traders, who made their headquarters at Montreal. After a few years on the lakes, he went to St. Louis, where he came in touch with the American fur traders and trappers who made St. Louis their headquarters.

Jedediah Smith is a part of Oregon's history, for he brought the first party of white men into the Willamette Valley by way of southern Oregon, 101 years ago.

He was a most unusual young man—unusual for his courage at a time when it was a part of the day's work for men to take their lives in their hands—and unusual for his leadership. He not only possessed physical courage, but he had a high degree of moral courage, as is evidenced by the fact that he lived his religion seven days a week and 365 days a year. During the years that Smith adventured over the west, his two inseparable companions were his Bible and his rifle. Like Kit Carson, his manner was quiet and unassuming and his voice was low, but behind this unassuming manner, was a dauntless courage, which caused his fellow trappers not only to respect him but to be devoted to him.

On March 20, 1822, General William H. Ashley pub-

lished an advertisement in the Missouri Republican of St. Louis, addressed "to enterprising young men." He offered employment for from two to three years to 100 "enterprising young men" who wanted to ascend the Missouri River to its source in a hunting and trapping party under the command of Major Andrew Henry.

As it was under General Ashley's tutelage that Smith received his early training in the fur trade, it will be interesting to find out what sort of a man Smith's employer was. General Ashley was born in Virginia in 1778. He moved to St. Louis in 1808. He was one of the first men to do surveying in the Ozark Mountains. While on one of his surveying trips, he discovered what was later known as Ashley's Cave, on Cave Creek in Texas County, Missouri. Here he erected a plant for the extraction of saltpetre from the potassium nitrate in the cave. At the village of Potosi, 80 miles distant, there was a gunpowder factory to which Ashley hauled his saltpetre. His old account book shows that from December 1816 to June 1818, he hauled 60,000 lbs. of saltpetre to Potosi, for which he was paid $30,000.

Major Andrew Henry who had been a member of the Missouri Fur Company and had been engaged in trapping as early as 1811, had moved to Potosi, where he was mining for lead. Moses Austin, who later achieved fame in Texas, had come to Missouri in 1798 the year Smith was born and erected a smelter employing scientific methods of extracting lead from the ore. He had

done well in the War of 1812, as there was a heavy demand for lead. Major Andrew Henry worked Henry's Diggings until about 1818.

Moses Austin, Major Andrew Henry and William Henry Ashley were three of the most prominent citizens of the village of Potosi. Ashley, in 1813, had become a captain in the Missouri militia. By 1819 he had become colonel and in 1822 a general. The year prior to this, he had become lieutenant governor of Missouri territory. He was heavily in debt and anxious to engage in some enterprise that would pay his debts, so he and Henry decided to go into the fur business.

In the spring of 1822 they ascended the Missouri River with a large number of young adventurers, among whom were James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Etienne Provot, and William Sublette. Major Andrew Henry was in charge of the party. General Ashley went with them as far as the Mouth of the Yellowstone, where a trading post was erected.

General Ashley returned to St. Louis to organize another party, leaving Major Henry to trap and trade for beavers in the country of the Blackfeet. Major Henry lost one of the two keel boats in which about $10,000 worth of trade goods was being carried. After the trappers has scattered out, the Blackfeet Indians attacked a party of 11 killing four of them. The Assiniboines stole 50 of their horses. There was no lack of adventure and danger in the trapping of beaver.

On March 10, 1823, General Ashley sent out his second expedition in two keel boats, one named the *Rocky Mountain*, the other the *Yellowstone Packet*. Among the members of this party were Jedediah S. Smith, William L. Sublette and David E. Jackson, three men who were destined to write their names large in the history of the fur trade.

The previous year the members of the Missouri Fur Company had had a brush with the Arikaras, killing two of them. The Arikaras had sworn vengeance. General Ashley anchored his keel boats in the stream below the village of the Arikaras. He held a council with them and they professed to be friendly. He bought 40 horses from them to send to Major Henry to replace those that had been stolen by the Indians. About 40 of Ashley's trappers, who were planning to go overland to join Henry, were camped on the river bank. At daylight next morning the Indians attacked the men on the river bank. Many of the recruits were absolutely unexperienced in Indian warfare. Within a few minutes 13 of them were killed and 11 wounded.

Jedediah Smith and David E. Jackson fought until most of the horses were killed. Meanwhile General Ashley in his keelboats, was urging the men to row the boats to where the fight was in progress to assist the men who were being attacked, but the men in the keelboats were panic-stricken and when a number of the rowers had been wounded by arrows, they refused to approach

the shore. General Ashley called to the men on shore to swim out to the boats. Smith and Jackson, fighting as they retreated to the river's edge, succeeded in swimming out to the boats, in spite of the heavy fire directed at them by the Indians, from the rifles that they had purchased from Ashley on the preceding day.

The two keelboats dropped downstream and a landing was made on the opposite side of the river, in some timber. General Ashley ordered his men to row up the river, past the Indian village, but the men mutinied and refused to go unless they were reinforced. He then called for volunteers to go onward, but only 30 volunteered, so, manning the *Yellowstone Packet*, he placed aboard it the men who were badly wounded and placing one of his trusted men in charge, directed him to go to Fort Atkinson, near Council Bluffs, a distanee of about 450 miles down the river.

It was necessary to send a courier to Major Henry to ask him to send reinforcements. Not wishing to send a man to what looked like certain death, he asked for volunteers. Jedediah Smith stepped forward and volunteered to attempt to take the message through to Major Henry. An older man, a French Canadian, volunteered to go with him.

General Ashley and his party dropped down the river with their keelboat, to the mouth of the Cheyenne River, where they camped to await reinforcements from Major Henry. Smith and his French Canadian comrade made

their way northward through a country infested with hostile Indians, from whom they had several narrow escapes to where Major Henry was camped at the mouth of the Yellowstone River.

Leaving 20 men in charge of the trading goods and the horses, Major Henry, with the rest of his force, came down the Missouri and joined General Ashley. The *Yellowstone Packet* reached Fort Atkinson on June 18th and that same day an express also came in informing Colonel Leavenworth that Immel and Jones, leaders of the Missouri Fur Company's party, with most of their men, had been killed by the Indians on the Yellowstone.

Colonel Leavenworth sent six companies of the 6th regiment, with two 6 pound cannon and supplies, in three keelboats, to escort General Ashley up the river and to meet and punish the Indians. Joshua Pilcher, with 60 men of the Missouri Fur Company and two keelboats joined Colonel Leavenworth's force. At Fort Recovery they were joined by a band of Yankton Sioux and a few days later by over 200 more Sioux. General Ashley and Major Henry had moved their camp to the mouth of the Teton River.

Colonel Leavenworth reached General Ashley's camp about the first of August. General Ashley organized his trappers into two companies. Jedediah Smith was captain of one of the companies and Hiram Scott of the other. About the only real damage done in the fight that ensued was by the Sioux Indians. They had joined the

soldiers, hoping to see their old enemies, the Arikaras thoroughly whipped, but when the Arikaras saw that they were being attacked by at least 1,100 white men with a considerable number of Sioux Indians, they asked to hold a peace council. Eleven of the Indians with five of the army officers and General Ashley signed a treaty providing that the Missouri River should be free and unobstructed and that the Indians should no longer attack parties of trappers coming up or down the Missouri.

The Sioux Indians, who had stood the brunt of the fighting, withdrew in disgust. Major Joshua Pilcher put himself on record by writing to Colonel Leavenworth as follows: "You came to restore peace and tranquillity to the country and to leave an impression which would insure its continuance. Your operations have been such as to produce a contrary effect, and to impress the different Indian tribes with the greatest possible contempt for the American character. You came, to use your own words, to 'open and make good this great road,'—instead of which you have, by the imbecility of your conduct and operations, created impassable barriers."

General Ashley returned to St. Louis and Major Henry returned to the mouth of the Yellowstone to spend the winter. It was a remarkable group of men who were gathered with Major Henry at the mouth of the Yellowstone. Among them were Edward Rose, Ezekiel Williams, Louis Vasquez, James Bridger, Wil-

liam L. Sublette, Jedediah Smith, David E. Jackson, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Hugh Glass, and others who later became famous.

It was a rough apprenticeship for many of the "enterprising young men" who had answered General Ashley's advertisement in the *Missouri Republican*. The Arikaras cut off and killed two of the trappers, the Gros Ventres attacked them and killed four more of their men, the Blackfeet stole 22 of their horses, Hugh Glass was so badly mangled by a grizzly bear that he was unable to travel, so Major Henry detached Fitzgerald and a young man of 17 years of age to stay with Glass until he recovered so he could travel, or if he died, to stay with him and bury him. Fitzgerald and the young man with him did not like the idea of staying with the wounded man on account of the danger of having their scalps lifted. They did not have the heart to kill him, so taking his rifle and powder horn and stripping him of his other belongings, they hurried on to overtake Major Henry's party, leaving Glass to die of his wounds, to be killed by Indians or to be eaten by the wolves. They reported that he had died. Glass had been unconscious when they left. When he came to, he crawled to a spring and by eating berries near the spring and drinking the spring water, recovered sufficient strength to be able to crawl. Finally, though his wounds were unhealed, he walked and crawled over 100 miles to Fort Kiowa on the Missouri River. Here he found a party

of trappers of the Missouri Fur Company who were bound for the Yellowstone. He could have gone on down the river to St. Louis, but he had sworn to have revenge on his two cowardly companions who had abandoned him to his fate. He could not keep up with his new found companions, and while he was making a short cut, the Arikaras attacked the rest of the party, killing all of them. Glass struggled on and finally reached Fort Tilton. Some Arikara Indians recognized him as he was approaching the fort and attacked him. He was too badly wounded to run. Two Mandan Indians on horseback, seeing the Arikaras were about to kill Glass, dashed past. One of them picked Glass up and swung Glass on his horse behind him and they reached the fort in safety. They tried to get Glass to stay at the fort until he recovered from his wounds, but he refused and pressed on. For 38 days he traveled alone through a country infested by hostile Indians, finally arriving at Major Henry's camp. To his unspeakable disappointment he found that Fitzgerald, who had left him to his fate had deserted and gone down the Missouri to Fort Atkinson. Instead of killing the 17-year-old boy who had been with Fitzgerald, he forgave him and started alone down the river to "get" the man who had deserted him. A book could be filled with the narrow escapes and adventures he had in making the trip down the river to Fort Atkinson which he reached in January 1824. Fitzgerald had enlisted in the army and had been sent

elsewhere. Glass was killed by the Indians in the winter of 1832.

During Smith's first winter, Major Henry sent out a party of 16 trappers in charge of Thomas Fitzpatrick and Smith, to trap in the Crow country. Jedediah Smith did not seem to know what fear was. When a grizzly bear attacked him, instead of giving way, he stood his ground, and before killing the bear, was badly slashed and mangled. Like Glass, he also had to be left behind, but before long he was joined by Colonel Keemle of the Missouri Fur Company, and a number of his own men. Smith, though his wounds had not yet healed, went on with them to the Big Horn.

The Crow Indians told Fitzpatrick of a pass across the Rockies, so in the spring of 1824 Fitzpatrick, Smith and their party of trappers went from the Big Horn to Wind River, crossed the South pass, thence down the Big Sandy and on to Green River. Beaver were so abundant in this new country they were able to secure large packs in a few weeks. Major Henry took the furs on hand down the Missouri to St. Louis, intending to return with additional supplies. He was not satisfied with General Ashley's management so instead of returning, he retired from the partnership and General Ashley placed Jedediah S. Smith in charge of trapping operations.

Fitzpatrick returned by way of the South Pass, to the Sweetwater, where he met Jedediah Smith enroute to

the Columbia Basin. On the Sweetwater, they made boats of skin and took their furs down the stream to the North Platte and thence into the Missouri. They were the first white men to navigate the upper waters of the Sweetwater and the North Platte. At the mouth of the Sweetwater the skin boats were capsized. They rescued part of their furs, which they cached. Fitzpatrick went with all haste to Fort Atkinson where he secured horses and accompanied by Jim Beckwourth and Robert Campbell went back to where he had left his men and the furs and brought them back to Fort Atkinson.

During the summer of 1824 Jedediah Smith commanded one division of trappers and William Sublette the other. In Sublette's group of trappers was James Bridger. Smith with his trappers, trapped around the headwaters of Green River and on to the Lewis fork of the Columbia River. From there they went to the Clark fork of the Columbia. Late that fall they ran across Pierre with a party of Iroquois, who were trapping for Alexander Ross of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Snake Indians had stolen the traps and guns of these Iroquois and also part of their furs. Smith bought what furs they had left and promised to escort the Indians to Pierre's Hole near the Three Tetons. However, while enroute to Pierre's Hole they met a search party sent out by Ross who escorted the entire party to Ross's headquarters on Salmon River in what is now Custer County,

Idaho. At this time Smith had but six trappers with him, and as it was late in the season, he decided to go with Ross to the Hudson's Bay Company's post in what is now Sanders County, Montana. They crossed the Bitter Root Mountains on November 1st, passing through Ross's Hole and reaching Flathead Post toward the end of November.

Smith was the first American since the days of Lewis and Clark, to cross the Continental Divide north and west of the three forks of the Missouri. He was the first American to explore the Columbia River basin in the upper Salmon River district since Andrew Henry had been there in 1810.

At Flathead Post Smith met Peter Skene Ogden. Next spring Ashley's trappers met near Great Salt Lake. Johnson Gardner, a free trapper who worked for General Ashley, fell in with Ogden's trappers and induced 23 of them to desert Ogden and to sell their furs to him.

General Ashley came out that summer and in place of having his men meet at a fort or trading post, had them gather at a well known rendezvous. General Ashley was the first fur trader to institute these rendezvous, where the trappers and Indians met and spent several weeks in good fellowship and trading.

When Jedediah Smith entered the fur trade, the furs were taken down the river in what were known as bull boats. These boats were made of buffalo skins stretched

while fresh over a framework of cottonwood or willow. They were of shallow draft and admirably adapted for use on the Platte and other shallow streams.

Prior to 1831 the principal mode of transporting trading goods into the Indian country was by means of keelboats, which were either poled up the river or rowed with broad sweeps and at times propelled by sails. In swift water they were cordelled. They made an average of about 15 miles a day up stream. These keelboats had a draft of about three feet, a length of from 60 to 75 feet and were about 15 feet wide. In the spring of 1831 there was launched at Louisville a steamboat named the *Yellowstone*. It was commanded by Captain B. Young and was owned by the American Fur Company. Steam soon superseded the keelboats.

Where boats could not be conveniently used, the furs were taken to the river on pack animals. General Ashley decided to see if wagons could be used, so he sent a six-pound cannon mounted on wheels and drawn by mules, with the expedition of 1827. This was undoubtedly the first wheeled vehicle to make its way over the untracked desert, as far as the Great Salt Lake.

In 1828 General Ashley realized $180,000 from the furs taken to St. Louis. The following year he sold his interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to Jedediah S. Smith, Captain William Sublette and David Jackson. The new partners in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, in place of using pack animals to

transport their furs, inaugurated the use of wagons. They were pioneers in the use of wagons, being the first to bring furs by wagon from the trapping grounds to St. Louis.

Jedediah S. Smith was the first man to cross the continent midway between the route taken by Lewis and Clark and the old Spanish trail on the south. Smith was not only a man of unquestioned courage and religious principles, but he was a man of vision. He prepared a number of maps showing the geography in detail, of districts hitherto unknown. He also wrote extensively, but unfortunately, his notebooks and maps were lost. In the fall of 1824 Smith gave a report of the country he had traveled, to General Atkinson, who embodied it in his report to the War Department.

After General Ashley's retirement from the fur company, he entered politics. He ran for United States senator in 1829 but was defeated. In 1831 Thomas Biddle killed Spencer Pettis, congressman from Missouri, in a duel, and Ashley was elected to succeed Pettis. He was re-elected and in 1835 was elected for the third term. He worked with Benton and Linn for the development of the West. In 1836 he ran for governor of Missouri but was defeated by L. W. Boggs. He died of pneumonia on March 26, 1838.

In the summer of 1826 Jedediah Smith with a party of 15 men, started from their camp near the Great Salt Lake, on a trip of exploration through the south-

west. They struck the Colorado River and followed its course until they came to a camp of Mojave Indians. After spending two weeks with these Indians, Smith and his party struck westward and arrived at San Diego in mid October. The Spaniards were suspicious of the Americans. They refused to sell Smith supplies or horses. José Maria de Echeandio, who had been a lieutenant colonel in the Mexican army and served as professor of engineering in a college in Mexico City, was stationed at the Presidio. He was the second governor of California under Mexican rule. Smith secured from him permission to travel in California. In spite of this written permission which was virtually a passport, the Spaniards were still suspicious of Smith and his party so he secured from the ship captains who happened to be on the California coast at the time, the following document: "We, the undersigned, having been requested by Jedediah S. Smith, to state our opinion regarding his entering the province of California, do not hesitate to say that we have no doubt he was compelled to do so for want of provisions and water, having entered far into the beaver country that lies between the latitudes of 42 and 43 degrees west—that he found it impossible to return by the route he came, as most of his horses had perished for want of food and water. He was therefore, under the necessity of pushing forward into California, it being the nearest place where he could procure supplies to enable him to return.

"We further state as our opinion, that the account given by him is circumstantially correct and that his sole object was the hunting and trapping of beaver and other furs.

"We also examined the passports produced by him from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs of the government of the United States of America, and do not hesitate to say that we believe them to be perfectly correct.

"We also state that in our opinion his motives for wishing to pass by a different route to the Columbia River, on his return is solely because he feels convinced that he and his companions run great risks of perishing if they return by the route they came.

"In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 20th day of December, 1826, William P. Dana, Captain of the schooner *Waverly;* William H. Cunningham, Captain of the ship *Courier;* William Henderson, Captain of the brig *Olive Branch;* James Scott and Thomas Robbins, Mates of the schooner *Waverly;* Thomas Shaw, supercargo of ship *Courier.*"

Jedediah S. Smith was the first man to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains on an overland trip from the east to the bay of San Francisco. With his certificate from the ship captains and his passport from the commandant of the Presidio, he was able to secure supplies and to buy horses from the Spaniards.

To quiet the apprehensions of the priests, he wrote a letter to Father Duran of the Mission of San Jose in

which he said; "Reverend Father: I understand, through one of your christian Indians that you are anxious to know who we are. We are Americans on our journey to the Columbia River. We were in the Mission San Gabriel in January last. I went to San Diego and saw the general and got a passport from him to pass onward from that place. I have made several efforts to pass the mountains, but the snows being so deep, I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place, it being the only point to kill meat, to wait a few weeks until the snows melt, so that I can go on. The Indians here being friendly, I consider it a most safe point for me to remain until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses, having lost a great many in attempting to cross 10 or 15 days since. I am a long way from home and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant as we are destitute of clothing and most of the necessaries of life, wild meat being our principal substance." He wrote this letter from his camp near the headwaters of the San Joaquin and Merced Rivers.

His unsuccessful effort to cross the mountains with his entire party, caused him to decide to leave most of his men in camp there while he, with two men, seven horses and two mules, would make their way back to the rendezvous on the Great Salt Lake.

With his two companions, he started on May 20, 1827. He passed through the Yosemite Valley and near the

Sequoia Grove lost two of his horses and a mule in deep snow. It took him eight days to cross the mountains. Twenty days of hard travel brought him to the southwestern shore of the Great Salt Lake. The men were tougher than the animals in crossing the desert for but two of the animals survived the trip. With his two comrades, Smith reached the rendezvous on the Great Salt Lake in the middle of June.

He spent a month with his partners Jackson and Sublette, and wrote a report to General William Clark of St. Louis, telling him of the country he had explored. This General Clark by the way is the same Captain William Clark who with Captain Meriwether Lewis had made the trip from the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia.

On July 13 with Silas Gobel, one of the two men who had accompanied him from California, and with 17 other men and two Indian women, Smith started back for California by the same route he had previously taken. Those in the party were Thomas Virgin, from whom Virgin River in California is named; Charles Swift, Toussaint Marishall, John Turner, Joseph Palmer, Joseph LePoint, Thomas Daws, Richard Taylor, David Cunningham, Silas Gobel, William Campbell, Francis Deramme, Boatswain Brown, Gregory Ortaga, John B. Ratelle, Isaac Galbraith and Robiseau, Pale and Polite.

They passed through the country of the Utah In-

dians and through various other tribes until they came to the Mojave Indians, with whom they had spent 15 days on their first trip. They laid over with this tribe three days, buying from them corn, melons, pumpkins, wheat and beaver skins. The Spanish authorities had warned the Mojave Indians not to allow any more Americans to enter California. On the third day Smith bade them goodbye. When Smith's party was divided, some being on a raft on which they were crossing the river, and the others on the bank, the Indians attacked them, killing ten of the 18 men, capturing the two squaws and most of the property. They captured Smith's day by day journal and all of his papers. Two of his men were badly wounded. Smith, and his company, by a forced march, reached San Gabriel Mission in nine and a half days.

Thomas Virgin, one of the wounded men, was imprisoned at San Diego but was later released and allowed to rejoin Smith. After all sorts of adventures, including being put in prison, Smith was finally able to give a bond signed by some ship captains at Monterey and was allowed to proceed northward to the Columbia River.

Smith and his party went up what the Spaniards termed the Buena Ventura River, but which we now call the Sacramento River. He wintered on the principal fork of this river and this fork has ever since been known as the American Fork. Twenty-one years later

millions of dollars in nuggets and coarse gold were washed from the bars and the bedrock of the river on which Smith and his party spent the winter.

In April, 1828, they headed in a northwest direction and traveled till they reached the shores of the Pacific. They killed plenty of elk and deer and also varied their diet with trout, clams, strawberries and camas. When Smith started on his return trip from Great Salt Lake, he brought with him a considerable quantity of butcher knives, looking glasses, beads, chisels, shawls, blankets, red ribbons, tobacco, awls, razors, combs, buttons, needles, dirks, and hawkbells. The Mojave Indians had captured most of his supplies, but with what he had left, he was able to secure a considerable amount of furs, principally sea otter skins and beavers, from the Indians he met along the coast.

Toward the latter part of June they began having trouble with the Indians. On June 25th they found that three of their horses had been wounded with arrows. The next day one was killed by an arrow. On July 5 two Indians who spoke the Chinook language visited their camp and told them that they were within ten days' travel of the head of the Willamette Valley. On the 7th of July about 100 Indians came into their camp to trade pelts and fish. The following day they came to the Coos tribe of Indians. An Indian who was dissatisfied with the price paid him for his furs, shot five of their horses and three mules. The three mules

and one of the horses died that day and the other four were badly wounded, two of them dying the next day.

On July 12, Harrison G. Rogers, whose journal was later recovered from the Indians, records that an Indian chief stole the only axe they had. They seized the chief and put a rope around his neck, telling him they would hang him if the axe was not returned. The axe was returned but the party paid a terrible price for it, for the Indian chief, smarting under what he considered a deadly insult, took a fearful revenge the next day. On the 13th of July, the party was within two easy days' march of the head of the Willamette Valley. Smith decided to follow the north bank of the Umpqua River which would have brought him out on a fork of the Willamette River, not far from the present town of Drain, Oregon.

On Monday morning, July 14, immediately after breakfast, Smith started out afoot to find the best way for the party to march. As he was coming back to camp, he met John Turner, who was running at full speed through the brush. Turner told him that a number of the Indians had come to the camp, among them the chief who had been punished for stealing the axe. The men were off their guard because the Indians seemed friendly. Suddenly the chief gave the war whoop and instantly the Indians fell on the men with knives and clubs, killing most of them before they could offer any resistance. Turner, who had served as cook

that morning, was gathering up the cooking utensils when the Indians tried to stab him. He grabbed up a heavy limb from beside the fire and laid about him, killing several of the Indians. In the confusion he escaped. Black had been cleaning his rifle. He had just loaded it when the Indians attacked the party. Three of the Indians jumped on him but he succeeded in throwing them off and shooting one of them. He ran into the brush, pursued by several of the Indians. Arthur Black thought he was the only one who had escaped. He struck north until weakened by hunger, he gave himself up to the Tillamook Indians, who fed him and took him to Fort Vancouver. Meanwhile, Smith and Turner made their way afoot, hiding by day and avoiding the Indians and living on berries and camas root till they also reached Vancouver.

Dr. John McLoughlin at once dispatched Tom McKay with a large party to the Umpqua country. When McKay arrived there, he invited the Indians to bring their furs to trade. Sorting out the ones the Indians had captured from Smith's party, he told them that he was going to return these to Smith for they had secured them by murdering the men in Smith's party. The Indians denied that they had been implicated in the massacre. They said they had bought these furs from the Indians who had killed Smith's men. McKay told them that if they had bought them from the murderers, to look to the murderers for their payment. The

Indians, who had been in possession of the furs, smarting under the loss of them, tried to make the ones from whom they had bought them, reimburse them for their loss. This resulted in a fight in which the Indians were more effectively punished than they could have been by McKay, for the Indians knew who had killed the white men, while McKay had no way of determining the fact.

McKay not only recovered the furs but also the horses and most of the baggage, including the journals that had been kept by Harrison G. Rogers. When the furs were brought in, Dr. McLoughlin purchased them at the market price, giving Smith a draft on London for $20,000. Jedediah Smith and Arthur Black spent the fall and winter as guests of Dr. McLoughlin. Smith released John Turner from his service so that he could join a trapping expedition conducted by Alexander McLeod. This is the same McLeod for whom the McCloud River in California is named, though they have misspelled his name.

On March 12, 1829, Jedediah Smith and Arthur Black left Fort Vancouver, went up the Columbia River to Kettle Falls and from there to Fort Caldwell and thence to Flathead House, from which point they proceeded to the rendezvous of their own company. They trapped on the Weiser and Payette Rivers and various tributaries of the Snake.

Smith, Jackson and Sublette had a most disastrous season in 1828. Samuel Tullock, who was in charge of a party of trappers for them, was attacked by a party of Blackfeet Indians who killed three of Tullock's party, captured $40,000 worth of furs, 44 horses and most of the trade goods they had with them. In addition to the loss of Tullock's men and the men with Smith at the mouth of the Umpqua, another party of trappers while going from the Columbia River to the desert country of Central Oregon, lost four men—Ephraim Logan, William Bell, James Scott and Jacob O'Hara. These four men had left the main party to see if they could see any beaver signs on a small stream, and were never heard from again.

In spite of the danger of the hostile Blackfeet, Smith took a party of trappers into their country in the spring of 1830. He trapped on Tongue River and the Big Horn, as well as on Clark's fork of the Yellowstone, the Mussel Shell and the Judith. That same summer they held their rendezvous on Wind River. William Sublette, one of the partners, made the trip from St. Louis in three months, with ten wagons of trade goods, two Dearborn buggies and some cattle.

On August 4 Smith, Sublette and Jackson sold their business to Jim Bridger, Milton Sublette, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Henry Fraed and Baptiste Gervais. Smith and his two partners, loading their furs in the ten

wagons, drove back to St. Louis, with one of the most valuable consignments of furs that had been brought out of the mountains. Smith was now in a position to retire, for his share of the proceeds of the sale of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company with his one-third interest of the ten wagonloads of beaver pelts at $4.25 a pound, had made him well to do. He was now 33 years old. With this money he planned to help educate his brothers and sisters and to establish himself as a trader in St. Louis.

When he reached St. Louis, he found two of his brothers, Peter and Austin, who had been unsuccessful in raising money to engage in the fur business, so he staked them with an outfit to go to Santa Fé. Milton Sublette, the brother of Smith's partner, had been trapping with Ewing Young in New Mexico two years ago and reported that there was good money to be made in the Santa Fé trade. This is the same Ewing Young whose death in the Chehalem Valley was the cause of the formation of the provisional government in Oregon.

Jedediah Smith, fearing that because his two brothers were inexperienced, they might not make a success of their venture, decided to accompany them to Santa Fé. United States Senator Thomas H. Benton had secured an appropriation from Congress of $10,000 to build a road to Santa Fé. He also secured an appropriation of $20,000 to secure a right of way through the Indian country. From Fort Osage the road followed the old

trail to Taos, New Mexico. The goods shipped for the Santa Fé trade consisted largely of silks, velvets, hardware and goods suitable for the well-to-do Spaniards. The goods were exchanged for mules or gold and silver bullion.

In the spring of 1831, Jedediah Smith with his former partners, David E. Jackson and William Sublette, his two brothers and about 80 more men, started with their wagon train from St. Louis. At Lexington they were joined by Thomas Fitzpatrick, Smith's long time friend and employee. They started from Independence, Missouri, on May 4. Jedediah Smith owned ten of the wagons of the train, Jackson and Sublette owned ten and various other traders owned one or more wagons each.

After crossing the Arkansas River there was a 65-mile stretch of waterless plain, before they came to the forks of the Cimarron. The men, as well as the animals, became frantic for water. Jedediah Smith and his friend, Thomas Fitzpatrick, volunteered to scout for water. Fitzpatrick and Smith separated and finally Smith struck the dry bed of the Cimarron, where he found here and there, small pools of water. After he and his horse had drunk their fill, he started back to guide the party to the life-giving water. Suddenly he was surrounded by a band of Comanche Indians. One of the Indians shot him through the shoulder. Smith, picking out the chief, fired at him and killed him. The

other Indians shot Smith with their arrows. In spite of his many wounds Smith killed two more Indians before they succeeded in killing him.

Meanwhile, the wagon train had gone on, struck the Cimarron and found water. They reached Santa Fé on July 4.

Shortly after they arrived, some Mexican traders came in and offered for sale a rifle and two silver mounted pistols, which they had purchased from a war party of Comanches. The Indians had been anxious to trade these weapons because Smith had killed their chief with one of them and they felt it would be bad luck to keep them. Peter Smith recognized them as the property of his brother, Jedediah Smith. General William H. Ashley was appointed administrator of Smith's estate and saw that his younger brothers and sisters received an education. Smith had left a number of maps and also his journals in St. Louis. Unfortunately, these were destroyed in a fire.

On December 24, 1829, Jedediah Smith wrote to his brother, Ralph, from Wind River: "It is that I may be able to help those who stand in need, that I face every danger. It is for this that I traverse the mountains covered with eternal snow. It is for this that I pass over the sandy plains in the heat of summer, thirsting for water. It is for this I go for days without eating and am satisfied if I can gather a few roots, a few snails and better satisfied with a piece of horseflesh or a roast

dog. Most of all, it is for this that I deprive myself of the privilege of society and the satisfaction of the converse of my friends, but I shall count all this pleasure if I am at last allowed by the all wise ruler, the privilege of joining my friends."

XII

JASON LEE, MISSIONARY AND COLONIZER

SOME years ago, while visiting at the Nez Perce Indian Agency at Lapwai, Idaho, I interviewed Kate C. McBeth who, with her sister, for many years, was a missionary among the Nez Perce Indians. She introduced me to a number of the older members of the tribe, men and women who had known Reverend H. H. Spalding, the first missionary who came to their tribe. It was also my good fortune to meet and to interview Chief Joseph, while he was a prisoner of war in the Indian Territory near the Ponca Agency. History records that the coming of the missionaries to Oregon was due to the visit of four Flathead Indians to Captain William Clark at St. Louis. As a matter of fact, it was not the Flatheads but the Nez Perce Indians who sent a delegation to get the white man's book of heaven. In discussing this matter, Miss McBeth writes: "Some time after Lewis and Clark left here, the Nez Perces heard from some source about God, and very soon the Sun Pole was set up near Walla Walla. They recalled the upward gestures of Lewis and Clark. They said, 'Now

we know what they meant—the sun is called God.' Years passed and in their groping they added more ceremonies to their worship, but still their hearts were not satisfied, and their annual councils were closed with these words: 'If we could find the trail of Lewis and Clark, they would tell us the truth about God and the book the white man has from heaven.' A party of trappers had come into touch with the Nez Perce Indians. One of these trappers was very religious. He told the Indians that their mode of worship was entirely wrong and would displease the Great Spirit. He told them that the white men had a book with directions how to worship the Great Spirit. He also told them that by following these directions they would not only enjoy the favor of the Great Spirit here on earth, and be able to trap many beavers and kill plenty of buffalo, but when they died, they would go into a far country where the Great Spirit made his home and where they would live forever. It is supposed that the white man who told these Indians of the book of life, was Jedediah S. Smith, one of the few trappers who carried a bible with him and read it daily. At last the Indians decided to go and seek this book of heaven. Two Indians from the Kamiah community were chosen and another from the Salmon River band of Nez Perces. While passing through the country of the Flatheads, who were distant relatives of theirs, they were joined by an Indian half Flathead and half Nez Perces. These four men went

to St. Louis." As Miss McBeth says: "Not a Nez Perces, old or young, but that had heard of their fathers going out to find the truth or the light." These Indians traveled nearly 3,000 miles to visit General William Clark, who was stationed at St. Louis and who with Captain Meriwether Lewis had visited them more than 30 years before. After the departure of the white men, the Indians called a council and discussed the whole matter and decided to send a delegation to General Clark to get the white man's book of directions, so they could worship the Great Spirit properly.

The coming of these Indians profoundly stirred the missionary spirit of the churches. On March 22 Reverend Wilbur Fisk issued an appeal in the Christian Advocate and Journal, as well as in Zion's Herald. If you will look over the yellowing files of Zion's Herald for March 22, 1833, you will find the following proclamation: "Who will respond to the call from beyond the Rocky Mountains? The communication of Brother G. P. Dissoway, including one from the Wyandotte agent, on the subject of the deputation of the Flathead Indians to General Clark, has excited intense interest. We are for having a mission established there at once. Let two suitable men, unencumbered with families and possessing the spirit of the martyrs, throw themselves into the nation, live with them, learn their language, preach Christ to them and as the way opens, introduce schools, agriculture and the arts of civilized life. The

means for these improvements can be introduced through the fur traders and by reinforcements with which, from time to time, we can strengthen the mission. Money shall be forthcoming—all we want is the men. Who will go? . . . Were I young and unencumbered, how joyfully would I go. But this honor is reserved for another. Bright will be his crown—glorious his reward. Wilbur Fisk, Wesleyan University, March 9, 1833."

Reverend Wilbur Fisk was the president of Wilbraham College. G. P. Dissoway, the merchant who brought the matter to the attention of the religious people, had contributed a considerable sum of money to the cause of missions, which led to the formation of the missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1819. Hence his interest in sending missionaries to the Indians in the Oregon country.

Dr. Wilbur Fisk and Jason Lee went to Boston and there met Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, who had just returned from his first trip to the Columbia River. He had brought with him an Indian boy of 20 and a half breed boy 14 years old. A missionary meeting was held at Bromfield Church, the sermon being preached by Dr. Fisk and a short address being given by Captain Nathaniel Wyeth and Jason Lee. On the following Sunday another missionary meeting was held, the sermon being preached by Dr. Fisk and an address being given by Jason Lee, who presented the two Indian boys to the audience. The corresponding secretary of

the missionary society in New York was instructed to write to General Clark at St. Louis and get all the information available. Shortly thereafter Jason Lee was appointed superintendent of the mission to the Indians and his nephew, Reverend Daniel Lee, and Cyrus Shepard were appointed his assistants. Later, P. L. Edwards and Mr. Walker were employed to go with the missionaries.

Arrangements were made with Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth to have goods and supplies for the missionary enterprise sent on his brig, the *May Dacre*. It was also arranged that Jason Lee and his party should travel with Captain Wyeth's overland party, to the Oregon country. Missionary meetings were held in New Haven, New York, Syracuse, Boston, Washington and elsewhere and collections taken up to defray the expense of sending the missionaries to the Indian country. $3,000 was raised to defray the expense of the enterprise. Jason Lee and his fellow ministers spent several busy months making addresses and raising money for the cause.

Jason Lee not only had consecration but he had the physical stamina for the work he had chosen. His father, Daniel Lee, was born in Connecticut, as was his mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Whitaker. In 1800, with a number of other New Englanders, they emigrated to Stanstead, Canada. Daniel Lee joined the

Methodist church when he was 50 years old. He died two years later, leaving a widow and a large family of children. Jason Lee was born in 1803. When he was in his late teens, he was 6 feet 3 inches high and had all of the strength and activity of a boy born and reared in the woods. While working as a lumber jack, he came home one time for a visit, and found a Methodist revival in full swing. His nephew, Daniel Lee, had become converted and talked with Jason Lee about the state of his soul. That evening Daniel Lee and Jason Lee went to a prayer meeting during the course of which Jason Lee arose and said he was going to give his heart and his life to God. He was 23 years old at the time.

Next year he entered Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Massachusetts. While attending the academy, he volunteered to do missionary work. He offered his services to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of London, to work among the Indians of Canada. While he was waiting for a vacancy in this work, Dr. Wilbur Fisk, who had been his instructor for four years, wrote to him, asking him to take charge of the work of the church among the Indians of the Oregon country. He was admitted into the New England conference in 1833 and ordained a deacon and elder with the official designation of missionary to the Flathead Indians.

Jason Lee was a good mixer. Many of the members of Sublette's company of trappers and of Wyeth's com-

pany objected to having a preacher along, but Lee soon won their respect. J. K. Townsend, who accompanied Wyeth's party, in writing of Jason Lee, says: "Mr. Lee is a great favorite with the men—deservedly so, and there are probably few persons to whose preaching they would have listened with so much pleasure. I have been amused and pleased with Mr. Lee's manner of reproving them for their carelessness and profanity. The reproof, though decided, clear and strong, is always characterized by the mildness and affectionate manner peculiar to the man, and although the good effect of the advice is not always discernible, yet it is always treated with respect."

The first religious service to be held since they left the banks of the Missouri was at Fort Hall on July 27, 1834. In Jason Lee's journal, he says: "We repaired to the grove about half past three o'clock for public worship. I did not attempt to preach, but gave a short exhortation from the text, 'Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' That evening two of Mr. McKay's men ran a horse race. One of the men was thrown and killed. The next day, Monday, Mr. McKay asked me to conduct a funeral service. I attended at 12 o'clock, read the 90th psalm, prayed, then went to the grave where I read part of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians and also read the burial service as found in our discipline."

When the party reached Fort Vancouver, Jason Lee

preached twice on September 28th, to a congregation composed of the Americans who had come with Nathaniel J. Wyeth and to the English, Scotch, French, Irish, Sandwich Islanders, Indians and half-breeds resident at or about the Hudson's Bay post at Vancouver. On December 14 he again preached at Fort Vancouver, baptizing four adults and 17 children.

In Dr. John McLoughlin's records is the following statement: "In 1834 Revs. Jason and Daniel Lee and Messrs. Walker and P. L. Edwards came with Mr. Wyeth, to establish a mission in the Flathead country. I observed to them that to do good among the Indians, they must establish themselves where they could collect the Indians around them, teach them first to cultivate the ground and live more comfortably than they do by hunting, and as they do this, teach them religion,—that the Willamette afforded them a fine field and that they ought to go there. They followed my advice and went to the Willamette."

Dr. McLoughlin furnished Jason Lee and his party boats and boatmen, provisions and every facility for exploring the country. In Lee's diary is the following entry: "After dinner, embarked in one of the company's boats kindly manned for us by Dr. McLoughlin, who has treated us with the utmost attention, politeness and liberality. The gentlemen of the fort accompanied us to the boat and most heartily wished us great success in our enterprise."

Dr. McLoughlin also gave Jason Lee, for the use of their mission, ten cows. Loading the Hudson's Bay boats with his goods, which had been shipped on Captain Nathaniel Wyeth's brig, the *May Dacre*, Jason Lee, with his nephew, Daniel Lee and P. L. Edwards, started up the Willamette. They portaged their goods around the falls of the Willamette, at what is now Oregon City, and chose as a site for their mission a place on the banks of the Willamette between Gervais and Chemeketa, now known as Salem. The site of their settlement is now known as Mission Bottom. Here they built a house of logs, 32 x 18 feet.

At first Jason Lee had the Indian children meet at the home of Joseph Gervais on French Prairie until the mission buildings were finished. It has often been said that Dr. McLoughlin objected to the coming of the missionaries as they wanted to keep the Oregon country unsettled so they could pursue their fur trapping. It has also been said that he objected to the coming of the Protestant missionaries. How untrue this is is proven by his constant kindness to the missionaries of every denomination, as well as to the settlers who a few years later poured into the country largely from Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri.

On March 1, 1836, Dr. John McLoughlin wrote Reverend Jason Lee as follows: "I do myself the pleasure to hand you the enclosed subscription which the gentle-

men who have signed it request you will do them the favor to accept, for the use of the mission. They pray our heavenly father, without whose assistance we can do nothing, that of his infinite mercy he will vouchsafe to bless your endeavors. Believe me to be, with esteem and regard, Your sincere well wisher and humble servant, John McLoughlin." With his letter was enclosed a draft for $150.

Within a few months, 20 or 30 children had gathered at the mission school to receive instruction, but a strange fatality seemed to afflict the mission. Possibly the change of environment may have been the cause, but in any event, most of the children coming there died. Measles, diphtheria and other epidemics carried them off almost faster than they could be replaced.

Ewing Young and P. L. Edwards, Jason Lee's assistant, went to California and brought back about 600 cattle, to be sold to the settlers at cost, the cost to the settlers being about $6.67 each.

In 1837, Reverend David Leslie with his wife, Reverend H. K. W. Perkins and Miss Margaret Smith, arrived from the east to strengthen the mission. Prior to their arrival the missionary board had sent out Dr. Elijah White and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alanson Beers, Miss Susan Downing, Miss Elvira Johnson and Anna Maria Pittman.

On Sunday, July 16, 1837, the missionaries held a

love feast in a grove near the mission buildings. Jason Lee had charge of the religious services. Before preaching his sermon for the day, Jason Lee and Anna Maria Pittman joined each other at the altar and were married by Reverend Daniel Lee. Cyrus Shepard and Susan Downing then came forward and were married by Jason Lee. Charles Roe, a settler and Nancy, a Colopooia Indian girl, were next married. Jason Lee then preached from the text, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." At this same service Charles Roe and Webley Hauxhurst were baptized and united with the church.

Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard, with their wives spent their honeymoon on a missionary tour, visiting the Indians in the upper part of the Willamette Valley and on the Oregon coast in what is now Tillamook county. Reverend Daniel Lee and Reverend H. K. W. Perkins were sent to The Dalles to establish a mission there.

In the spring of 1838 Jason Lee decided to make a trip back to the states to enlist additional help for the Oregon missions. Jason Lee, P. L. Edwards and David Leslie prepared a memorial to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, which was signed by the various male members of the mission, ten in number and by seventeen other American citizens, as well as by nine French Canadians. This memorial drew attention to the richness and fertility of the Oregon country, its untouched resources and the opportunities to be found

in the country, particularly the Willamette Valley, for settlers. It also spoke of the possibilities of trade between the Oregon country and the Sandwich Islands, which could supply coffee, sugar and other products, in exchange for the salmon, timber and wheat of the Willamette Valley.

Continuing, the memorial said: "We flatter ourselves that we are the germ of a great state and are anxious to give an early tone to the moral and intellectual character of its citizens. We are fully aware that the destinies of our posterity will be intimately affected by the character of those who emigrate to this country. The natural resources of the country, with a well judged civil code, will invite a good community but a good community will hardly emigrate to a country which promises no protection to life or property . . . We do not presume to suggest the manner in which the country should be occupied by the government nor the extent to which our settlement should be encouraged. We confide in the wisdom of our national legislators and leave the subject to their candid deliberation."

Eight months after his marriage, Jason Lee told his wife that he felt called upon to leave her for the long and hazardous trip to the states. She said, "If you feel it is your duty to go, go, for I did not marry you to hinder but rather to aid you in the performance of your duty." From the Willamette Valley Jason Lee went to the mission at The Dalles, going down the William-

ette by canoe and up the Columbia in the same manner. From The Dalles he went on horseback to the Whitman Mission at Waiilatpu. After spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, he visited the mission conducted by Reverend H. H. Spalding, among the Nez Perce Indians at Lapwai. He stopped at Fort Boise to baptize Donald McKay, the son of Thomas McKay, whose father, Alexander McKay, was killed by the Indians on Astor's trading ship, the *Tonquin*.

On June 16 they reached Fort Hall, where they spent several days and where Jason Lee once more preached as he had on his journey to Oregon. On June 28, Jason Lee spent his 35th birthday on Bear River. Here Thomas McKay turned over to Jason Lee, his three sons, with the request that they be taken east and educated. Jason Lee took them to Wilbraham, Massachusetts, to attend Wesleyan Academy. One of these sons, William C. McKay, was for many years a practising physician at Pendleton. He reached the Shawnee Mission near Westport, Missouri, on September 1. Here he was overtaken by a messenger who had been sent by Dr. John McLoughlin with a letter telling him that his wife and her new-born babe had died on June 26th.

Recently I stood with bared head in the Lee Mission Cemetery near Salem and read on a weathered marble slab this inscription:

"Beneath this sod,
The first ever broken in Oregon
For the reception of a
White mother and child,
Lie the remains of
ANNA MARIA PITTMAN,
Wife of
Rev. Jason Lee,
And her infant son.
She sailed from New York in July, 1836;
Landed in Oregon June, 1837;
Was married July 16, 1837;
And died
June 26, 1838
Aged 36 years.

Jason Lee, though burdened by grief, hastened on and spent the winter working with voice and pen for the Oregon mission. He reached New York early in November and laid before the missionary board his plans for the enlargement of the mission in the Willamette Valley. Jason Lee said the need was for Christian families to act as examples to the Indians, of the white man's method of living. The missionary board decided to send five additional ministers with their families, a

number of teachers and others to be employed in secular work.

Jason Lee had taken with him two Indian boys, William Brooks and Thomas Adams. With these two boys he spent the winter of 1838 and the summer of 1839 delivering missionary addresses throughout the east. William Brooks, one of the Indian boys, was particularly effective as a speaker, but unfortunately he died in New York City. His body was buried near the Bedford Street Methodist Church. The president, with the advice of his cabinet, contributed $5,000 out of the secret service fund toward the expense of taking American families to the Oregon country.

The ship *Lausanne*, commanded by Captain T. Spaulding, was chartered. A farewell meeting was held on October 3, 1839, at the Green Street Methodist Church in New York City. Shortly before leaving for their long trip around the horn to the Sandwich Islands and thence to the Willamette Valley, Jason Lee married Lucy Thompson of Barre, Vermont.

There were 51 persons in what was known as The Great Reinforcement. On October 25th, on board the *Lausanne*, a meeting was held to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Methodist church. The collection taken up was to be devoted to starting a school in the Willamette Valley.

They rounded the Horn on January 27, 1840, and cast anchor in the bay at Honolulu on April 11th.

After visiting the missionaries there for a month, they proceeded on to Oregon, arriving at Fort Vancouver on June 1st.

When Jason Lee reported to the board the building of mills, conducting of stores and stock farms, criticism arose that the mission had become secular and was no longer a purely spiritual work. The authorities in the east, not understanding western conditions, criticized the fact that more attention was paid to education of the children of the missionaries than to the Indian children. Because the missionary board in New York could not see the situation as those who were here on the ground in Oregon saw it, the missionary board recommended that an agent be appointed to come to Oregon to report on the condition of the Oregon Mission.

In addition to the anxiety caused by the dissatisfaction of the board, Jason Lee had the grief consequent upon the death of his second wife, Lucy Thompson Lee, who died on March 20, 1842. She died, leaving one child, a daughter, Lucy Anna Maria Lee.

Bishop Hedding appointed Reverend George Gary to supersede Jason Lee as superintendent of the Oregon Mission. Reverend Gary left New York for the Willamette Valley in the fall of 1843. At about the same time Jason Lee started from the Willamette Valley to report to the Missionary Board in New York. He appointed David Leslie, superintendent of the mission, during his absence. Jason Lee went to Honolulu, thence

to San Blas on the coast of Mexico, from which point he went overland to the city of Mexico, thence to Vera Cruz, where he took a boat to New Orleans. Here he caught a river steamer to Pittsburg, from which point he took a stage to New York, arriving on May 27, 1844.

The principal objections brought up by the missionary board to Jason Lee's work were that he had been instrumental in the organization of the Oregon Cattle Company to import cattle into the Willamette Valley from California, that he was more interested in the colonizing of the Oregon country than in the christianizing of the Indians. In defense of his work of colonization he said to the board: "For what purpose did the board send out such a large number of laymen, if not to colonize the country?" Another objection brought up against his work was that in his sermons and addresses throughout the east, he was arousing more enthusiasm about strictly worldly matters and that people were more interested in securing a home in the Willamette Valley than in thinking of their heavenly home. At Peoria, Illinois, in the Fall of 1838, after an address in which he described the resources of Oregon and the opportunities to be found there, a company of 14 persons was formed to cross the plains to Oregon on horseback and settle in the Willamette Valley. This party, after meeting in front of the courthouse where prayer was offered, set out for their trip across the

plains on May 1, 1839. T. J. Farnham was the leader of the company.

At Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1838, Jason Lee was instrumental in forming a society called the Oregon Provisional Emigration Society. They published a paper now excessively rare called the Oregonian. Their plan was to send in their first party, 200 men with their families.

The petition presented to Congress by Lee from the 39 settlers in the Willamette Valley resulted in the introduction by Mr. Linn of a bill looking toward the organizing of a district north of latitude 42 and west of the Rocky Mountains to be called Oregon Territory. This bill also provided for the establishment of a fort on the Columbia River and the establishment of a port of entry and required that the country should be subject to the revenue laws of the United States. It was definitely established that Jason Lee was the author of this bill. Colonization societies were also formed at St. Charles, Missouri, Michigan City, Iowa and Columbus, Ohio.

As a result of the interest aroused by Jason Lee in the Oregon country, a wagon train crossed the plains with emigrants in 1842 and by 1843 the great migration had commenced.

On June 10, 1842, the Platte *Eagle* said, under the caption, "For Oregon": "Emigration to Oregon has

commenced in earnest. The expedition includes Dr. Elijah White, who goes out as government agent, and many of the most respectable families of the west are now encamped near Independence, Missouri, preparatory for their start to Oregon on the 13th of this month. This is the entering wedge to the tide of emigration which is destined to make our western borders the abode of thousands of industrious and happy people. Senator Linn deserves and will receive the gratitude of the western people, for his efforts in behalf of those who are paving the way for their country's greatness. We have had an interview with Dr. White, who gives a glowing description of the Oregon country."

In an article published on October 17, 1838, in the Alton *Telegraph* of Alton, Illinois, occurs the following paragraph: "Citizens of the west! Will you tamely consent that Oregon, one of the loveliest regions that nature ever bestowed upon man, should become a powerful country in the hands of England? If Oregon goes from us the honor of the United States goes with it. Never, no, never yield,—maintain the rights of your country, or die bravely in her defense!" In a subsequent article, the editor shows how the acquiring of the Oregon country would lead to the United States becoming the leading nation of the world. He points to the richness and the vast extent of the country and foresees a vast increase in population and industrial development. His arguments are reminiscent of Hall J. Kelley's impas-

sioned addresses which were a restating of the arguments first advanced by John Ledyard.

Meetings were held at various courthouses in which resolutions were drawn up such as the one held on June 15, 1843, at the courthouse at Edwardsville, which reaffirmed the declaration of President Monroe: "that the American continents are not to be considered subject to colonization by any European power and that we consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Jason Lee drew the attention of the missionary board to the fact that but 14 Indian children had been received into the mission the first year of whom five had died and that five of the others had run away for fear that they would die and that two of the remaining four had died the second year. He also brought to their attention that of the 25 children received in the school the following year, 16 had taken diphtheria and that the death rate had been very heavy. He also told them that the Indian population of the Willamette Valley had almost disappeared from the ravages of smallpox, measles, diphtheria and other epidemics, and that consequently, the work of the missionaries had been devoted more to colonizing than to working with the Indians in the Willamette Valley. The board nevertheless decided to close the mission. The mill, the livestock and all missionary property in the Willamette Valley was sold. The laymen connected with the missions were

dismissed, each one being given either transportation to his home or the value of such transportation, if they elected to stay in Oregon. The Indian mission manual labor school and 640 acres of land on which it stood in what is now the center of Salem were sold for $4,000 to the Oregon Institute. Reverend Gary sold the Methodist Mission at The Dalles to Dr. Marcus Whitman for $600. In September, 1847, Perrin Whitman, a nephew of Dr. Marcus Whitman and Alanson Hinman, took over the mission property for Dr. Whitman. Two months later, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and a number of others were killed by the Indians at their mission at Waiilatpu.

On September 13, 1845, Reverend and Mrs. Gustavus Hines started for New York by way of China and the Cape of Good Hope, to take Lucy A. Lee to her father, Jason Lee. At that time it usually took about a year to receive letters from the east, so they did not know that Jason Lee had been in his grave for more than six months when they left the Willamette Valley to take his daughter to join him.

Jason Lee, broken-hearted at being removed as superintendent of the Oregon Mission, returned to his old home at Stanstead, Canada, where he died on March 12, 1845, at the age of 41 years. His nephew, Daniel Lee, returned to New England in 1843, serving as minister in various communities in Ohio and eventually locating at Caldwell, Kansas. He died in Oklahoma in 1895.

On June 15, 1906, the body of Jason Lee, which had been brought from Canada, was buried in the Lee Mission Cemetery at Salem, where his two wives had been buried.

Reverend Joseph Williams, who visited Oregon in 1841, in reporting on the Oregon Missions, said: "I believe it is Brother Lee's intention to do good for the heathen, but it seems he has a great deal of business on hand, which seems a hindrance to the work of religion. They have had some kind of a school, heretofore, but I believe not to much purpose." It was reports of this character that influenced the missionary board in New York to dispose of the mission holdings and give up the work with the Indians in Oregon. In reporting on his work under date of December 8, 1846, Rev. Gary said: "I have performed all the special work that was anticipated in my appointment. The mission is now freed from its secular incumbrances in all the white settlements. We have a farmer at The Dalles, which is our only station among the Indians and it is nearly 100 miles from any white settlement. Our hope of these Indians at The Dalles is not very clear and strong, but as yet we do not feel clear to give them up. They have suffered in their principles and habits amazingly, from being on the route of the emigrants over the Rocky Mountains. They are at a point where the emigrants have had to stop for weeks to get a chance to take passage by river from that place. A road is now open by

land—a great relief to this station. I have no doubt but the establishment of the Methodist Mission has had a very great tendency to hasten the settlement of this territory with white inhabitants. I think the gospel has done a great deal in restraining and guiding the chaos of minds. The labors of the missionaries now have an open field here and every now and then we see instances of good from these labors."

Though Jason Lee was apparently discredited, his work lives, for he did much toward christianizing and colonizing the Oregon country.

XIII

MARCUS WHITMAN—PATRIOT, PATHFINDER AND MARTYR

MARCUS WHITMAN has been well termed pathfinder and patriot. When I was a boy I lived at Walla Walla. Dr. Marcus Whitman became one of my boyhood heroes. Many years ago I visited the site of the Whitman Mission at Waiilatpu, near Walla Walla, and digging on the site of the Whitman Mission, unearthed a rusted old fire dog and some bits of broken Chinaware,—grim reminders of the tragedy that occurred there more than 60 years ago, when Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and the members of the mission family were killed by the Indians.

Dr. Whitman was born at Rushville, New York State, September 4, 1802. His father, Beza Whitman, was born at Goshen, Massachusetts. In 1799 he moved to Hopewell and from there to Gorham, later known as Rushville, where he ran a hotel. He died on April 6, 1810. Mordecai Lincoln, the son of Samuel Lincoln, who came from Norfolk County, England, in 1637, set-

tling in Salem, Massachusetts, and married a granddaughter of John Whitman, who settled in Weymouth, Massachusetts in 1638. Mordecai Lincoln was the great-great-grandfather of President Lincoln. Dr. Marcus Whitman's father was a tanner and currier. Shortly after his father's death, when Marcus Whitman was eight years old, his grandfather, Deacon Samuel Whitman, who lived at Plainfield, Massachusetts, took Marcus to his home. He did not see his mother again for four years and then only for a brief visit. At Plainfield he studied Latin under Reverend Moses Hallock. Later Reverend David Page was his instructor. He wanted to become a minister, but his brothers, Augustus, Henry and Samuel, objected so strenuously that he decided to become a doctor. He studied medicine for three years under Dr. Ira Bryant of Rushville, receiving his diploma in 1824. This same year he joined the Congregational Church at Rushville. Nine years later he joined the Presbyterian Church, of which he became a ruling elder. On February 2, 1836, he received his letter of dismissal from the Presbyterian Church at Wheeler to "where the providence of God may cast his lot." His lot was cast with the mission church of Oregon, which he joined in 1838.

From 1824 to 1828 he practised medicine in Canada.

His brother Henry owned a sawmill and needed help, so Dr. Whitman, upon returning from Canada, helped operate his brother Henry's sawmill near Potter Center.

Being disappointed in his desire to study for the ministry, he wrote to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Boston, under date of June 3, 1834, asking to be sent to a mission field among the Indians, saying, "I am willing to go to any field of usefulness, at the direction of the American Board. I will cooperate as physician, teacher or agriculturist, so far as I am able." The Mission Board had been so much interested in the Oregon country, that they had sent a missionary from the Sandwich Islands to visit Oregon and report on the prospects for missionary work among the Indians. His report was favorable.

Meanwhile Reverend Samuel Parker at Middlefield, Massachusetts, wrote to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, offering to go as a missionary to the Indians of Oregon. Reverend Parker was born at Ashfield, Massachusetts, April 23, 1779, and was the son of Elisha and Thankful Marchant Parker. His great grandfather was a freeman of Barnstable, Massachusetts in 1634. Samuel Parker graduated at Williams College in 1836. After teaching school for a year at Brattleboro, Vermont, he studied theology under Reverend Theophilus Packard of Shelburne, Massachusetts. For a while he served as home missionary, after which he attended Andover Theological Seminary, being a graduate of the first class of Andover. He became financial agent of Auburn Theological Seminary, in which position he served for 15 years.

The mission board accepted his services, but when Reverend Parker reached St. Louis, he found he had missed the annual fur caravan that left for the Rocky Mountains in the spring of 1834. He returned to New York and spent the winter lecturing on Oregon. He interested Dr. Marcus Whitman, who was accepted by the board and commissioned to go with Reverend Parker, whom he joined in St. Louis in April, 1835.

They left St. Louis on April 8, going by steamer to Liberty, Missouri, where they joined the caravan of the American Fur Company. When they reached the fur traders' rendezvous on Green River on August 18th, Jim Bridger, learning that Marcus Whitman was a doctor, asked him to extract an arrow head three inches long which had been shot into his back three years before, in a skirmish with the Blackfeet Indians. This was before the days of anæsthetics, but the fur traders and trappers had learned stoicism from the Indians, so no matter how serious the operation, they rarely showed any indications of pain. After successfully operating on Jim Bridger, Dr. Whitman extracted an arrowhead which had been buried for several years in the shoulder of one of the other trappers. Having proved his skill, his services were in frequent demand, thereafter.

In those days people knew nothing about germs, and apparently suffered very little from them. In talking with an old pioneer some years ago, he told me of a

surgical operation which had taken place in the wagon train of which he was a member. A herd of buffalo had run through the wagon train, causing the oxen to stampede. One of the men was thrown from the front seat of his wagon. The heavily loaded wagon passed over him, breaking his leg just above the knee. One of the members of the wagon train who had been a butcher volunteered to cut his leg off. The man with the broken leg was placed on the ground, his arms and legs were spread out and three men were detailed to sit on him, one on each arm and one on his uninjured leg. A fire of sagebrush was built in which the endgate rod of his wagon was heated until it was cherry red. The butcher cut off his leg, sawed the bone off with a meat saw, seared the bleeding arteries with the red hot endgate rod and with a sack needle and some twine, sewed the flesh up so that the bone wouldn't project. Six weeks later they made some crude crutches for him and before they reached Oregon, he was hobbling around on a peg leg.

At the rendezvous Reverend Parker decided to go on with the Nez Perce Indians and then go down the Columbia River to visit Fort Vancouver and to investigate the mission field. He sent his assistant, Dr. Whitman back to New York to enlist additional aid for the mission field. After spending the winter at Fort Vancouver, Rev. Parker returned to New York State and did not see his associate Dr. Whitman again, until Dr. Whitman

came back from the Oregon country to visit New York in 1843.

Dr. Whitman took with him on his trip east, two Nez Perces Indian boys promising to return them alive and unharmed to their tribe, agreeing to allow the Indians to kill him if he failed to do so. He reached St. Louis in November and went home to Rushville, New York, arriving late one Saturday night. Next morning he walked with his two Indian boys, into the church of which he had been an elder, creating tremendous interest for his friends supposed that he was in the Oregon country. The two Indian boys attended school that winter and accompanied Dr. Whitman back to Oregon next spring. Dr. Whitman spent the winter traveling and lecturing on Oregon, in the various churches and schoolhouses. He secured as additional missionaries, Reverend H. H. Spalding and his wife, who had been appointed missionary to the Osage Indian Mission, and also William H. Gray of Utica, New York, as secular agent and, by the way, Dr. W. H. Gray's daughter, Mrs. Jacob Kamm, at the age of 90, is still a resident of Portland.

The missionary Board told Dr. Whitman that it would be expedient for him to go as a married man rather than a single man, as missionary to the Indians. At Angelica, New York Dr. Whitman met Narcissa Prentiss, who was born at Prattsburg, New York, March 14, 1808. She was the daughter of Judge Stephen Pren-

tiss, who was a descendant of Henry Prentiss, who had come to Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1637. Narcissa was the third of a family of nine children. She was a member of the Congregational Church, having united with the church when she was 11 years old. Narcissa Prentiss was educated at Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, New York and later attended Franklin Academy. After graduating from Franklin Academy, she and her sister Abigail established a school for infants at Bath. Before meeting Dr. Whitman, she had written to the Board of missions asking to be sent as a missionary to the Indians. In her letter to the Board she said: "Feeling it more my privilege than duty, to labor for the conversion of the heathen, I respectfully submit myself to your direction."

Dr. Whitman and Narcissa Prentiss were married in the church at Angelica in February, 1836, shortly before their departure for the rendezvous of the fur traders on the Missouri River. The wedding ceremony was performed by Reverend Everett Hull. From Angelica Dr. Whitman and his bride went by sleigh for a part of the journey and thence by stage to Pittsburg, where they took the steamer for St. Louis.

At Cincinnati they were joined by Reverend H. H. Spalding and his wife. Reverend Spalding was born at Prattsburg, New York, November 26, 1803. He received little or no education until he was 21, at which time he went to Franklin Academy, where he worked

for his board. He was converted when he was 22. He graduated from the Western Reserve College in Ohio at the age of 30. On October 12, 1833, he married Eliza Hart of Trenton, New York, who was born at Berlin, Connecticut on July 11, 1807. At the age of 30 Mr. Spalding entered the Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati and in August, 1835, was ordained by the Bath Presbytery, New York.

After going to the Oregon country, Reverend and Mrs. Spalding worked with the Nez Perces Indians at Lapwai. The first printing ever done in the Oregon country, was the printing of booklets in the Flathead, Nez Perces and Spokane languages at Lapwai, in 1839. After the Whitman Massacre, Reverend and Mrs. Spalding moved to the Willamette Valley. Mrs. Spalding died at Calapooya on January 7, 1851, and in May 1853 Reverend Spalding married Rachel I. Smith, who was born at Boston on January 31, 1808. Mr. Spalding died at Lapwai, Idaho on August 3, 1874.

When Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Reverend and Mrs. Spalding reached St. Louis, they visited the officials of the American Fur Company who promised their protection to them in crossing the plains. At Liberty Landing they were joined by W. H. Gray.

Reverend Spalding, with two wagons and the horses and cattle, drove from Liberty landing to Council Bluffs, leaving Dr. Whitman with his wife and Mrs. Spalding

and the goods, to come up the Missouri on the boat of the American Fur Company. The trappers did not want to be burdened with the missionary party, so they did not stop at Liberty Landing, but continued on up the river to Council Bluffs. When the missionaries reached Council Bluffs, they found the trappers had gone on. Dr. Whitman, in charge of the four-horse wagon, Reverend Spalding driving the two-horse wagon and W. H. Gray and the two Indian boys on horseback, hurried on and late in May, overtook the fur trappers on Loup Fork. From here they traveled in company to Fort Laramie.

No wheeled vehicle had traveled beyond Fort Laramie, but Dr. Whitman believed that a wagon could be driven through to the Columbia River. The fur company loaned Dr. Whitman one of their two wheeled carts and he also took his own light wagon along. The first day the cart was upset twice and the wagon once.

Two of the trappers were detailed to help Dr. Whitman and he went ahead and broke the road across the sagebrush, a road that later became the Great Medicine Trail of the whites—the Old Oregon Trail.

Dr. Whitman had purchased for the trip across the plains, two wagons, eight mules, 12 horses, 16 cows, as well as blacksmith tools, a plow, seeds, and other equipment to start his mission. Although urged by the others, to abandon his wagon and cart, he did not want to

leave the plow and other equipment behind, so selecting the best road possible, he continued to go forward with the wagons. His was the first wagon to enter Idaho. After crossing the Laramie River, the country was very much broken, making it difficult to drive.

They crossed the Platte River near the present town of Casper, Wyoming. They followed the Sweetwater up to Independence Rock where they had a very narrow escape from losing their stock and possibly their lives. The caravan was strung out about two miles in length. From behind a nearby hill a herd of buffalo suddenly emerged and charged in a lumbering gallop toward the train. Instantly the trappers dashed at the head of the herd, shooting down the leading buffaloes and trying to turn the herd. Soon the bulls leading the herd of buffalo, and the stock of the caravan were mingled in hopeless confusion. Finally the trappers turned the herd, which swept on to one side, while some of the buffalo broke through the caravan.

On July 4 they entered South Pass. An express was sent forward to the rendezvous at Green River and that evening a group of Nez Perces and Flathead Indians, after a hard ride, arrived in camp on the evening of July 4th to welcome the missionaries. At the head of the delegation of the Nez Perces were Tak-ken-sui-i-tas or to put his name in English, Rotten Belly, and Is-hol-hol-hoats-hoats, the Indian term for Lawyer. They brought with them a letter from Reverend Samuel Par-

ker, in which he spoke of the kind reception the Indians had given him the year before. The Indians were as much delighted to meet the Nez Perces boys that Dr. Whitman had taken with him as the boys were to return to their people.

Two days later they reached the rendezvous on Green River, where they found more than 2,000 Indians and trappers assembled. A large delegation of Nez Perces Indians had journeyed to the rendezvous to welcome Dr. Whitman and his fellow missionaries. They found here also Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who had just sold Fort Hall to the Hudson's Bay Company and was on his way east. They also met John McLeod and Tom McKay, the latter, the stepson of Dr. McLoughlin. Among the Indians who had come there to trade were Snakes, Bannocks, Flatheads, Cayuses, and Nez Perces.

The two white women created a great sensation—not only among the Indians, but among the four or five hundred trappers and mountain men, many of whom had not seen a white woman for years. On the third day after their arrival, the Indians in honor of the missionaries, gave a grand review. The Blackfeet Indians, stripped to the buff and fantastically painted, mounted on their horses, which were also as well decorated with paint as their owners, led the parade. They were followed by the Nez Perces, decked in all the finery of beaded buckskin, eagle feathers, elk teeth, bear's claws and wampan. They engaged in a sham fight. Inasmuch

as representatives of 15 tribes were at the rendezvous, it took several days for each tribe to exhibit their war tactics, their dances, and to express their welcome.

Jim Bridger was delighted to greet Dr. Whitman again and promised to send his halfbreed daughter, Mary Ann to Dr. Whitman's mission, as soon as it should be started, which promise he later kept.

Tom McKay and John McLeod volunteered to take the missionaries under their wing and help them for the rest of the journey. Practically everyone advised Dr. Whitman to leave his wagon at Green River, as they felt it would be impossible to take a wagon through the Bear River Mountains. The Indians thought it could be done. Tom McKay said if Dr. Whitman wanted to try it, he would go ahead and select the easiest grades and help him in every way possible. On the advice of Tom McKay, the wagon was cut down into a two-wheeled cart, the extra wheels and the axle-tree being carried along on the cart. Everything was lashed on the cart securely for it was realized that it would undoubtedly frequently tip over. In crossing the Snake River, both the cart and the mules had a narrow escape from being lost. Tom McKay swam out to where the mules were struggling in the swift water, got his rope around the neck of one of the mules and telling two of his men to swim their horses to the rear of the cart, they steadied it and finally got it ashore. Dr. Whitman, when

the cart overturned was caught in the cart and was rescued from drowning by Tom McKay.

At Fort Boise Dr. Whitman was told that it would be impossible to take the cart further, as the trail over the mountains in many places was a narrow ledge along the edge of the precipice and that if he took the cart, it would have to be taken to pieces and carried over the mountains on the backs of the mules. Dr. Whitman decided to leave the wagon at Fort Boise and after he had located his mission, come back and get it. Mrs. Spalding, eating buffalo meat pretty steadily, had become sick and refused to eat. The Indians brought biscuit made of dried camas roots, which she was able to eat, and they also brought her salmon, and Captain Drips found a cupful of dried apples, which she greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Spalding had had several narrow escapes while crossing the plains. In the Bear River Valley a mule team her husband was driving became frightened and he was unable to stop them. They ran into Mrs. Spalding's horse, knocking it down and mules and cart ran pell mell over Mrs. Spalding and her horse. Both Mrs. Spalding and the horse were somewhat indignant, but neither of them were hurt. The day after they left Fort Hall, her horse stepped into a wasp's nest, bucked Mrs. Spalding off and her foot caught in the stirrup. Thomas McKay, who was always on hand in an emergency, rescued her from this predicament. She

also had a rather narrow escape in fording the Snake River.

They arrived at Fort Walla Walla, a Hudson's Bay post, on September 2nd. P. C. Pambrun, the Hudson's Bay factor at the post, gave them a royal welcome. In place of pemmican and the usual pounded buffalo meat, he served them venison, pork, potatoes, turnips, corn, melons and bread. He furnished them boats and Indian oarsmen who took them down to Fort Vancouver.

Dr. McLoughlin, always hospitable, did everything in his power to make their stay with him pleasant. After two weeks, Dr. Whitman, Reverend Spalding and Mr. Gray started up the Columbia with Mr. Pambrun, to look up a site for their mission. They left their wives at Fort Vancouver. Dr. Whitman and Mr. Gray chose The Dalles as a site for one of their two missions, but Mr. Spalding objected so violently that they yielded to his wish to locate the missions further inland. Later the Methodists established a mission at The Dalles and when they gave up their work among the Indians they sold their mission property at The Dalles to Dr. Whitman for $600.

Dr. McLoughlin forwarded the orders of Dr. Whitman and Reverend Spalding, for all goods needed, to England, accepting drafts on the American Board of Missions, and when the goods arrived at Vancouver, Dr. McLoughlin saw that they were sent up to the missions at Lapwai and Wai-i-lat-pu, at very little expense.

Dr. Whitman chose his station at the mouth of Mill Creek, about six miles from where the city of Walla Walla was later built. He adopted the Indian name for the place which was Wai-i-lat-pu, meaning the place where rye grass grows.

While at Fort Vancouver, Mrs. Whitman went on board the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel the *Neriade*. This was the first ship Mrs. Whitman had ever seen. Dr. McLoughlin saw to it that Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were furnished gentle horses and they spent much of their time while visiting at Fort Vancouver, riding over the country.

On September 14, Mrs. Whitman recorded in her journal, "We rode 15 miles this afternoon. We visited the barns and stock. They estimate their wheat crop at 4,000 bushels, this year, peas the same, oats and barley between 1,500 and 1,700 bushels each. The potato and turnip fields are large and fine. Their cattle are numerous, they have swine in abundance, also sheep and goats. We find hens, turkeys and pigeons but no geese.

"You will ask what kind of beds they have here. The bedstead is in the form of a bunk with a board bottom, upon which are laid about a dozen Indian blankets. These with a pair of pillows, covered with calico cases, constituted our beds. There are several feather beds here, made from the feathers of wild duck, geese and crane. There is nothing here suitable for ticking, the

only material is brown linen sheeting. The Indian ladies make theirs of deerskin. Could we obtain a pair of geese from any quarter, I could think much of them. Everyday we have something new to see. We went to the stores and found them filled above and below, with the cargo of two ships, all in unbroken bales. They are chiefly Indian goods and will be sent away this fall to the several different posts of the company in the ship *Neriade.*

"We have found here every article for comfort and durability that we need. Visited the dairy where we found butter and cheese in abundance. We saw an improvement in the manner of raising cream. Their pans are large but shallow, flaring a little and are made of wood, lined with tin. In the center of the pan is a hole with a long plug. When the cream has risen, they place the pan over a tub, remove the plug so the milk runs off, leaving only the cream in the pan. They milk between 50 and 60 cows.

"On visiting the mill we find it goes by horsepower and has a wire bolt. This seemed a hard way of getting bread, but better so than no bread or to grind by hand. The company have a mill at Colville that goes by water. It is five days ride from Walla Walla, from whence we expect to obtain our flour, potatoes and pork. Dr. McLoughlin promises to loan us enough to make a beginning. All the return he asks is that we supply other settlers in the same way. He appears desirous to afford

us every facility in his power. No person could have received a more hearty welcome, or be treated with greater kindness than we have been since our arrival."

On September 18th Mrs. Whitman records in her journal: "Mr. Beaver held two services in a room in Dr. McLoughlin's barn today. Enjoyed the privilege much. The most of the gentlemen of the fort are Scotch Presbyterians. The great mass of the laborers are Roman Catholics, who have three services during the Sabbath, one of which is at this house, at which Dr. McLoughlin officiates in French. He translates a sermon or a tract, reads a chapter in the Bible, and a prayer. The singing in Mr. Beaver's Episcopal church is done by the children, some of their tunes having been taught them by Reverend Samuel Parker and others by Mr. Cyrus Shepherd of the Methodist mission.

There is such a variety of eatables here, I know not where to begin. For breakfast we have coffee or cocoa, salt salmon and roast duck, with potatoes and bread and butter. For dinner we are treated to a dish of soup, which is very good. All kinds of vegetables are taken, chopped fine and with rice, boiled to a soup,—tomatoes are a prominent ingredient and usually some fowl meat —duck or other kind. After our soup dishes are removed comes a variety of meats. After selecting what we care for, we change plates and try another if we choose, so with every new dish we have a clean plate. Roast duck is our every day dish. Boiled pork, tripe,

trotters, fresh salmon, sturgeon,—yea, all articles too numerous to mention. When these are set aside, a pudding or an apple pie is introduced, after which a water or muskmelon make their appearence. Last of all cheese, bread or biscuits and butter are produced. I sing about an hour every evening with the children, teaching them new tunes at the request of Dr. McLoughlin. 'The Montreal Express' came this afternoon and a general time of rejoicing it is to everyone, bringing news from distant friends."

Dr. Whitman, Reverend Spalding and Mr. Gray built a house at the Whitman Mission. Leaving Mr. Gray in charge, Dr. Whitman and Reverend Spalding went to the country of the Nez Perces to select a station there. Leaving Reverend Spalding with the Nez Perces Indians, Dr. Whitman returned to Vancouver, where he purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company's store, clothing, blankets, nails and hardware for building, Indian trade goods, hoes, rakes and spades, medicines and other material for his mission.

The Nez Perces Indians furnished Reverend and Mrs. Spalding a large lodge made of tanned buffalo hides in which they lived until their house was built. They moved into it the day before Christmas. Mrs. Whitman moved into the house at the Wai-i-lat-pu Mission on December 10. Dr. Whitman and Mr. Gray had built a house with a good chimney and fireplace, but as yet it had no doors or windows. Blankets were used until

doors and windows could be made. Mrs. Whitman's nearest white neighbors were the Spaldings who were 90 miles distant. Her next nearest white neighbors were at Fort Vancouver and Reverend Jason Lee, Daniel Lee, P. L. Edwards and Cyrus Shepherd at the Methodist Mission in the Willamette Valley about 350 miles distant.

The Nez Perces Indians, where Reverend Spalding had his mission, were among the most intelligent, the most numerous and were undoubtedly the strongest and most friendly Indians in the Pacific Northwest. There were about 2,500 Nez Perces Indians when Reverend Spalding started his mission there in 1836. The Cayuse Indians, where Dr. Whitman had his mission, had intermarried among the Nez Perces Indians and most of them understood the Nez Perces language. They were one of the wealthiest tribes, for their numbers, in the west. Though small in number, consisting of not over 300 in all, they had great influence with the other tribes. Some years ago at the Umatilla Indian Agency, Major Lee Moorhouse, introduced me to the last Cayuse Indian of unmixed blood. She was incredibly wrinkled, her hair was white and the Indians with whom she was living said she was more than 100 years old.

A letter from Dr. Whitman, written in September, 1843, gives a good picture of the life at Whitman Mission. In speaking of his charges, the Cayuse Indians, he says: "Their migrations are much on the following

order: The spring return is the most general and uniform. During this period the congregations on Sabbath are from two to four hundred and from 20 to 50 on week-day evenings. Planting commences about the middle of April, which is also the period for commencing the rausch harvest. To obtain this farinaceous root known to the travelers and traders as the biscuit root, they disperse along the streams coming out of the Blue Mountains. Some of these streams are not more than 10 or 15 miles from the station while others are 30 or 40. This root forms the great staple of native food, and will be likely to continue such for a long time. From six to eight weeks are spent in gathering, drying and depositing this root.

"During this time and from the 10th to the 15th of May, the salmon arrive and some fruits are ripe, which receive their share of attention. At this season all the smaller tributaries of the Columbia are barred by a wicker-work of willows, for taking salmon. The skill of the natives is favorably displayed in this simple contrivance and their toil is amply repaid by the quantity taken. While thus occupied, they visit the mission station to attend to the cultivation of their crops.

"The latter part of June is the usual period for buffalo hunters to set out on their expedition,—a migration of from 40 to 60 miles takes them across the Blue Mountains into the Grand Ronde. The river of the Grand Ronde is well supplied with fish and the mountains

abound with bear and deer. The wheat harvest, which begins the latter part of July and the care of their other crops, bring many to the station, who remain till the first of October or until the potato harvest is past. During this period there are more in the neighborhood of the station than at any other period except the spring. Our congregation averages from 50 to 200. During this period their attention is divided between their crops and herds, hunting, fishing and preparing dried fruit. Soon after the potatoes are secured they disperse to their winter quarters. From 50 to 60 remain during the winter.

"Their belief is that the present race of beasts, birds, reptiles and fish were men who inhabited the globe before the present race. Although doomed to their present state, their language is still retained and these beasts, birds, reptiles and fish have the power to convey this language to those people into whom they see fit to pass. To obtain this boon, boys are required to leave the lodge and repair to the mountains alone and there to stay for several days without food, in order to be addressed by some of these supernatural agencies. Some return without any assurance of the kind. Others believe themselves to be addressed and are free to communicate what was said to them, while others profess great secrecy and claim great reverence on account of their mysterious possession. At these times they profess to be told what is to be their future character and in what way they may secure honor, wealth and long life,—how they will be

invulnerable and if wounded, by what means they will be healed.

"The surgical knowledge imparted generally consists in directions how to cast off the extravasated blood and then to sit in a stream of water and sing, according to certain rules. At these times they believe that one person becomes possessed of power to shoot another with an invisible influence or arrow, so that disease and death will follow. This is the foundation of their system of sorcery, as seen in the so-called medicine men.

"Most of their efforts to cure the sick consist in obtaining one medicine man to counteract another who is supposed to have caused the sickness. The sorcerer employed for this purpose calls to his aid a number of persons who sing and beat upon sticks with a horrible noise while he himself sings and talks and practises sundry contortions using at the same time incoherent expressions, supposed to be the language of the former race of men as delivered to him by beast, bird, reptile or fish, which is helping him in his conjurations. . . . When he sees a prospective death, he often points out someone who he says is causing the sickness and declares the other to be possessed by a more powerful agent than himself, so that he cannot overcome him. Should death occur, they watch the dying person to see if any expression of his fastens suspicion upon the person named. All are careful to remember if any hard words had passed, or any cause whatever confirms the supposition. Very often, in cases of this kind,

nothing can save the conjuror. The number and horror of such deaths that have come under my observation have been very great.

"In the same way individuals arrogate themselves power over the wind, the clouds, the rain, the snow and the season—in short, all and every desired or desirable object is sought for from this source. Some are losing their confidence in such things while others are yet strong in the belief of their reality.

"A young man shot himself through the body last July in order to convince his countrymen of the strength of his supernatural protecting agent. The ball entered the abdomen a little to the right and below the umbilicus and came out by an oblique line near the spine on the same side. This occurred 60 miles from my house at the Grand Ronde. The third day after he encamped near me for the night. I saw him and examined his wound in the morning. He was walking about and making preparations to depart. Soon he rode off on horseback. This was the second trial of his strength, he having shot himself through in much the same way, two years before. He will now be regarded as a strong mystery or medicine man."

On March 4, 1837, which was Mrs. Whitman's 29th birthday, their daughter Alice C. Whitman was born. Alice was baptized in November 1837 at the same time Eliza Spalding was baptized. On Sunday, June 23, 1839, when little Alice Clarissa was about two years and three

months old, she took a cup from the table and went down to the river to get a drink. She fell in the water and was drowned.

In 1838 Mrs. Whitman copied a schoolbook translating into the Nez Perces language, to be sent to Honolulu to be printed on the mission press there, but the following year E. O. Hall and his wife came out from Honolulu with a press and type, to print books in the Nez Perces and Spokane languages. The press was set up at Lapwai among the Nez Perces. The first books to be printed in the Oregon country were issued from this press. The first book consisted of 8 pages and was in the nature of a primer. The next book consisted of 52 pages of which 800 copies were printed. In 1840 a book of 8 pages of laws were printed, probably the first law book to be printed on the Pacific Coast. A translation of the book of Matthew, a hymn book and a Nez Perces and English vocabulary were also issued.

In 1842 Messrs. Walker and Eells, who were stationed in what is now the state of Washington, prepared a 61 page book in the Spokane language, which was printed on the press at Lapwai. This old press is now in the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society at Portland. It was two years and four months after Mrs. Whitman left home before she received the first letter from home. On September 25, 1838, Mrs. Whitman wrote to her sister: "When the contemplated railroad over the Isthmus

of Darien shall have been opened, which is expected to take place within two or three years, I hope communications shall be more frequent than they are at the present time."

In the spring of 1837 W. H. Gray went east to obtain additional missionaries. He returned in 1838 with his bride, and with Reverend A. B. Smith, Elkanah Walker and Cushing Eells and their wives and Cornelius Rogers, an unmarried man.

So much friction developed between Mr. Gray, Reverend Smith and Reverend Spalding and they became so critical of Dr. Whitman that he decided to resign and allow them to carry on the mission work. The death of his little daughter caused him to forgive his fellow laborers for their needless and frequent harsh criticisms, and he went on with the work.

In the fall of 1838 Vicar General F. N. Blanchet and Reverend M. Demers came to Fort Walla Walla, celebrated mass and baptised three converts.

Pierre Pambrun, who was in charge of Fort Walla Walla, was killed by a horse in 1841 and he was succeeded by Archibald McKinley, a Scotch Presbyterian. In the early forties practically everyone who came to the Oregon country stopped at the Whitman mission. Among others were T. J. Farnham, who in his book, *Travels across the Great Western Prairies, the Anahoac and Rocky mountains*, gives a graphic picture of life at the

Mission in the fall of 1839. He describes his meeting with Dr. Whitman, E. O. Hall, the printer from the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Munger and the others.

After describing the mission premises he says: "At last we came to the grist mill. It consisted of a spherical wrought iron burr 4 or 5 inches in diameter, surrounded by a counter-burred surface of the same materials. The spherical burr was permanently attached to the shaft of a horizontal water wheel. The surrounding surface was firmly fastened to timbers in such a position that when the water wheel was put in motion, the operation of the mill was similar to that of a coffee mill. It was a crazy thing, but for it the doctor was grateful. It would, with the help of himself and an Indian, grind enough in a day to feed his family for a week and that was better than to beat it with a pestle and mortar.

"It appeared to me quite remarkable that the doctor should have made so many improvements since the year 1836, but the industry which crowded every hour of the day, his untiring energy of character and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labors of the school, are perhaps circumstances which render possibility probable that in three years one man without funds for such purposes, without other aid for that business than that of a fellow missionary for short intervals, should fence, plow, build, plant an orchard and do all the other laborious acts of opening a planta-

tion in that distant wilderness, learn an Indian language, and do the duties meanwhile, of physician to the associate stations on the Clearwater and Spokane.

"In the afternoon Dr. Whitman and his lady assembled the Indians for instruction and reading. 40 or 50 children between the ages of 7 and 18 and several older people gathered on the shady side of the new mission house at the ringing of a hand bell and seated themselves in an orderly manner on wooden benches."

Mr. Farnham then describes Dr. Whitman's method of instruction by means of a blackboard, and continues: "It was delightful to notice the undisguised avidity with which these people would devour a new idea. It seemed to produce a thrill of delight that kindled up their countenances and animated the whole frame. A hymn in the Nes Perces language was then sung and the exercises closed by Dr. Whitman in the same tongue."

Later he writes: "I attended the Indian school today. Mrs. Whitman is an indefatigable instructress. The children read from a primer lately published at the Clearwater station. They afterwards sung. They learn music readily. At nightfall I visited the Indian lodges in company with Dr. Whitman. The Cayuse Indians have two distinct languages—the one used in ordinary intercourse, the other on extraordinary occasions, such as war and in councils. Both are copious and expressive. They also speak the Nes Perces and Walla Walla tongues."

Horse meat and game were used as food at the mission till 1841, when Dr. Whitman had raised some cattle and hogs which took the place of horse meat. In the fall of 1840 one of Dr. Whitman's assistants, Joseph Mari, a Hawaiian, who had come from the Sandwich Islands with his wife, to help in the mission work, died. He had become much loved, not only by Dr. and Mrs. Whitman but by all with whom he came in contact, including the Indians.

The Indians who at first had welcomed Dr. Whitman, grew restless and some of them made trouble. They said they wanted him to read chapters in the bible that told about other peoples' sins, not their own. They thought there were too many chapters in the bible that told about their own sins. When their children had the measles and Dr. Whitman gave them medicine, they would have the children go in a sweathouse and when perspiring profusely, would have them jump in the ice cold water, which frequently resulted in their death. They blamed Dr. Whitman for killing their children.

Because of the friction between Gray, Smith, Spalding and Whitman, the Prudential committee of the Board of Missions sent an order to discontinue the stations among the Cayuse and the Nez Perces and to discharge Reverend H. H. Spalding, W. H. Gray, Cornelius Rogers and A. B. Smith. They also ordered Dr. Whitman to transfer his activities to the Spokane Indians. By the time the order arrived, A. B. Smith, who had been very

much dissatisfied, had resigned and gone to the Willamette Valley. W. H. Gray had also resigned and gone to work in the Methodist Mission at Salem and Cornelius Rogers had also left the work.

A meeting was held at Dr. Whitman's mission on September 26, 27 and 28, 1842, to see if some plan could not be found to persuade the board not to discontinue the work among the Cayuses and Nez Perces. Elkanah Walker and Cushing Eells wrote to the board urging them to rescind their action, as did also Reverend H. H. Spalding, and Archibald McKinley, the Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Walla Walla. Dr. Whitman decided to go east at once and make a personal appeal to the board not to abandon the work. He also believed that if he could by lecturing and talking in the various churches, create an interest in the Oregon country, he could induce a large number of settlers to come out and thus strengthen the American influence in the Oregon country.

Dr. Elijah White came out in the fall of 1842, with a small wagon train. They arrived at Dr. Whitman's station on September 14. In this party was A. L. Lovejoy, who later founded the city of Portland, Oregon. He was 32 years of age. Dr. Whitman told him of his proposed trip across the continent in winter and asked him if he would accompany him on the trip. Lovejoy agreed to do so.

Dr. Whitman and Amos Lovejoy left the Whitman station on October 3, 1842. They reached Fort Hall

in 11 days. From there they headed south and east to Salt Lake, Taos and Santa Fé. Amos Lovejoy went with him as far as Bents Fort, where he spent the winter, while Dr. Whitman went on to Washington, D. C. A. L. Lovejoy rejoined Dr. Whitman near Fort Laramie, the following July. During their trip across the plains in the dead of winter, they were frequently snowed in, several times they were lost for days at a time, being reduced to eating dog, but they pressed on, finally reaching their destination.

Dr. Whitmen succeeded in having the board rescind their order abolishing the mission stations among the Nez Perces and Cayuse Indians. He visited Horace Greeley and had a long talk with him and he made frequent talks about Oregon, encouraging settlers to go there. He guided the emigration of 1843 across the plains. This was the first large wagon train to cross the plains. Peter H. Burnett, who at first was captain of the wagon train, became the first American governor of California.

As a result of Dr. Whitman's appeal to the Prudential Committee of the Board, they passed the following resolution: "Resolved that Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spalding be authorized to continue to occupy the stations of Waiilatpu and Clearwater, as they did previous to the adoption of the resolution referred to above. Resolved that Mr. William H. Gray and wife of the same mission be, at his request released from further connection with the board. Resolved that a missionary be

sent to strengthen the Oregon missions, if a suitable person can be obtained."

When the 1843 wagon train reached Burnt River, it was met by an Indian runner from Lapwai, asking Dr. Whitman to come to Lapwai at once as Mrs. Spalding was at the point of death. Dr. Whitman furnished the wagon train with an Indian guide named Isticks and hurried on to Lapwai. From there he went to the Whitman Mission so as to be on hand to supply the emigrants with flour, vegetables and other supplies. He gave the members of the wagon train all they needed, then rode north 160 miles on horseback to attend Mrs. Eells who was expecting a visit from the stork. After the birth of Mrs. Eells' baby, Dr. Whitman returned to the Whitman station and started down the Columbia River to bring his wife back. He met her at The Dalles and they returned to the Whitman Station.

Reverend H. H. Spalding had been a suitor for Mrs. Whitman's hand and he never forgave Dr. Whitman for being his successful rival. When Dr. Whitman succeeded in having the board retain Reverend Spalding, after they had dismissed him, Mrs. Whitman wrote to her father in New York: "Since my return to the station, Mrs. Spalding has written me very kindly, showing that her feelings have undergone a change during her sickness, while in the near view of death, expecting every moment to enter the dark valley. This is a great consolation to us and we hope and believe that they both feel

different toward us from what they did. Surely they have great reason to from my husband's account of his visit to the rooms in Boston. Having those unhappy difficulties removed makes a change in our every-day feelings."

In speaking of the unpleasant experience passed through by Dr. and Mrs. Whitman on account of the jealousy and backbiting of their associates, Miles Cannon in his book, "Waiilatpu, its Rise and Fall," says of Mrs. Whitman: "Through these years of suffering at the hands of insidious foes, she maintained the majestic poise of a beautiful nature in a manner to challenge the admiration of all. She received the shafts of malicious spite and felt in a warm and sympathetic heart, the poisonous fangs of jealous hate, with serene and lofty grandeur."

From 1842 on, each fall saw long wagon trains stopping at the Whitman Mission, many of whose members were destitute and had to be helped. In the late fall of 1844 there arrived a wagon train of which Captain William Shaw was leader. Captain Shaw told Mrs. Whitman that they had with them seven Sager children, whose father and mother had died on the plains and they didn't know what to do with the orphan children. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman adopted these seven children, one of whom was a babe in arms, born on the plains.

When I interviewed Elizabeth Sager Helm, one of these seven children, here in Portland, a few years ago,

she said: "My father, Henry Sager, was born in Virginia. My grandfather moved to Ohio when my father was only nine years old. My father's grandfather, Dr. George Sager, came from Switzerland. My mother's maiden name was Naomi Carney. Her father, John Carney, was a Baptist minister. My father was 21 and mother 20 when they were married in Ohio. My mother was a schoolteacher. Her people came from Vermont. Her mother's maiden name was Catherine Hastings.

"I was born July 6, 1837. My sister Matilda Jane Sager Delaney, who lives in Eugene, was born in 1839 just before we moved to Missouri. My people settled in the Plate Purchase, five miles from St. Joe. The oldest boy in our family was John. Then came Francisco, though we always called him Frank. My sister Catherine, the next child, married Clark Pringle of Salem. I was the next child. Then came my sister Matilda Jane. She first married Louis Hazlet. After his death she married Mathew Fultz and when he died she married David Delaney, the son of Daniel Delaney, who was killed on his farm south of Salem, by Beale and Baker, for his money. Everybody in Salem turned out to see Beale and Baker hanged. Louisa, my next sister, died from exposure, seven days after our foster parents, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were killed. Henrietta, the baby of our family, was killed at the age of 26 in California. Someone shot at her husband. The bullet missed him and killed my sister.

"We started across the plains for Oregon a few months before my seventh birthday. That was in the spring of 1844. Captain William Shaw was captain of our wagon train. He and his wife, Aunt Sally Shaw, were two of the best hearted people I ever knew. My father died of mountain fever and they buried him on the banks of Green River. He was 38 years old when he died.

"Mother saw the promised land, but did not reach it. I can remember that from the summit of the mountains mother pointed towards the setting sun and said: 'Children, look to the west—that is Oregon—that is where we are going to make our home.' After father's death, mother took the mountain fever, as they called the typhoid in those days, and died after being sick three weeks. One day she said to me, 'Now I know why your father begged to be taken out of the wagon when he was sick,—it seems as if it would be easier to die than to stand any more of this jolting.'

"Just before mother died, she called us all around her and said to John, 'John, keep the children together.' Captain William Shaw was standing with us. She said to him, "When I am gone, see that the children are taken to Dr. Whitman's mission." One of the most distinct memories of my childhood is my mother's burial. The men of the wagon train dug a grave, lined it with willow boughs laid mother, wrapped in a patched quilt, in the grave, then put more willow boughs over her, and shoveled the earth in.

"There was an old German doctor in our train—I don't know why I call him old—he was only 34 years of age, but to me he seemed old. He attended mother before her death. I remember so distinctly, the first time I saw Dr. Dagon. He had a long German name, very hard to pronounce, so he told us we could call him Dr. Dagon. My sister Catherine fell out of the wagon and broke her leg, just below the knee. That was at Fort Laramie. Father tried to find a doctor but couldn't, so he set Catherine's leg. Later we heard that there was a doctor in the wagon train back of us. Father sent for him. When he came to our tent and looked at Catherine's leg, he said, 'Dot is fine—it is chust so good as I could do it myself.' This was too much for us children—we all tittered, so mother sent us out of the tent. He may have talked broken English but if there was ever a man with a heart of gold, it was this same German doctor.

"When father died, Dr. Dagon volunteered to drive the wagon. After mother's death, he was a father and mother to us. Little Henrietta was only five months old. He sent out word through the wagon train that the women who had babies must take turns nursing Henrietta, so Henrietta for the rest of the journey, circulated freely, all over the wagon train, wherever there was a mother who had a baby of about her age.

"When our oxen got poor, we lightened the load by leaving everything we could spare. We had a big Tennessee wagon. As the grazing became poor, this wagon

was too heavy for the jaded oxen to pull, so Dr. Dagon cut it in two in the middle and made it into a cart. When we reached the Umatilla River, we camped at about where Pendleton is now located so that Captain Shaw could go on horseback to the Whitman mission, to see if the Whitman's would take us children. When Captain Shaw came back and said that the Whitman's would take us, Aunt Sally washed us and put on our best dresses. I can remember yet how the tears ran down her face as she said, 'I wonder what fate has in store for you little orphan children.' Henrietta, the baby, was not with us. Mrs. Perkins was nursing Henrietta, and their wagon had not yet come up. As a matter of fact, Henrietta didn't reach the Whitman Mission till a week after we children had gotten there. Mrs. Louisa Edes, whose turn it was to take care of her, brought her to the mission.

"Dr. Dagon drove us in our cart from our camp on the Umatilla River to the Whitman mission. There was an irrigating ditch in front of the house. Dr. Dagon stopped the oxen as we came to this ditch, and looking up, I saw, coming from the house, a tall, matronly woman who had an abundance of yellow hair which in the sunlight had a tint of copper. It was Narcissa Prentiss Whitman. Some of the missionaries who didn't like her said she was 'stuck up and had red hair'. She wasn't 'stuck up' in the least, though she had a better education than those who were jealous of her—and her hair wasn't red. Her hair was a copper gold. She had a matronly figure—

I think she weighed between 150 and 160 pounds. As Mrs. Whitman came out toward our cart, she held by her hand, a little dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, who was as pretty as a picture. This little girl was Helen Meek, the daughter of Joe Meek, mountain man and trapper, by his Nez Perce wife.

"Mrs. Whitman spoke to Captain Shaw and then said to little Helen Meek, 'Helen, run to the mill and tell the Doctor to come and see our new children.' We got out of the cart and started for the house. Mrs. Whitman, noticing that my sister Catherine was lame from having broken her leg at Fort Laramie, took her arm and helped her into the house.

"When Dr. Whitman came into the house, I liked him right away. He had such a pleasant smile and such a kindly voice. He said, 'Where are the boys?' Mrs. Whitman said, 'The girls are to stay with me this winter but the boys are going through to the Willamette Valley with Captain Shaw.' Dr. Whitman turned to Captain Shaw, who said, 'When their mother died, she wanted the children kept together, but we can take care of the boys and the girls can come on to the Willamette Valley next spring.' Dr. Whitman turned to his wife and said, 'Their mother wanted the children kept together. If you are going to have the girls, I must have the boys.'

"My sister Katie had washed our clothes and we felt very prim and respectable, but when I saw little Helen

Meek, with such pretty clothes, I thought our clothes didn't amount to much. Mrs. Whitman had us all come in as supper was ready. Dr. Whitman walked around the table and waited on us. We had baked pork and baked lady finger potatoes for supper. Dr. Whitman didn't eat pork—but Mrs. Whitman always raised a few pigs, so she could have lard to fry doughnuts. Whenever they killed a hog, they usually gave the meat to the emigrants and Mrs. Whitman fried out the lard and saved it.

"They had to make the table larger when we came. When we all sat down to the table there were Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, Dr. Whitman's nephew Perrin Whitman, who was 16 years old, David, a little half-breed Spanish and Indian boy, Helen Meek and Mary Ann Bridger, both of whom had white fathers and Indian mothers, and we seven children.

"Dr. Whitman was a very jolly, kindly man. He loved to romp with we children. We didn't feel at all in awe of him as we did of Mrs. Whitman. She enforced all the discipline in the family. Dr. Whitman was fairly tall, his dark hair was a little tinged with gray, his blue eyes were rather deeply sunk, and he had heavy eyebrows. He never strolled or walked slowly—he always walked as if he was going somewhere and was on his way. He was about 5 feet 10 inches in height and Mrs. Whitman about 5 feet 6 inches.

"We went to live with the Whitman's on October 17,

1844, and we lived with them until they were killed on November 29, 1847, so we were with them for more than three years. The arrangements made was that Captain Shaw was to come back in the spring and get us. We had only been there a few days when Dr. Whitman mounted his horse, rode away, overtook the wagon train and told Captain Shaw that he need not come back to get us, as they had decided to keep us. The boys were older so Dr. and Mrs. Whitman did not adopt them, but they adopted myself and my sisters. In the fall of 1847, two months before the massacre, Dr. Whitman drove down to the Willamette Valley to attend to some business matters and to get supplies. He drove a team of horses to his wagon while my brother John drove the ox team. They brought back from the Willamette Valley eight kegs of sea island sugar, from the Sandwich Islands, a number of bolts of calico, some flannel and a machine to separate the wheat from the chaff.

"When Dr. Whitman was at Salem, on this trip, he went out to Howell Prairie to visit Captain William Shaw. Years later, when I visited Captain Shaw, he told me about Dr. Whitman's visit. Dr. Whitman told Captain Shaw he was going to adopt us girls and change our names to Whitman, on account of property rights, but the boys would retain their name of Sager. Captain Shaw told Dr. Whitman that he had known our father Henry Sager so well and respected him so greatly, it didn't seem right to change our names to Whitman.

Dr. Whitman said, 'We are going to adopt the girls legally so we thought it best to change their names to Whitman, but in view of what you have said, I will let them retain their own name of Sager, if they prefer.'

"Dr. Whitman had arranged to buy the property of the Methodist mission at The Dalles for $600. The Methodists had recalled Jason Lee and given up mission work among the Indians. Mrs. Whitman's sister, Jane Prentiss, was coming out to be a teacher. She planned to be out that fall—the fall of 1847. A few weeks before the Indians killed Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and the others, Mrs. Whitman was cleaning the house very thoroughly. I said to her, 'This isn't spring, mother—why are we cleaning the house now?' She said, 'Didn't you know that we are looking for your Aunt Jane to come out soon?' Some years ago I visited Mrs. Clarissa Kinney at her home in California. She is Mrs. Whitman's sister. She told me that when Dr. Whitman came east on his winter trip, he urged her to come out to the Whitman Mission and live with them.

"Frequently, emigrants who were destitute and whose oxen were too jaded to complete the trip to the Willamette Valley would winter at Dr. Whitman's mission. He usually could find work for them at small wages. In the fall of 1847 the Whitman family consisted of Dr. Whitman and his wife, Andrew Rogers, who was teaching in the mission school, Crockett Bewley and his sister Lor-

inda, 22 years old, the Sager children—John 17, Francis 15, Catherine 13, Elizabeth 10, Matilda Jane 8, Louise 6, and Henrietta 4, Helen Mar, a half-breed daughter of Joseph Meek, Mary A. Bridger, the half-breed daughter of Jim Bridger, a half-breed Spanish boy that Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had taken when he was a baby, and the two Manson boys. In all, there were at the mission 72 persons, of whom 13 were women and 42 were children. Of this number 11 of the children were sick.

"That fall Joe Lewis, a half-breed Canadian Indian had come from Fort Boise where he had been left by the wagon train of which he had been a member. When he arrived at Dr. Whitman's mission, his clothes were ragged, his shoes were worn out and he was destitute. He was a troublemaker, for he at once began telling the Indians that Dr. Whitman and the other white men wanted the Indian lands and that the medicine that Dr. Whitman was giving to the Indians was poison. He told the Indians that when Dr. Whitman had poisoned them all, he would have their lands. Some of the friendly Indians told Dr. Whitman what Joe Lewis was saying so Dr. Whitman furnished Lewis with shoes and a shirt and secured him a job as a teamster for an emigrant who was going on to the Willamette Valley. Two days out, Lewis deserted and returned to the Whitman Mission.

"On Saturday evening, November 27th a message came to Dr. Whitman asking him to go to the lodge of a

Walla Walla chief on the Umatilla River, about 25 miles away. Reverend Spalding, who was with Dr. Whitman on his way to his mission among the Nez Perces, and Dr. Whitman spent the night at the lodge of Istikus, a devoted friend of Dr. Whitman.

"Immediately after breakfast next morning, Dr. Whitman crossed the Umatilla River and visited the two Walla Walla chiefs who had requested his services. Reverend Spalding decided to stay at the lodge of Istikus, but Dr. Whitman felt that he was needed to take care of the sick at the Whitman Mission, so he decided to ride on back to the mission.

"As Dr. Whitman started to get on his horse, Istikus came out to him and told him that Joe Lewis was making trouble among the Indians, telling them that Dr. Whitman was poisoning them, so as to get their country. He said to Dr. Whitman, 'I do not believe him but some do—I am afraid they will do you harm. You had better go away until my people have better hearts.'

"Dr. Whitman got home late that night, visited the sick, and then went to bed. Early next morning an Indian died, so Dr. Whitman took charge of his funeral. It was Monday and the usual work of the mission was being carried on. Joe Stanfield, a French Canadian employed by Dr. Whitman, drove in a beef which Francis Sager shot. Nathan S. Kimball and Jacob Hoffman were cutting it up. Andrew Rogers was working in the garden. William D. Canfield was working in the black-

smith shop. Mr. Marsh, the millwright, was running the mill. Isaac Gilliland was working in his tailor shop. L. W. Saunders was teaching and Peter D. Hall was putting a floor down in the mission building."

In answer to my request that she tell me about the massacre Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helm said: "The morning of the massacre I heard Dr. Whitman say to Nathan Kimball who had come into the kitchen, 'Yes, the situation looks pretty dark, but I think I shall be able to quell any trouble.' On the morning of the massacre my brother Frank had shot a beef for the use of those at the mission. After shooting it, he came into the house to attend school. Nathan S. Kimball and Jacob Hoffman were skinning the beef and cutting it up. The school had been closed for nearly a week on account of the measles, but had opened up again this morning. Mary Ann Bridger was working in the kitchen. Two Indians, Tilaukait and Tamsuky came to the kitchen door and walking into the kitchen, asked for Dr. Whitman. Dr. Whitman came out into the kitchen, shutting the door into the next room, where Mrs. Whitman was feeding my sister Henrietta. My brother John Sager, was sitting in the kitchen, winding a ball of twine. The two Indians began talking to Dr. Whitman.

"When I saw Mary Ann that evening, she told me that Tilaukait killed Dr. Whitman and Tamsuky killed my brother. Mary Ann hid behind the stove, then climbed out of the window and climbed over the fence, ran around

to the door, came in and told Mrs. Whitman the Indians were killing Dr. Whitman. In a moment everything was in confusion. The children were terrorized, though Mrs. Whitman seemed calm.

"Nathan Kimball, holding his arm, which had been shot and from which the blood was running, came running into the room and said, 'The Indians are killing us—I don't know what the damned Indians want to kill me for—I never did anything to them. Get me some water.' Mrs. Whitman got a pitcher of water for him. Mr. Kimball was a very religious man and never swore. I couldn't help giggling when he said 'I don't know what the damned Indians want to kill me for,' for I knew that Mrs. Whitman would reprove him for swearing in the presence of we children. Mrs. Whitman didn't seem to pay any attention to him swearing.

"She and Mrs. Hall went to where Dr. Whitman had been tomahawked and brought him into the sitting room. Mr. Rogers came in and said, 'Is the doctor dead?' Dr. Whitman answered, 'No,' Mrs. Whitman went to the fireplace and got a handful of ashes to stop the bleeding in his head where he had been struck with a tomahawk.

"Looking out of the window, I saw the Indians shooting, so I said very excitedly, 'Mother, they are killing Mr. Saunders.' The upper part of the door in the sitting room was of glass. Mrs. Whitman came to the door and looked out. An Indian we called Frank, was

standing on the schoolroom steps. As Mrs. Whitman looked out, he shot at her and the bullet struck her in the breast. Mrs. Whitman fell to the floor. My sister Katie tried to help her up but Mrs. Whitman said, 'Go take care of the sick children, Katie, you can do nothing for me.'

"In the room with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were myself and my four sisters, Mary Ann Bridger, Helen Meek, Mrs. Eliza Hall, Mrs. Rebecca Hays, Lorinda Bewley and Nathan Kimball. Mrs. Whitman began praying out loud. She said, 'Lord, save these little ones.' The Indians began breaking the windows. Mrs. Whitman said, 'We had better go upstairs. Mr. Rogers helped Mrs. Whitman upstairs. Mrs. Hall and the rest of us helped carry the sick children upstairs. Mrs. Whitman lay down on the foot of Miss Bewley's bed. She said to Mr. Rogers, 'There is an old gun barrel in the corner. Hold the end of the muzzle over the top of the stairs, so the Indians will think you have a gun.'

"The Indians broke into the house and mutilated Dr. Whitman and my brother. Then they broke the door that led to our upstairs room. Tamsuky called to Mr. Rogers to come down. He said, 'I have come to take care of you.' Mr. Rogers said, 'Come on up; but Tamsuky saw the gun barrel pointing at him and was afraid. Mr. Rogers went downstairs and talked to Tamsuky and Joe Lewis. Tamsuky said to Mr. Rogers, 'Some of the

Indians are going to burn the house. I want to save Mrs. Whitman and the others from being burned to death.'

"Lorinda Bewley and Mr. Rogers helped Mrs. Whitman downstairs. She looked over her shoulder and said, 'Come with me, Elizabeth.' When we got down into the dining room she said, 'Stay close to me.' She was bleeding and was weak from loss of blood. She lay down on the sofa. Lorinda put a pillow under her head and then put a blanket over her. Joe Lewis stood his gun against the wall by the kitchen door, and then took the foot of the sofa to help carry Mrs. Whitman out of the house. When Mrs. Whitman saw Joe Lewis, she said, 'Oh, Joe, you too?' They carried Mrs. Whitman through the kitchen door.

"One of the Indians, turning to my brother Frank, pointed to Mrs. Whitman and said, 'Go along with her.' As they went out of the kitchen door, Joe Lewis dropped the end of the sofa which he was carrying, jumped to one side and the Indians began firing at us. Mrs. Whitman was shot through the cheek and through the body and fell off the sofa onto the muddy ground. Mr. Rogers raised his hands and said, 'Oh my God,' and fell. My brother seemed to crumple up and he also fell. I was walking beside Mrs. Whitman when we started out but when the Indians fired, I ran back into the house. My sister Matilda saw Mrs. Whitman roll off the lounge and she saw our brother Frank and Mr. Rogers killed.

She saw one of the Indians reach down, catch Mrs. Whitman by the hair, raise her head from the ground and strike her across the face with his braided leather quirt.

"We children ran upstairs. Nathan Kimball had been overlooked by the Indians, so he stayed upstairs with us. We could hear Dr. Whitman, who was lying on the floor near the fireplace, moaning and breathing heavily. During the night I heard his moans sound lower and finally cease, so I knew he must be dead.

"The children who were sick and in the upstairs room, kept crying for water. At daylight I went down to see if I could get some water for them. The body of Mrs. Whitman was lying near the kitchen door and near Mrs. Whitman was the body of Mr. Rogers. I saw Edward Tilaukait. I said, 'Will you get some water for me? The children are thirsty.' He got a bucket of water for me and brought me a dipper.

"The Indians seemed to have quit killing, so I went over to the mansion house to see what was going to become of us. Mrs. Saunders said, 'The Indians have promised not to kill any more of us.'

"I went back and told my sister Katie so she took the children over to the mansion house. Helen Meek was the last to be taken over. When Katie came back for her, Helen was crying as though her heart would break. She thought that all the others had been taken over and she was going to be left.

"We stayed at the mansion house for a month. Eliza Spalding, the daughter of Reverend H. H. and Mrs. Spalding, understood the Indian language as well as she did English. I understood it well, but couldn't talk it as well as Eliza. Joseph Smith and James Young were grinding wheat for the Indians. The Indians told Eliza she would have to stay at the mill to act as interpreter for them. Eliza was lonesome, so I stayed with her most of the time. It was so cold in the mill that we dug a hole in a strawstack nearby and put a blanket in front of it for a door. Eliza and I crawled in there where we could be out of the wind. When the Indians wanted Eliza they would raise the blanket and tell her to come on out and talk for them.

"While we stayed at the mansion house the Indians made the women make shirts for them from the bales of calico and flannel that Dr. Whitman had brought from the Willamette Valley. One day Edward Tilaukait came in. He had taken a bed post and fixed it up to use as a war club. Eliza Spalding and I and some of the other children were in the room. Crockett Bewley and Amos Sales were lying in bed. They had the typhoid. Edward Tilaukait raised his war club and hit Crockett Bewley on the head. We children screamed and ran out of the room. Tilaukait came out and said, 'Come on back, you must stay in the room till we are finished.' We had to go back while the Indians beat Amos Sales and Crockett Bewley over their heads till they had

killed them. When they had battered their heads for quite a while, they dragged them out into the yard.

"Next day Joe Stanfield who had worked for Dr. Whitman for several years, came with a wagon and yoke of oxen and took the bodies away and buried them. A few days later he came to the mansion house and told us that the wolves were digging up the bodies of Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman and the others. I went with Joe because my brothers were buried with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. I noticed that Joe had buried Crockett Bewley and Mr. Sales in another place. I asked him why he had buried them in a different place from the others. He said, 'Because it is easier digging there.' He had dug a grave for Dr. Whitman and the others about three feet deep. The wolves had scratched the earth away from Mrs. Whitman's body and eaten all of the flesh from one leg from the knee to the ankle. He put her back in the grave with the others and shoveled earth over her. Later the wolves dug up all of the bodies and scattered the bones around. When the Oregon volunteers came up from the Willamette Valley, they gathered up the bones, dug a grave near the grave of Alice Whitman, and buried them there. Later the bones were once more taken up, put in a casket and a monument put over them.

"I think the Indians would have killed more of the prisoners if it had not been for Mrs. Saunders. Nicholas Finley, a French half-breed, had been working for Dr. Whitman. He and his Indian wife and family

had a tepee not far from the mansion house. Donald and Steve Manson had gone to the Frenchman's lodge. Tilaukait was also there. One of the Manson boys acted as interpreter. Mrs. Saunders told Tilaukait that if the Indians wouldn't kill any more of the white people, the women would make them shirts and clothing out of the cloth in the storeroom. Tilaukait called some other Indians in, they talked it over and consented.

"A courier from Fort Walla Walla was sent by the Hudson's Bay factor there to Peter Skene Ogden at Vancouver. Peter Skene Ogden came up the Columbia in a rowboat as fast as his Indian oarsmen could bring him. He summoned the Indians and held a council. He traded a lot of Indian blankets, shirts, handkerchiefs, guns and tobacco for us.

"We left Fort Walla Walla on December 29, 1847. We went down the Columbia River in open boats. We reached Fort Vancouver Friday afternoon. Mr. Douglas, the head factor of the Hudson's Bay was at the fort. Eliza Spalding, my sisters and myself stayed with Mrs. Douglas till Monday. Mrs. Douglas offered to keep me, as I could help her with her children. Reverend H. H. Spalding had come there but he refused to let me stay because she was a Catholic and he was down on the Catholics. On Monday we started by boat for Oregon City. As we pulled in toward the wharf at Portland, a lot of men on the wharf fired a salute. We children were terrified. We crawled under some canvas and tried

to hide in the bottom of the boat. We thought they were trying to kill us. Colonel Gilliam and Captain William Shaw comforted us and told us that they were firing the guns in our honor.

"At Green Point, near Oregon City, the Spaldings and myself and what was left of our family, got off the boat and stayed at Governor Abernethy's house. The others went on to Oregon City. Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton said she would take care of my baby sister Henrietta if she could have my older sister Katie. Mrs. William Roberts whose husband was a minister however, wanted Katie, but she wouldn't take Henrietta. Mrs. Roberts was a very severe woman and she liked to have her own way. She finally consented to take Henrietta also but after taking her she gave her away and kept Katie. She made Mrs. Thornton give up by saying that she was sure her husband would be angry with her if she took the children.

"I stayed around with different people. First with Mrs. William Johnson, then with Mrs. Howland, then with Mrs. Robb. In the winter of 1848–49 Mr. Robb and William Abernethy went to the California gold mines, so Mrs. Robb with her two children and myself, stayed at the Abernethy home. Next summer we stayed with Mrs. Robb's father, Reverend Parrish of Parrish's Gap, south of Salem. Next fall Mr. Robb took his family to California so Mrs. Robb got Mrs. W. H. Willson for whose husband Willson Square in Salem is named, to

take me. I worked for the Willsons for a year, during which time I attended the old Oregon Institute, now the Willamette University. After working for a year with the Willsons I went to work at the home of J. L. Parrish. Mrs. Parrish though slightly deranged, was very good to me. Later she lost her mind entirely. My sister Katie married Clark Pringle, so shortly after her marriage I went to live with her.

"When I was 16, at a camp meeting on the Calapooia River, I met William Helm, the son of Reverend William Helm, and we were married shortly thereafter, on August 9, 1855."

"They say I am hard and bitter," said Matilda Jane Sager Delaney, when I interviewed her at Eugene some years ago. "If some of the people who have life made easy for them, had been through what I have, maybe they would feel bitter too. When I was young, children had no rights—they were to be seen and not heard, and to be seen as little as possible. I shall never forget the injustice, the indignity, the cruelty I had to suffer when I was a helpless little child. When you think of the early day missionaries, you are apt to think of them as saintly, long-suffering, charitable people—easy to get along with—but if you had lived with them, as I have, you would have another think coming. No, I am not referring to Dr. Marcus Whitman and Mrs. Whitman, I am speaking of the people, who after our foster parents were murdered, took us, out of charity,

and worked us to the limit of our strength, to get their money's worth out of us. The Whitmans were Christians in fact as well as in name, but a lot of other so-called Christians failed to practise what they preached.

"I wish I could give you a picture of the Whitman mission—of the family life of the Whitmans—of the morning and evening prayers—of their work with the Indians—of the emigrants who stayed over during the winters,—of our swimming in the river in the summer, our walks with Mrs. Whitman, the gathering of wild flowers in the spring and of luscious wild strawberries in the early summer, and hazelnuts in the fall,—of our simple meals, driving the cows to the pasture, the daily routine of work, and all the rest of it. It is all so vivid in my memory. The very smell of burning leaves in fall, brings back to my mind the smell of the fires in the Indian tepees, mingled with the odor of tanned buckskin.

"Mrs. Whitman had the New England idea of strict discipline. There was no danger of any of us becoming spoiled. She would point to one of us, then point to the dishes or the broom, and we would instantly get busy with our assigned tasks. She didn't scold much, but we dreaded that accusing finger pointed at us. The way we jumped when it was levelled at us, you would have thought her forefinger was a gun and was likely to go off. She was a good woman and Dr. Whitman was a man you couldn't help respecting and admiring—we

children loved him. Some day I will tell you about the month we spent after the massacre, and our trip in open boats, down the Columbia.

"The first winter after the massacre I went to Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton's private school. Next spring Reverend J. S. Griffin and Alvin T. Smith of Forest Grove came with their ox teams to Oregon City and took us to Forest Grove. A few days later I was taken by a family who had taken up a donation land claim nearby. They lived in a one-room log cabin. All the cooking was done over the fireplace. Sometimes the coals went out during the night so I would have to go a mile or more to a neighbor's to get a shovel full of hot coals to rebuild the fire.

"I remember the women I stayed with walking the floor all one night with the toothache. Her husband didn't like to be kept awake so he cured the toothache by knocking the tooth out with a steel punch. Her husband was an intensely religious man.

"Many of the religious people of that day were harsh. uncharitable and intolerant. One of our neighbors believed in keeping the Sabbath very strictly. He thought it was wrong to do any work on Sunday. He would milk his cow on Sunday but not feed her. She would bawl for her feed, so every Monday he would whip her hard, to punish her for bawling on Sunday. I used to wonder if the cow knew what she was being whipped for.

"The head of the house where I stayed would not let me go to school at Forest Grove, because he had fallen out with some people there, over some doctrinal points in the Bible. In those days there was too much churchianity and too little Christianity. He wouldn't let me go to church or Sunday school for fear I would have my mind corrupted by wrong interpretations of the Scriptures. The one verse in the Bible he pinned his faith to was the one which says that if you spare the rod you spoil the child. He said he was going to do his full duty by me, and he did. For more than three years I was never without welts and black and blue marks on my back and legs.

"I remember one time he was going away on a short trip. He called me to him and grabbing me by the shoulder gave me an unmerciful beating. I said, 'What have I done?' He said, 'You haven't done anything, but the chances are you will do something to deserve a beating while I am gone, and as I won't be here to give it to you, I will see to my duty before leaving.' Mounting his horse, he said, 'As soon as I return, I will give you another whipping, but if you do anything to deserve it, I will give you one that you won't forget in a hurry.'

"It took me a long while after I was grown up, to realize that God was not an angry God. I had been taught, as a child to think of Him as a God of justice, who was always watching for a chance to punish you.

Later I ran across a verse in the Bible that gave me a lot of comfort. It went something like this: 'Like as a father pityeth his children, so the Lord pityeth them that fear Him.' A preacher told me that fear didn't mean to be afraid of Him—it meant to love Him and obey Him.

"For a while I lived at the home of Reverend J. Cornwall. He was a good man, according to his lights, but he was a child when it came to business affairs. In place of taking sheep in the spring on shares, he took a band of sheep late in the fall, with the understanding that he was to have half their increase. He had no hay or feed, so while he was away preaching throughout the Valley that winter, the ewes starved or froze to death. His son George, his daughter Narcissa and I did the work on the farm and in the house. The wolves were very hungry in the winter of 1848–49 and used to come around the house to get the sheep.

"The country was unfenced and the long-horn wild Spanish cattle roamed at will over the country. When I went on errands to nearby farms, I was terrified of these cattle, for they would often tree people and wait at the foot of the tree for hours. If I walked through the heavy timber to avoid the cattle, I was afraid of the wolves and if I walked across the open prairie, I was afraid the cattle would see me and kill me.

"The family I had been given to had broken up that winter, as the man of the house had gone to the Cali-

fornia goldfields and his wife, her baby, and I were staying at the Cornwalls. Mrs. Cornwall got up early and sat up late carding and spinning wool and knitting wool socks, which she sold to the miners at $1 a pair. We would have gone hungry if it had not been for the money she earned in this way. The winter was cold and as we had no feed for them, many of the sheep died or were frozen to death. It was my job to pull the wool off the dead sheep and wash it in the creek. Doing the family washing in the stream by beating the clothes with a paddle on a log was hard, but washing the dirt and grease out of the wool in the ice cold water, was a heart-breaking job for a nine-year old girl.

"In the spring of 1850 I got three months schooling. I walked three and a half miles to a school taught by Reverend Cushing Eells. From the time I was eight until I was fifteen, I was whipped so constantly that I got to feeling about it as one does about the winter rain,—that whippings were inevitable and to be borne without complaint and nothing could be done about it. Some of the whippings I got, because of their severity, stand out in my memory. I remember one beating I got that was more than usually severe, for going to an entertainment given at the Congregational Church at Forest Grove. The man at whose home I was staying said such things were ungodly and would teach me to desire worldly amusements, which were the gateway to hell and damnation.

"He gave me another terrible beating because he heard I had talked with Mary Allen, a little girl of my own age. She had been born out of wedlock and the man I was staying with, said illegitimate children went to hell and he didn't want me associating with them. Poor little thing—she never had any chance. When she was 13, she married Adam Wimple. He was 35. He killed her before she was 14, and set fire to the house to keep the people from knowing he had killed her, but neighbors who saw the house on fire, found her dead body, rode after Wimple, who had run away, brought him back and hanged him.

"Speaking of his being hanged reminds me of one time when the man at whose home I was living caught his horse, rode up to the cabin and called to me to come on out. He said, 'Go get your sunbonnet—I want you to come to Hillsboro with me.' Children didn't ask questions—they obeyed orders. I wanted to ask him why he was taking me to Hillsboro, but was afraid to. I rode back of him on the horse. We rode to where a crowd was assembled. The officers brought out a man and hanged him. I was so horrified I couldn't speak. The man I lived with said, 'I brought you to see this hanging, so as to impress on your mind what happens to children who do not mind their elders and do exactly what they are told.' I had just begun to get over the horrible memories that haunted my dreams when the Indians killed Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, my two brothers

and the others, and now once more for weeks I woke up at night covered with a sweat of terror—seeing vividly the man who had been hanged. I could see him twitch and his tongue hanging out and his protruding eyes. No matter how tightly I covered my eyes—he was still there.

"Childhood for me was a time of terror and bitterness. I was whipped so much that the neighbors finally complained. I was summoned to give evidence before the judge. The man I lived with said the neighbors had better mind their own business and that he could discipline me more effectively if the judge would bind me out to him till I was 16. The judge consented. I was 15. I dreaded another year of torture so I married a miner who came up from Shasta county, California and I went to the gold mines with him. Eight years later he died and left me with five children whom I supported by taking in washing."

During the past 20 years I have interviewed a number of survivors of the Whitman massacre. In addition to interviewing Elizabeth Sager Helm and her sister Matilda Jane Sager Delaney, I secured interesting stories from Mrs. Mina Kimball Megler, Mrs. Nancy A. Jacobs and Mrs. Gertrude Hall Denny, the latter of whom is now the sole survivor of the massacre.

When I interviewed Mrs. Nancy A. Jacobs, here in Portland some years ago, she said: "I was born in Warren County, Illinois, May 24, 1840. My father, Josiah

Osborn, was born in Connecticut May 1, 1809. He was a mechanic and millwright. My mother's maiden name was Annie Lyon. Her cousin, General Nathaniel Lyon, was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri. We started on April 12, 1845, from our home in Henderson County, Illinois, for the Oregon country. On the Snake River we met Dr. Elijah White. He told us we could get supplies of Dr. Marcus Whitman at the Waiilatpu Mission. Two men were sent ahead to secure supplies. Dr. Whitman gave them the supplies they wanted and asked if there was a millwright in the wagon train. Some Indians, while fishing, had set fire to the straw and his mill had been burned. Dr. Whitman sent word to father that he would like him to come and rebuild the mill.

"At the foot of the Blue Mountains near Cayuse Station, we left the wagon train and went to Dr. Whitman's mission. A young man of our wagon train, Andrew Rogers, also quit the wagon train and taught school at Whitman Mission that winter. I went to school to him. We spent the winter there while father was building the mill. Next spring we went to The Dalles where father and some other men built a flatboat, to take our goods down the Columbia River. At Oregon City father secured work for Dr. John McLoughlin, working in his mill. In the fall of 1846 we moved to Salem, where father worked for Judson and McClane. Later father took up a claim on the Calapooia.

"In the fall of 1847 father went to Salem to get supplies and while there met Dr. Whitman who was in Salem on business. I think he was there to buy the Methodist mission at The Dalles. In any event, he bought it and Alanson Hinman and Dr. Whitman's nephew, Perrin B. Whitman, were sent there to take charge of it. Dr. Whitman and my father had a nice visit in Salem and Dr. Whitman offered father $1.50 a day with free rent, if he would come up to Waiilatpu to take charge of the work there so Dr. Whitman could have more time to devote to his other duties. He gave father a two-year contract and in the contract Dr. Whitman specified that in addition to the $1.50 a day, father should be given free rent, provisions and free schooling for we children.

"We drove from our place on the Calapooia to Oregon City by ox-team, where we took a batteau of Dr. Whitman's. An Indian named Captain John had charge of the oarsmen and an old Indian named Elias, did the steering. Crockett Bewley, who was killed five weeks later, drove from the Whitman Mission to Fort Walla Walla to get us.

"In anticipation of our coming, Dr. Whitman had taken up the floor in the Indians' schoolroom in the adobe building in which the Whitmans lived, and had put in a new floor. He had put in new sleepers which raised the floor some distance above the ground, and which, a few weeks later, was the cause of our escaping

being killed by the Indians. When we got to the mission we found there was an epidemic of measles and lots of the Indian children were dying. The Indians had Dr. Whitman prescribe medicine, then they took the children into a sweathouse, put a lot of hot rocks in, poured water on the rocks till the sweathouse was full of hot steam and when the child was sweating freely, they had him jump into the ice cold stream. They usually buried the child next day.

"My mother took the measles and nearly died. My baby sister died on November 14, two weeks before the massacre. My six-year-old sister died on November 24, just a few days before the massacre.

"Reverend H. H. Spalding, the missionary at Lapwai, brought his ten-year-old daughter Eliza, to go to school to the Whitman mission, about the middle of November. He also brought a train of packhorses loaded with wheat, to be ground into flour. He left the Whitman mission on the morning of November 29th, a few hours before the massacre.

"On the morning of the massacre my father went out to get a bucket of water. When he came in he said, 'There are more Indians about than usual. I guess it's because a beef has just been killed. My mother, who had been sick for three weeks, had gotten up that morning and had gone in the room next to ours to see some children who were sick. Dr. Whitman, who had been up night and day, taking care of the sick, was sitting by

the stove reading. He was called into the kitchen to give some medicine to an Indian. Suddenly we heard some guns fired. The children began to scream. Mother said, 'What is the matter, Mrs. Whitman?' Mrs. Whitman said, 'The Indians are going to kill us.' Mother came back into the room where we were. Mrs. Whitman came in to get some water for Nathan Kimball, who had just come in, having been shot through the arm by the Indians. A moment or two later Mrs. Whitman came back into the room crying and said, 'My husband is dead. I am a widow.' As she started back into her room she said, 'That Joe—Joe Lewis has done it all.'

"Joe Lewis who was a half-breed Indian and an Indian named Cup-up, came around the house to the window in our room, which they broke in with the butts of their guns. They had just shot through the window of Mrs. Whitman's room, shooting her through the right breast. The Indians began breaking our door down with an axe. I was frightened and said to father, 'Let's get under the floor.' As the door in the next room was splintered from the blows of the Indians' axes, father pulled up some of the boards which had been laid down ready for nailing, and we crawled under the floor and father pulled the boards back into place.

"A moment or two later several Indians came through the door into our room. They started to go upstairs but they saw a gun which they thought was loaded so Joe Lewis called up 'We are going to burn the house

down—you had better come out.' We heard Mrs. Whitman and the others who were upstairs, come down. Then we heard the reports of their guns as they shot Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Rogers and the Sager boy.

"At dark the Indians left for their lodges. We could hear Mr. Rogers, who lay near us, groaning. I heard him say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.' His moans became fainter and fainter till they finally ceased. We lay beneath the floor till about ten o'clock that night, when father raised the boards and we crept out to get something to eat. The Sager boy was lying beside our door. I stooped down and put my hand on his forehead but his forehead was cold. I was only nine years old when this happened but all the incidents seem as vivid as though it had happened but recently.

"It was starlight when we crept out of the house. We turned west, went through a field and waded across the Walla Walla River near the mouth of Mill Creek. Father made three trips to carry us across the river. My mother was so weak she nearly fell as she walked. We hid ourselves in some brush near the road. The Indians passed by, carrying different things from Dr. Whitman's house to their lodges. We stayed hidden in the brush here all of the next day. That night we started for Fort Walla Walla, 30 miles distant. After walking a few miles mother gave out completely. Mother asked father to leave us and go to Fort Walla Walla to secure help. Father said, 'I will not leave you, I will stay and die

with you.' We stayed hidden all of that day. Next night mother persuaded father to go to Fort Walla Walla to secure help. My four-year-old brother was sick and weak so father put him on his back and took him along. Mother didn't say anything but she expected the Indians would find us and kill us. When father came to the Walla Walla River it was dark. He waded quite a distance but instead of crossing the river, came out on the same side he went in. He finally had to cross the river again near Wallula. He reached the fort just at daylight. Mr. McBain, the Hudson's Bay agent, gave father breakfast, but when father wanted him to send a rescue party to get mother, he said, 'Your wife and children are undoubtedly dead by now—you had better not make the attempt.' He didn't want to antagonize the Indians.

"An American artist named Stanley, who had been visiting Reverend Cushing Eells and Reverend Elkanah Walker at their station, came to Fort Walla Walla that day. He hired a Walla Walla Indian as a guide, loaned father his horses and gave him what provisions he had and father started back to where he had left mother and the rest of us. Mr. Stanley took care of my little brother whom father had taken to the fort. They would not let him stay in the fort. Father was afraid that if they traveled by day they would meet the Indians and be killed, so he waited till night. When he came to the place where he thought he had left mother, he

couldn't find her. We heard someone hunting all around and naturally supposed it was Indians so we were quiet as mice. Finally father called mother's name, and mother joyfully answered. Knowing that Mr. McBain wouldn't let us stay in the fort, father and the Walla Walla Indian started for the Umatilla River. We stopped at the Hudson's Bay farm to get fresh horses. They told father that the Indians had missed him and were hunting for him to kill him. Mother was worn out and said, 'Here is as good a place to be killed as anywhere. I won't go any further.' Father decided to go to Fort Walla Walla and appeal to McBain to take us into the fort. When McBain saw us coming he said, 'Why didn't you go to the Umatilla as I told you to do?' Finally McBain let us into the fort but said, 'You will have to leave tonight.' Father said, 'If you turn us out we will die under the walls of your fort,' so he let us stay.

"We stayed at Fort Walla Walla until Peter Skene Ogden came up from Vancouver and ransomed us and the other prisoners, by giving the Indians 50 blankets, 50 shirts, ten guns, ten fathoms of tobacco, ten handkerchiefs, 100 bullets and several pounds of powder. He had to pay extra for Reverend H. H. Spalding and his family. He paid for the Spaldings, 12 blankets, 12 shirts, 12 handkerchiefs, 2 guns, 200 balls, 200 charges of powder, 5 fathoms of tobacco and some knives.

"We left the fort for our trip down the Columbia on

January 3, 1848. We hadn't been gone an hour when an Indian runner came to the fort saying that volunteers were coming from the Willamette Valley to recapture the prisoners and kill the Indians. The Indians who had sold us wanted to pursue us and recapture us, but they were too late.

"Each night the boats had to be unloaded and drawn ashore so they wouldn't freeze fast in the ice. At The Dalles we met the volunteers and we also met a company of them at the Cascades. They helped us make the 5-mile portage. The boats were carried on the men's shoulders. Every child old enough to walk and carry a bundle did so. When we reached Portland Peter Skene Ogden stepped ashore, shook hands with Governor Abernethy and taking out some official papers, handed them to the governor. He then turned to us and said, 'You are now free—you can go where you please.'

"As a result of the murder of the Whitmans, the volunteers from the Willamette Valley went up to the Walla Walla country and fought the Indians. They were unable to capture the murderers. Finally rather than to have any more of their tribe killed, five Indians surrendered in the spring of 1850. These included Tilaukait, Taum-au-lish, Quainashouskin, Isaiachhalakis and Klakamas. There was no evidence against Klakamas, but inasmuch as he gave himself up, he was hanged with the other four. When asked why he gave

himself up, Tilaukait said, 'Did not your missionaries teach us that Christ died to save his people? Thus we die, if we must.' "

Books without number have been written as to the motive for Dr. Marcus Whitman's trip with Amos L. Lovejoy, in the winter of 1842–43, to the east. One school believes that he went east to save the Oregon country from becoming British territory. The other school violently opposes this theory.

When I asked Elizabeth Sager Helm if Dr. Whitman had gone east in the winter of 1843 to save Oregon, Mrs. Helm smiled and said: "It seems strange to me that young college professors and others who know nothing of the matter from their own personal knowledge, should be so positive in their assertions as to what Dr. Whitman thought and said and did. As you know, Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman adopted myself and my brothers and sisters because both our father and mother had died on the plains. One evening Dr. Whitman was making shadow pictures on the wall with his hands. He made pictures of rabbits, people's faces and different animals. I noticed that his fingers were crooked, so I said, 'Father what makes your fingers so crooked?' He spread out his fingers, looked at his hands and said: 'They are pretty crooked, aren't they? They got frozen when I made a winter trip back to Washington to see the Great Webster.' One of the other children said, 'Who was Webster, Father, and why do you call him Great?' I was

only a little girl at that time but I can see the scene as plainly as though it happened last week. Father Whitman was sitting there with we children gathered around him. He had my sister Henrietta, who was only two years old, on his lap. He said, 'You cannot meet Webster without knowing that he is a great man. He is the one who helps the president decide questions and enforce the laws.'

"I think Dr. Whitman himself would be the last person to claim that he influenced most of those who came to Oregon in 1843. I think he would be astonished if he knew that there was any question as to why he made that trip in the winter of 1842–43. The Mission Board had written that they were going to abolish the stations among the Nez Perces and among the Cayuses, and they had ordered Dr. Whitman to work among the Spokane Indians. Dr. Whitman and Reverend Spalding felt sure that if they gave up their stations the Catholic priests would take over the work they had started among the Indians. In those days the feeling among the denominations was very strong. Dr. Whitman went east to intercede with the Mission board not to abandon the work he had started among the Cayuses, nor the work started by Reverend Spalding among the Nez Perces. The Spaldings were very jealous of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. I think they wanted to be at the head of the work and not to be under Dr. Whitman. The orders of the board were to drop Reverend Spalding, W. H. Gray, and

one or two others, and of course they all felt badly about it.

"Dr. Whitman decided to go east at once. He believed that he could get the board to rescind the order about abandoning the missions and he believed that he could get settlers who were Protestants to come and settle in Oregon, to counteract the Catholic influence. He was afraid that the president and Webster and the others back in Washington might make some arrangement with Great Britain that would be against the best interests of our country. The people back in Washington didn't know much about the Oregon country and Dr. Whitman thought he would tell them what a wonderful country it was, so they would encourage settlers to come here. Dr. Whitman was particularly anxious to have a large number of christian families settle in the vicinity of our mission to serve as an example to the Indians.

"He and Amos L. Lovejoy, who had come out with Dr. Elijah White in the emigration of 1842, made the trip in winter, starting in the fall of 1842. Dr. Whitman reached Westport, Missouri, along about the middle of February. If you will look up what A. L. Lovejoy, who went with Dr. Whitman, wrote about the trip, you will find he says that Dr. Whitman told him how he was received by the Board of Foreign Missions at Boston and how after he had gotten the board to rescind their order to abandon the work at the mission, he went to Washington, met President Tyler and Secretary

Webster and interviewed quite a number of the members of congress. Dr. Whitman urged the president and Secretary Webster to terminate the treaty we had with Great Britain relative to the Oregon country and to extend the laws of the United States over Oregon and he also urged them to have a law passed, giving land to settlers or making other inducements for them to cross the plains to Oregon."

At this late date, it is hard to know exactly which motive predominated in Dr. Whitman's mind, when he decided to make his winter trip to Boston and the national capital.

Not long ago I interviewed Mrs. Jacob Kamm, the daughter of W. H. Gray who came to Oregon with Dr. Mission board for the next six years. As Dr. Whitman mounted his horse to start on his long winter journey, he bade W. H. Gray goodbye, and said, "If the board dismisses me, I will do what I can to save my country." Dr. Whitman felt that the board might not approve of his leaving the work at the Whitman mission and making the trip east.

In September 1842 he addressed a letter to Reverend Elkanah Walker and Cushing Eells, his fellow workers at Tshimakain, now known as Walker's Prairie, in the state of Washington. In this letter he asked them to attend a meeting at his mission, to give their approval of his plan to go east. In speaking of this letter Rev-

erend Cushing Eells says: "In the judgment of Mr. Walker and myself, that object was foreign to our assigned work. With troubled thoughts we anticipated the proposed meeting. On Monday morning we arrived at Wai-il-at-pu and met the two resident families of Messrs. Whitman and Gray. Reverend H. H. Spalding was also there. All of the male members of the mission were thus together. In the discussion, the opinion of Mr. Walker and myself remained unchanged. The purpose of Dr. Whitman was fixed. In his estimation the saving of Oregon for the United States was of paramount importance, and he would make the attempt to do so, even if he had to withdraw from the mission in order to accomplish his purpose. In reply to the considerations we made intended to hold Dr. Whitman to his assigned work, he said: 'I am not expatriated by becoming a missionary.' The idea of his withdrawal could not be entertained. Therefore, to retain him in the mission, a vote to approve of his perilous endeavor prevailed."

Some years ago I visited Frank Hinman at Forest Grove. His father, Alanson Hinman, came to Oregon in 1844 and taught school at the Whitman Mission during the winter of 1844–45. For a while he was in charge of the mission at The Dalles and for 20 years he was president of the Board of trustees at Pacific University. Under date of June 8, 1883, Mr. Hinman wrote from Forest Grove to Reverend Myron Eells, as follows: "In

answer to your inquiry about Dr. Whitman, I will say that I came to this coast in 1844 and remained that winter at Walla Walla, then Waiilatpu, teaching school for Dr. Whitman. About next June I came to the Willamette with Dr. Whitman. In 1847, at the time of his massacre, I was temporarily in charge of the station at The Dalles with P. B. Whitman. Dr. Whitman told me that he went east in 1842, with two objects,—one to assist the mission, the other to save the country for the United States. I do not think he would have gone that winter had it not been that the danger seemed to him very great that the country would be obtained by England, but would have deferred the journey until spring."

A. L. Lovejoy, Dr. Whitman's companion on his winter trip, in speaking of the object of the trip, said: "The whole burden of Dr. Whitman's talk during the long ride was to immediately terminate the treaties of 1818 and 1828 and extend the laws of the United States over Oregon."

When Dr. Whitman reached St. Louis, he stayed at the home of Dr. Edward Hale. Here he met Reverend W. Barrows, who was teaching school in St. Louis at that time. In writing of his meeting with Dr. Whitman, Reverend Barrows says: "The doctor was in great haste and could not delay to talk of beaver and Indian goods, of wars, reservations or treaties. He had questions, not answers. Was the Ashburton Treaty con-

cluded? Did it cover the Northwest? Where and what and whom did it leave Oregon? He was answered that Webster and Ashburton had signed that treaty on the 9th of August preceding. Instantly he had other questions: Was the Oregon question under discussion in congress? What projects or bills concerning it were being urged in the Senate and house? Would anything important be settled before the approaching adjournment on the 4th of March? Could he reach Washington before the adjournment? He must leave at once—and he went."

Dr. Edward Hale, in speaking of Dr. Whitman's trip said: "I had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. Whitman at St. Louis on his last visit eastward, to confer with the President and heads of departments in relation to the proposed settlement of the boundary question with Great Britain, by bartering away for a song, the Northwest Pacific territory. Also on his return to Oregon, my house was his home while in St. Louis."

John Tyler, Jr., the son of President John Tyler, who was his father's private secretary, in speaking of Dr. Whitman's visit to his father, say that Dr. Whitman was full of his project to have emigrants go to Oregon and that his father concurred heartily with these plans.

Dr. S. J. Parker, the son of Reverend Samuel Parker who, with Dr. Whitman made the first trip to the Oregon country, in writing of Dr. Whitman's visit said: "Dr. Whitman unexpectedly arrived in a rough but not as outlandish a dress as some writers said he had. After

the surprise of his arrival was over, he said to father, 'We must both go at once to Washington or Oregon is lost—ceded to the English.' "

On April 1, 1847, about six months before Dr. Whitman and his wife were killed by the Indians, in referring to his trip in a letter written to the American Board of Missions, he said: "It was to open a practical route and safe passage and secure a favorable report of the journey from the emigrants which, in connection with other subjects, caused me to leave my family and brave the toils and dangers of the journey, notwithstanding the usual severity of winter and the great depth of the snow."

When Dr. Whitman reached Boston Mr. Hill, treasurer of the board of missions, censured him severely for leaving his post. Dr. Whitman secured an introduction to Secretary Daniel Webster through the secretary of war. Secretary Webster refused to introduce Dr. Whitman to the President, as he said it was too late for him to do anything in the matter. Dr. Whitman appealed to the secretary of war, who introduced him to President Tyler. President Tyler told him that final action in the matter would not be taken for the present and approved of Dr. Whitman's plan of securing settlers for the Oregon country.

It would be foolish to claim that Dr. Whitman's action saved Oregon for the United States. It is equally foolish to belittle Dr. Whitman's work—for he was a high-minded patriot, a red-blooded American, who, at great

personal risk and in spite of the opposition of his fellow laborers, did all that he could to urge the retention of the Oregon country by the United States. It is also true that he and his wife gave themselves unsparingly to their work with the Indians and that Dr. Whitman, by voice and pen, encouraged American settlers to come to the Oregon country so that he could build up here, on the shores of the Pacific, an American commonwealth.

KLAHOWYA

I leave you, gentle reader, with the old Indian farewell, Klahowya. If space would permit, I would like to describe the coming to the Oregon country of the Catholic priests, but in my book, "The History of the Columbia River Valley," I have already covered this. There are scores of other men and women who were trail-blazers and pathfinders of the Oregon country who should be included in this volume but the book is already too long and the characters I have described are typical of those whose records I have omitted. I have drawn my facts from living sources as well as from the records left by those who helped make Oregon's history. If the reading of this book gives you a deeper insight into the heroism and self sacrifice of those who blazed the trail to the Oregon country I shall feel well repaid.

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